

FACE TO FACE WITH CHINA

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face to face with CHINA

by

HAROLD B. RATTENBURY

AUTHOR OF "UNDERSTANDING CHINA" "CHINA, MY CHINA"

WITH

45 PHOTOGRAPHS

by CECIL BEATON

AND

15 PICTORIAL CHARTS IN COLOUR

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PREFACE

THIS, the third book that I have written about China within the last few years, has a somewhat different aim from that of its predecessors.

Understanding China (Frederick Muller, 1942) was an outline of the history and the changes that have taken place in China from the Boxer Year, 1900, to the year 1942. *China, My China* (Frederick Muller, 1944) was a personal impression of the China I had known during a lifetime's residence there—a China strangely alive since the revolution of 1925. This third book is an attempt, with the help of Dr Neurath's revealing charts and the photographs by Mr Cecil Beaton, taken on his recent tour in China, to make a threefold picture of the similarities and contrasts between China and the West. The reader will be well advised first to look at China through the photographs, then to study the charts, and, finally, to read the text.

The work thus consists of three parallel books—a book of pictures, a book of charts, and a book of words. Each tells a similar story from its own angle. It is hoped that the three together may illustrate the thesis that once you get below the surface “. . . there is neither East nor West,” and that Chinese and British, the East and the West, were meant to be friends and builders together of a new and more humane world. There are many illuminating English books on present-day China, written by Chinese as well as by British authorities. Some references are given in the text itself to certain of the sources that have helped me.

This book of mine is meant not so much for the student of the subject as for the ordinary man and woman in the home and in the street, on whom ultimately the national will depends. It is such people, East or West, of whom there are so many, whose fortunes will be affected most of all by mutual understanding, mutual reverence, mutual help, that can only come out of mutual knowledge. The Chinese are a much greater people than most of us in the West have ever realized. Perhaps the Western peoples have deeper roots and a greater understanding of the nature of man and of the universe than the Chinese have yet appreciated.

PREFACE

I have thought well to add, as an epilogue, a chapter on "Chinese Writers," broadcast in the Home Service of the B.B.C. on July 30, 1943. The reader is thus brought face to face with Chinese literary men and women who are most brilliantly interpreting their country to-day to the English-speaking world.

What I have attempted with my English mind these writers, out of the fullness of their Chinese experience, have most felicitously accomplished. I wonder if those who care to read the books which are noticed in the broadcast will find any material difference between the Chinese and the English interpretations. It is my conviction that the differences between us will be found to be literally only skin-deep, and the similarities very close, when we take the trouble to see each other "face to face."

HAROLD B. RATTENBURY

OAKWOOD
MIDDLESEX

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great judgment seat ;
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the
ends of the earth !

RUDYARD KIPLING

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A pastoral scene in Pihu, Fukien

At a village stream in Kunming, Yunnan, the women do their washing

New roads through old China make travelling easier. A rickshaw coolie on a new road-cutting near Pucheng, Fukien

They take us through cultivated areas. Elephant Tooth Hill looking down on a village and fields near Kweilin, Kweichow

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The river takes rafts of bamboo to the market-towns

The Chungking riverside where coolies are busy with loading and unloading
(‘coolie’ means bitter strength)

“A city set on a hill.” Chungking coolies climbing up from the river

He too makes his living from the water. A boy selling shell-fish

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Modern life has changed this street in Chengsha, Hunan. It has been widened,
but you can still see the old-style granite paving

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None of their faces or their gestures are alike

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GEOGRAPHICAL

GREAT CHINA, as Great Britain, is a country with common traditions, laws, and ways of life. In size, however, China is a continent, and in comparing one country with another it is essential to remember that size, as well as quality, enters into the make-up of what we call a nation. Because Britain and China are both countries it is fatally easy to overlook in our judgments this element of size. Some of the contrasts between Britain and America also would be better understood if we were more constantly aware of the vast spaces of that continent as compared with the tiny areas that comprise Great Britain.

If you placed the map of China over the map of Europe Oslo in the north, and Sicily, in the south, would be within the outline of China. The distance from Shanghai, in the east of China, to the borders of Tibet, in the west, is farther than from Moscow to Paris. It seems incredible that so vast a space should be within the boundaries of one single country—but so it is. If Field-Marshal Smuts's vision of a United States of Europe should be realized the country so constructed would still be only about the size of China and contain a population somewhat smaller than China's 460 million 'mouths.' For whereas in the West we count 'heads,' in China they count the 'mouths' that must be filled. What a task it must be for any single Government to see that so huge a population is daily and duly fed!

A second obvious contrast between China and Britain is that the former, for all its long coast-line, is a land-country; while Britain, surrounded by water, is a sea-country. Such differences affect, not only the weather and the scenery, but the very temperament and traditions of the inhabitants.

Britain's seas are at once a protection and a link with the near-by countries of Europe. What would have happened to Britain after the fall of France in 1940 but for the twenty-four miles of the English Channel, who shall say? Probably that narrow strip of sea deflected the course of history for all time. Yet in times of peace what a link that same Channel has proved with all the peoples and the cultures of the Continent. Britain, by her geographical position, seems able to open her doors to all whom she would receive and to bar out all who would do her harm.

China's isolation—except in days of conquest and invasion—from the rest of the world was also due to geographical conditions.

The Pacific Ocean which washed her eastern coast was so great and terrible that, before the advent of steam, few were the people who came to her ; while the mountains of the south and west, as well as the deserts of the north, have proved, even in these days of modern science, substantial barriers against the help that would otherwise have been so gladly given to China in her struggle against the aggression of Japan. The conquest of Burma by the Japanese in 1942, added to the blockading of the China coast, practically sealed China off from Western contact—except for the none-too-easy air journey across some of the highest mountain ranges in the world.

So, on the whole, China, by her boundaries of mountain, desert, and sea, was, like Britain "bound in with the triumphant sea," left to work out her own salvation, her own culture, her own mode of life. Britain's problems, compared with China's, were naturally smaller in proportion to the differences between the two countries in size and population. Both have succeeded in their task. China, in spite of her vast bulk, has produced, not many nations, but one people as characteristically alike in their habits as in their appearance ; and Britain, whatever be her history of invasion, revolution, and growing freedom, has also developed distinctively one type of people with its characteristic and recognizable way of life. Has any nation ever paid so much attention to the weather as the British ? "Good morning. It's a fine day to-day," is our usual salutation—unless it happens not to be fine. When war does not prevent them the announcers of the British Broadcasting Corporation spend a considerable part of every day describing the weather that was, that is, or that is going to be. For this is a necessary interest to all of the British race, who live in a land where the weather is subject to sudden and constant change. The Chinese, whose geographical conditions are Continental and whose weather is on the whole predictable, have other things in mind when they salute one another. "It's early," they say, "Have you eaten rice?" The common man in China isn't afraid of getting wet. He knows that has to be in certain seasons, and prepares for it. His care is lest the fields should fail to yield their increase, and some poor 'mouth' go hungry and unfed. You'll find him saying this in Manchuria, in the north, in Canton and Yunnan, in the south, in Kiangsu, in the east, and Szechuan, in the west. Just as to every man in Britain the commonest interest is the weather, in China the common urge is food, the producing of food, and the filling of every 'mouth' with food.

GEOGRAPHICAL

The weather rolls round with the year in China in great variety but with great regularity. In the north it is dry and Canadian. There are great extremes of heat and cold, but owing to the dryness of the atmosphere they are not hard to bear. The trouble in the north is lest the monsoon winds, carrying with them their treasures of life-bringing clouds, should fail. Then there will be terrible drought and famine, hardly to be overcome even by modern means of transport. For the farmer hopes against hope for rain, and only in extremity leaves his 'good earth' and his 'old home' to see if in any way body and soul may be kept together.

In the central, Yangtse valley, area the climate is sub-tropical. The seasons run with the seasons of Britain. Spring is wet with the rice rain. Summer (June to August) is sunshiny and hot. There are periods of intense and gruelling heat, followed by typhoons. These are great storms which blow in from the Pacific Ocean, wrecking towns and villages in their course, and bringing deluges of life-giving rain. The break between summer and autumn is a period of typhoons. Then follows a long, dry, lovely autumn, when for months it is neither hot nor cold—when all the fields turn brown, and there is no need for mackintosh or umbrella. It is weather that can be counted on, and you know what to wear. From December to February it is winter, cloudy, cold, wettish, with occasional snow. If you can bear the summer heat life is not unpleasant in the Yangtse valley.

Farther south, in Canton, snow never falls, and there seems to the visitor little difference between summer and winter. It is perpetual summer of the tropics, though the people living there are aware of a sharp difference between winter and summer heat. On the whole, the weather in every part of China changes with great regularity, so no one bothers about it. It is all chronicled on the calendar, so dear to the heart of the Chinese farmer. So, if you are an ordinary Chinese, you take note of 'good' days and 'bad' days, but you need not worry about the weather. The 'good' days are the days suitable for weddings, starting on journeys, or beginning to build a house. They are the days to watch. Who, in China, bothers about wind or rain or sunshine or snow? They are as heaven wills, and come with almost invariable regularity anyhow.

There are three great river systems in China. In the south there is the Pearl River, on which stands the great and famous city of Canton. This Pearl River area is flat and is filled with innumerable streams and cuttings which have been the constant lair of river-pirates—hard for any

Chinese Government, so far, to control. In consequence, most of the river-craft are armed, and a journey may be as much of an adventure as a coaching journey in Britain in the days of Dick Turpin and the highwaymen. That is not so very long ago. Railway trains and motor-cars are as hard on highwaymen as the organized police of a Government, East or West.

The Yangtse is the Thames of China, and not perhaps more different from the Thames than the difference in size between China and Britain. It is here that most of China's agricultural wealth is to be found and the greater proportion of her enormous population who live upon the land.

The cradle of China's civilization appears to have been the valley of the Yellow River, farther north. Now and again that river has changed its course most destructively for all who lived thereabouts. The Yellow River is swift and cruel. Steam-craft, as well as junks, of all shapes and sizes sail on the Yangtse and the Pearl for hundreds of miles. The Yellow River is hard to navigate, but it flows through rich soil, really the sand of the desert deposited there by great sand-storms. Shantung, the home of Confucius, lies in this part of the country. Here the staple food is wheat and Indian corn. The richer lands of the Yangtse and the Pearl yield an abundant rice crop. On the mountains of Yunnan you get back to wheat and Indian corn again.

Britain is a beautiful country with her lakes and mountains, her countryside well kept like a garden, with her violets and bluebells, roses and honeysuckle. China, once the flat or terraced rice-fields are left, is a land of surpassing beauty too. In a country with lakes so big as to hold all the lakes of England, Scotland, and Ireland at once, and with mountains regularly rising to five thousand or six thousand feet and on and up to twelve thousand and twenty thousand feet, one needs but little imagination to understand how great are the possibilities of natural beauty. Few realize how many are the flowers, precious in the West, that are to be found growing wild in China's countryside, and on her great mountain ranges. In their flowering season her mountains are covered with vast carpets of yellow, pink, and purple azaleas. China is at least one home of the rhododendron and the rose. Wisteria is to be found covering many a rock or hillside temple. The fresh green of the growing rice is a most moving picture, as is the rich yellow of the fields of the oil-plant.

Tea was known in China in the third century A.D. and had become the universal beverage of the country before the end of the sixth century.

HISTORICAL

That was altogether a blessing where water, none too safe to drink, had to be boiled for its making. Britain and China are one in this—that they are the two greatest tea-drinking nations of the world. China gave us tea. Did not the American War of Independence start with a Tea-party in Boston Harbour? Tea can perhaps claim to be the most epoch-making beverage on earth. It's good to think that Britain and China drink tea together. All the West, all the world, is China's debtor for tea.

CHAPTER II

HISTORICAL

THE citizen of Britain has some sense of the continuity of history. That history may not be very long, but it is vivid. It may be true that the only date that really matters in British history is 1066, but all over the country are the remains of earlier Roman baths and pavements and roads and walls. Many old churches contain a Saxon door or ancient carving, and Boadicea's camp is still to be seen in Epping Forest. Our cathedrals and our castles are mostly esteemed for the history they enshrine, and the dreams they enkindle in us. We are the children of King Arthur and his "Knights of the Round Table." We claim kinship with the Crusaders and the knights who jousted at the royal tournaments. We should probably not have cared to meet them in the flesh, but Robin Hood and Littlejohn are part of our family inheritance.

King Alfred and his burning cakes, John and his Magna Charta, Edward the Black Prince, Bruce and Bannockburn, the Wars of the Roses, Roundheads and Cavaliers, Cromwell and his Ironsides, and above all Sidney, Drake, Nelson, Wellington—how they have entered into our being. "Britons never shall be slaves," we sing. There are other patches of our history that we were never taught, or that we conveniently forget, but we know that we are citizens of no mean country. We know it so well that, without meaning any harm, we are apt to cause offence to our neighbours. We have roots. We have been left unmolested since 1066, to get on with our own family quarrels practically undisturbed by others. In 1937 a Chinese friend, who had been taking a Ph.D. in London and then had travelled round the country, a welcome guest in many homes, was asked what he thought about us—our roads,

our towns and cities and hamlets, our well-kept fields and orchards and hedgerows, our village churches, our sport, our ordered life. The Japanese had just broken into his country for a second time in six years. "Yes," he said, "it's very lovely. You've been able to get on with things. You haven't been invaded for a thousand years." He was thinking of the continuity of our life and history. This was a natural remark, after all, for any thoughtful Chinese to make. For they, of all people, have a sense of the continuity of their nation's life.

What a little while ago it is since William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey and the arrow pierced Harold's eye at Hastings. We have had less than nine hundred years of getting on with things ; but we are as we are because of those nine hundred years of continuity. The Chinese legendary names, equivalent to King Arthur and his Knights in our time-sequence, go back to some three thousand years before Christ. Chinese history begins before 2000 B.C., and they have some sense of continuity through that long stretch of time. Confucius lived and taught five hundred years before Christ. The Great Wall was built—or, at least, completed—two hundred years before Christ. That Wall extends inland from the sea a distance of 1500 miles—two and a half times the distance from Land's End to John o' Groats. It had to be as long and great as that if it was to serve the purpose of guarding China's northern frontiers against the depredations of threatening marauders. China has to do big things if she does things at all. Hadrian's Wall went across the narrow neck of England. Ch'in Shih Huang Ti's wall had to hold back invaders that were liable to attack at any point along 1500 miles of country.

The sense of history is strong in the Chinese race. They are aware of some sort of continuous life in approximately the same area for four to five thousand years at least. In 1911, when the uprising of the revolutionists overthrew the Manchus, the Chinese knew they were entering a period of disintegration and disorder. "But what does a hundred years matter?" they said. What are you to do with a people who dismiss a hundred years with a snap of their fingers ?

A Chinese scholar lecturing in Hankow in the year 1922 on the Chinese tradition turned to his hearers and said, "You missionaries are bothered because Christianity has not made more headway in a hundred years. What does that matter? Don't you realize it took Buddhism four hundred years before it was counted in China as a Chinese religion? What is four hundred years?" What man of British race could or would

HISTORICAL

talk like that ? China has a sense of five thousand years behind her and not our mere nine hundred. Somehow this view of things is in the common man as well as in the scholar. He may be a mere hind in the fields, a chair-bearer on the road, an unlearned and ignorant man, a simple peasant, but the common inheritance is his. Listen to him saying, "Our Chinese proverb says," as he repeats some piece of traditional wisdom handed down from generation to generation from the dim and distant experience of his race. There is a certainty about him only equalled by the consciousness of a man of British race that he belongs to a specially favoured people with roots deep in history. Scattered over these islands of ours are ruined castles and half-ruined abbeys and cathedrals to tell us the way our fathers have travelled. All over China, on its larger scale, were—till yesterday—great city walls instead of castles, and great figures carved in the rocks and mountains showing the political history and the religious musings of the ancestors of whom the Chinese race are lineal descendants.

Confucius, K'ung Fu Tse, the Master K'ung, lived before 500 B.C. All over Shantung to-day there are members of the house of K'ung who claim to be members of the same clan and family, one of them being a prominent Minister of the National Government of China.

Genealogical records, which from time to time are brought up to date, are kept in ancestral temples throughout all China. The genealogies of the Bible do not seem strange to a Chinese, as they may to us. They are part of the warp and woof of his own living connexions with his nation's history.

No more in China than in Britain has history been an unchanging thing. There was the tyranny of the hated Ch'in Shih, who built the Great Wall in 200 B.C. and compelled the China of those days to an imperial unity. There have been the glories and the luxuries of the famous Han and Sung dynasties. There are the Ming tombs, in Nanking, and, in the north, the mausolea of the foreign Manchus who overthrew the Mings and imposed their queues and domination upon the Chinese people for three hundred years. There have been wars and religious persecutions in China, as elsewhere, and constant change ; but underneath it all a constant and continuous life.

As in Britain, there has been a fusion of many kindred strains into the modern Chinese race. On the mountains of Yunnan to-day are fifty tribes of indigenous races called by various names, such as Miao, Nosu, Gopu, Ipien, Min-chia, speaking different languages and each

following traditions of its own. The account which many of them give of themselves is that they formerly lived by the Yangtse. As invaders advanced from the north those tribesmen who were neither absorbed nor destroyed preserved their freedom by moving south and west and taking refuge in the mountains. In these modern days a process of absorption is still quietly going on. All the tribes recognize the Chinese as a higher race, and those more ambitious among the higher tribes are seeking Chinese culture and are less and less distinguishable from their Chinese rulers. It may be well to remember, however, that in China, as elsewhere, there are exponents of racialism, who do not favour such trends. Yet amalgamation of races is taking place ; and in these things there is almost certainly some shadow of the growth of the Chinese race in history.

Such has been the social history of Britain too. There is a settled date in history when Norman conqueror and Saxon family definitely and deliberately intermingled ; and intermarriage became the recognized and approved procedure of the day. Britain has been peopled by wave after wave of Indo-European invaders, and who to-day can say with any certainty what strains have gone to the making of his ancestry ? What is sure and indisputable is that among the variety of our kindred peoples there has been one continuous line of history, which is our proud inheritance.

In China's five thousand years of history there have been corresponding processes at work. The culture and the civilization have spread. In Confucius's day China proper was only a fraction of the eighteen provinces as we know them. The race has expanded, embracing within itself many kindred peoples. All alike to-day share the common sense of a continuous historical development.

The main difference between China and Britain in these matters is in the numbers of the Chinese and in the greater length of China's history as a nation. As the Continent of Europe is to Britain in size, so are the multitudes of Chinese to the millions of British. So also are the five thousand years of Chinese history to the nine hundred years of British. China, in this sense, is Britain on a colossal scale.

One of the great differences in our histories is in the matter of class distinctions. Even before the Revolution China had really no hereditary nobility—no equivalent of the House of Lords.

Over the history of Britain, even to this day, is written our feudal system. The Americans won free from it by starting again in a new

country and in a new faith that "all men are born equal." Yet it is said even of the Americans that "They dearly love a lord." As a visitor, it must be presumed.

In this sense China has been the "people's country" not merely in Republican days but always. In the Chinese civil service examinations it was always theoretically possible for a poor man of ability to become the highest official in the land. The legendary Yao did not pass on his empire to his son. He chose a man of virtue, Shun, from following the plough to take the helm of State.

Somehow there is something in the British way of thinking even now that admires—or, at least, tolerates—earls and dukes and hereditary titles as well as those of princes. We make knights of men successful in business, letters, politics, or war. We even promote them to the House of Lords. Now and again there are rumblings and grumbings; but the hereditary classes maintain themselves, paying heavily for their privileges in a time of war.

China for centuries has known little of these things. In classical and later times there were the five orders of nobility—Kung, Hou, Peh, Chih, Lan (Duke, Count, Viscount, Baron, Baronet). But a man won the position he himself had earned by service to the State. He did not pass on his position to his son.

Yet there were naturally professional families. It is curious how in Britain the professions seem to propagate and perpetuate themselves generation after generation. So has it, naturally and inevitably, been in China. Officials were men of outstanding character and ability. They had in many cases wealth and influence at their disposal. Clever sons followed experienced and clever fathers. They were brought up in official life, and many of them rose, equal to their privileges.

If you want to find anything in China equivalent to the British feudalism you have to seek among the ancient tribes, where still among the high mountains of Yunnan and Szechuan are 'Earth Eyes,' or 'Barons,' living in strong houses and castles surrounded by their body-guards.

They are the lords of the manor, owning, perhaps, the land that maintains one or two hundred hamlets. Every soul born in these hamlets was and is a serf. It reminds one of Britain under the Normans. In Britain that feudal system has left its mark upon our modern nobility and titled gentry. In China it has, on the whole, passed into democracy as China knows it.

CHAPTER III

LANGUAGE

IN every Chinese street there are people who are the counterparts of their fellows in Great Britain, or any Western country. The scholars, farmers, workmen, and shopkeepers of Chinese tradition are to be found in the West as well as in the East. The “tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief,” of our nursery rhyme, are to be found in China too. Yet one person at least that you find in China has no parallel at all with us. He is the picker-up of printed or written paper.

On temple wall or city gate or street wall are to be found, fastened at intervals, wooden boxes, some eighteen inches square and half as deep. In the centre of the larger side is a circular hole, some nine inches in diameter. This box is the receptacle for waste paper of a particular kind. As you walk the street you may at any time come across a citizen with a basket in one hand and a long pair of brass or wooden tongues or pincers in the other. He pokes about with his pincers for scraps of paper, on which may be inscribed printed or written characters. He is not a scavenger. He may be well dressed. He is a ‘doer of good deeds,’ saving the written or printed word from being trodden under foot of man. What he retrieves may be deposited in one of the salvage boxes on temple, city gate, or street wall, or it may be taken out and burned. Paper in China, as in Britain, is of many kinds. There is the coarse brown bamboo paper, in which sugar and other commodities may be wrapped. There is the less coarse paper, which, stamped with holes, is used for the worship of the spirits. There is the paper for letters and books. With no other sort of paper is the good man concerned, as he goes probing and seeking with his pincers, except any and all sorts that have got thrown among the rubbish underfoot on which are to be found written or printed the precious Chinese ideograms. He is not a salvager of paper but of the printed or written word.

Among the earnest Buddhists this saving of the word is a ‘good deed’ which may go into the scales to counterbalance some of one’s many faults and failures.

This reverence for any printed paper in China is comparable to the way in which in Britain—at any rate in our fathers’ time—the Bible was more carefully handled than any other book. May not the origin of the Chinese tradition be the conviction that writing had lifted them above their barbarian neighbours, that the pen had proved itself mightier

than the sword, that her classical books had dignified all books, and that there was a sort of sacredness in all paper on which their beautiful characters were written? Whatever be its origin, there the tradition stands, a silent witness to China's reverence for the word.

In these days of universal newspapers, when all sorts and conditions of books are pouring from the press, this sense of special reverence is inevitably passing away, and doubtless in a little time that 'doer of good deeds' will no more be seen upon the street. But his presence hitherto has been significant.

The Chinese take pride not only in their written, but in their spoken language. That is easy for anyone of British race to understand. For English is the language of North America and of the British Commonwealth, as well as being largely the language of commerce throughout the world. Yet there are probably more people speaking the Chinese language every day than there are speaking English or any other language upon earth.

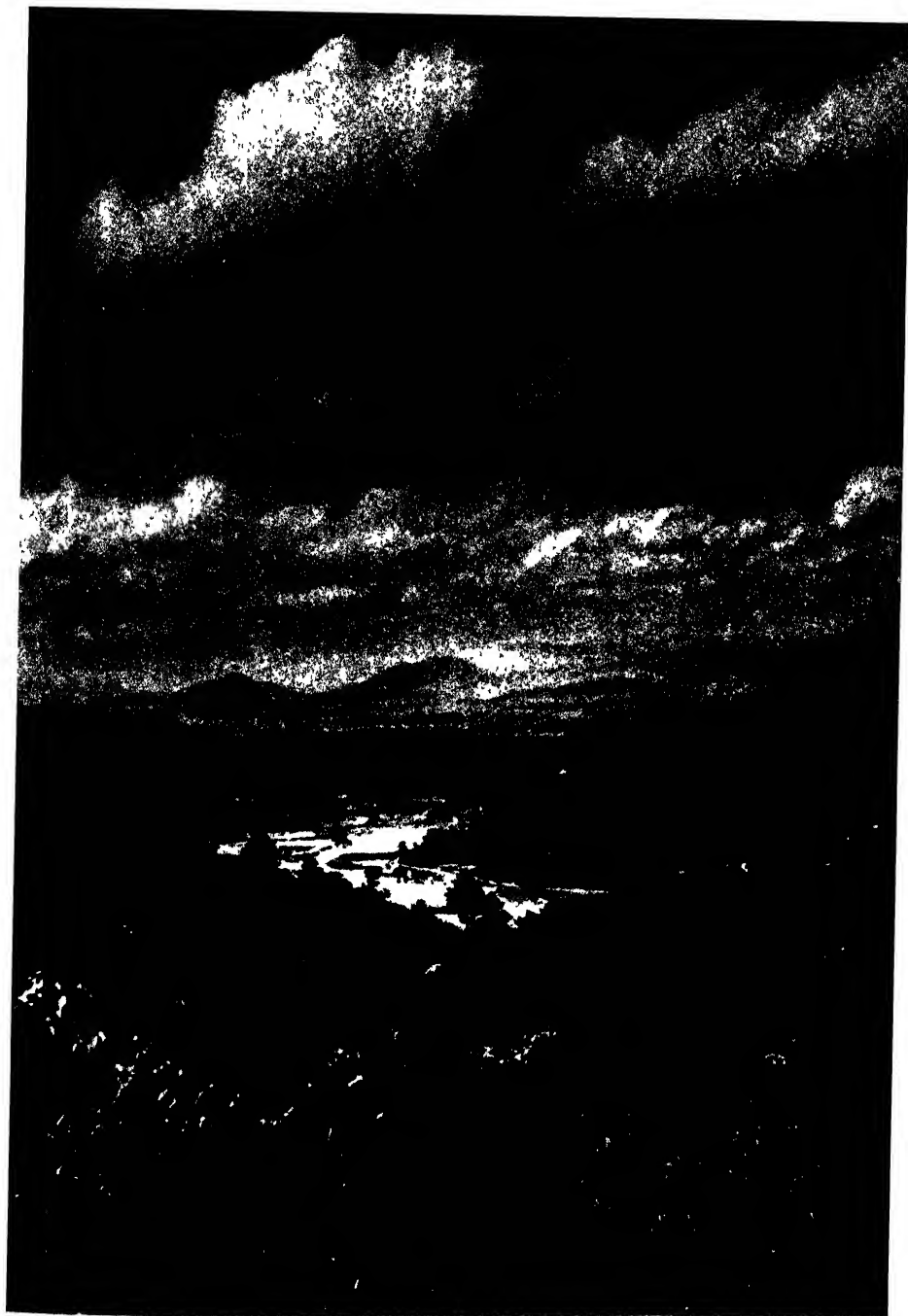
Chinese, written or spoken, is not so much a group of languages as one homogeneous form of speech. There are variations amounting to different languages in the coastal strip from Shanghai to Canton. Here the land is divided by rivers and deep valleys, so that formerly neighbouring counties had little or no contact. It is in circumstances like these that differences in languages arise. Yet, even in these coastal areas of Chekiang, Fukien, and Kwangtung the official Mandarin language, with its modern easier "Pei-Hua," "Common Speech" is increasingly taught and spoken. For the rest, in country village and remote mountain places, there are broad pronunciations and local words and sounds; but it is possible for a traveller to journey, as I have journeyed, from the Great Wall in the north to the Burma Road in the south-west, or from Nanking to Szechuan, using the Chinese speech in which he was born and making his way over more than three-quarters of this huge country, without being greatly at a loss to understand the common talk around him. Shall we say he could understand and be understood by 360 of China's 460 millions with no great effort and, as far as written Chinese is concerned, would never have any embarrassment wherever he might find himself if he were a fair student of the language. This is a very remarkable statement to make, and is unparalleled in any other part of the globe either at this or possibly at any other time. No wonder the Chinese are confident and proud in their possession of such a language.

English is alphabetic, as are most languages to-day. Chinese is ideogrammatic, and has remained essentially unchanged in this respect for some five thousand years. In recent times there have been many attempts to simplify China's written language. Romanizations have been used and phonetic script of various kinds. China has preferred to go her own way. It has to be remembered that written Japanese is a sort of shorthand form of the Chinese language, in which Chinese ideograms are used, interspersed with various shorthand signs.

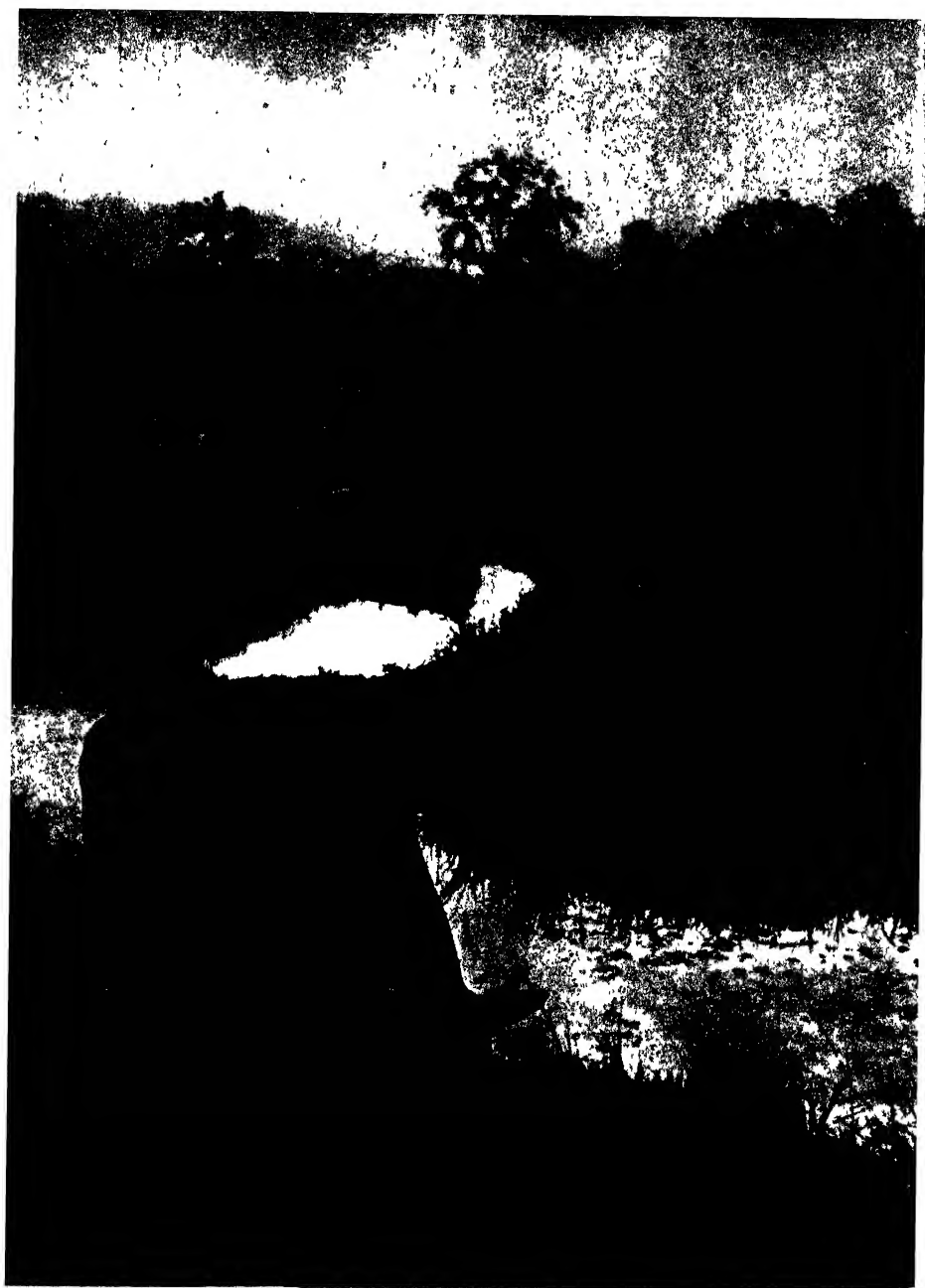
The Chinese feel, rightly or wrongly, that from simplifications of this and other kinds their beautiful script is likely to suffer harm. They have preferred, therefore, to go in for a sort of 'basic' Chinese. This consists of a thousand of the most commonly used ideograms. On the basis of these thousand characters simple text-books and lessons have been devised by which a labouring man or farmer, if he be moderately intelligent, can learn to read after six weeks' study in a night-school. From the thousand easy characters to the three thousand or so, which are the compass of an ordinary book or simple newspaper, is no great step. After that those who have any literary ambition may go on from range to range in the reading of books. When it is remembered that the ordinary version of the New Testament contains fewer than three thousand different characters, and the Old Testament some five thousand, it will readily be seen that a working knowledge of the Chinese written language is by no means as difficult as has sometimes been maintained.

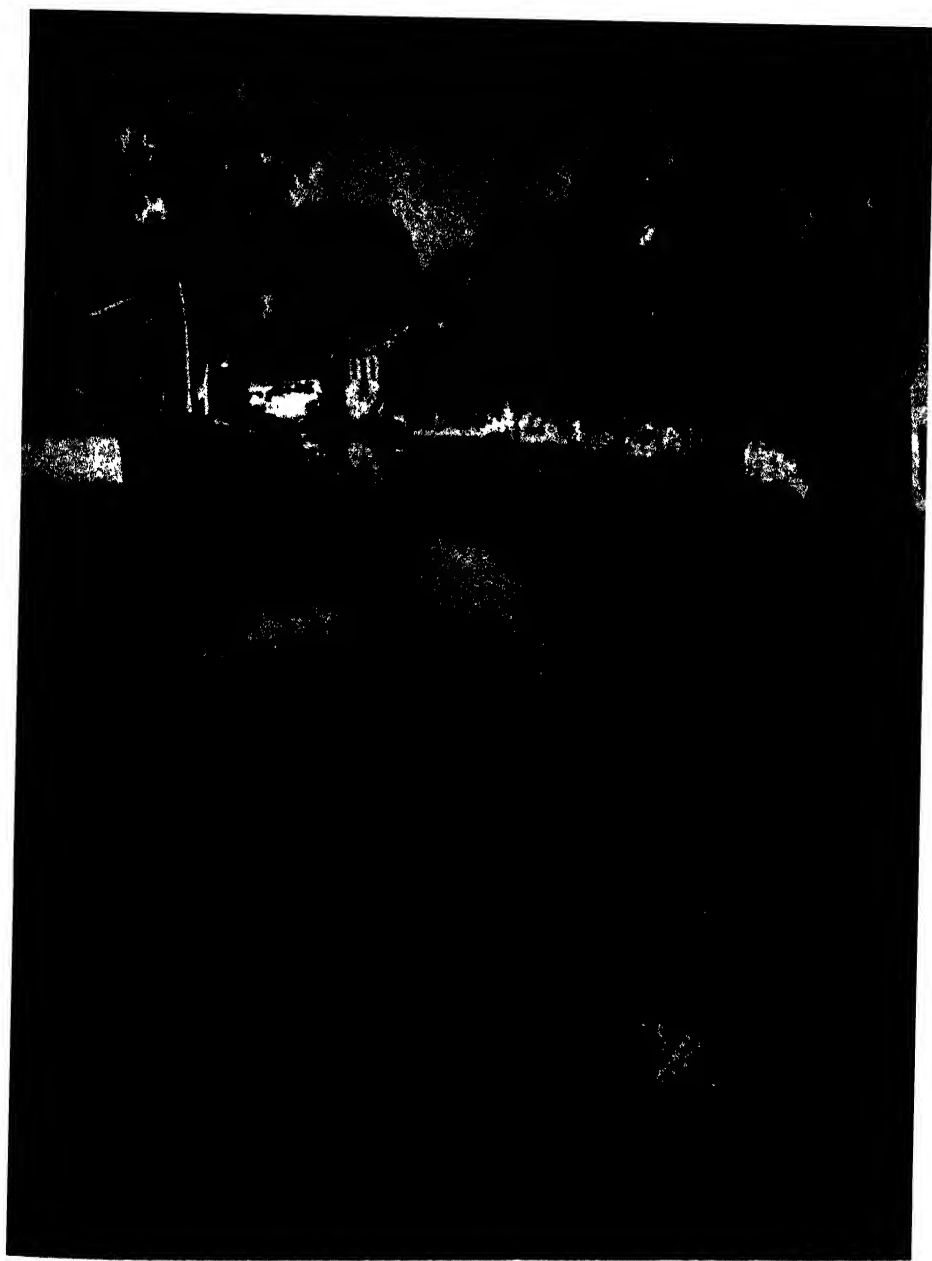
Incidentally, it will be of interest to readers in Great Britain to know that 'basic' Chinese (*i.e.*, the thousand-character system) was used for years before any great use was made of 'basic English.' A Chinese man of letters, Mr James Yen, has devoted himself with great energy and ability to the question of literacy through basic Chinese. He has richly earned the renown that he has gained. The movement is widespread. Many known and unknown persons are playing their part, and the Nationalist Government is naturally interested and gives all possible support to their laudable aim of "Let the people read."

Educationists tell us that the effort to master the language handicaps the Chinese student in his general studies. This is probably partly a question of method. Nowadays deep study of the Classics is deferred till college is reached, and there may not be that delay in early studies that was inevitable in the days of an education that was primarily classical. Even then there were compensations. The student, whose time was partly spent in beautiful writing of beautiful characters, was un-



A still valley in Fukien



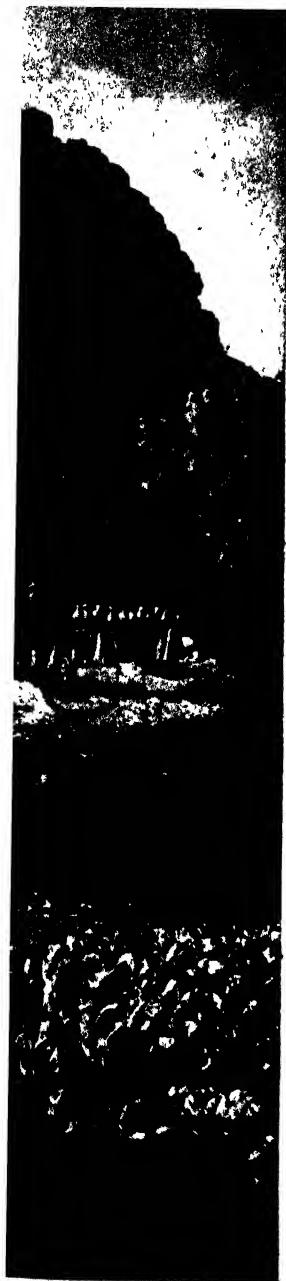




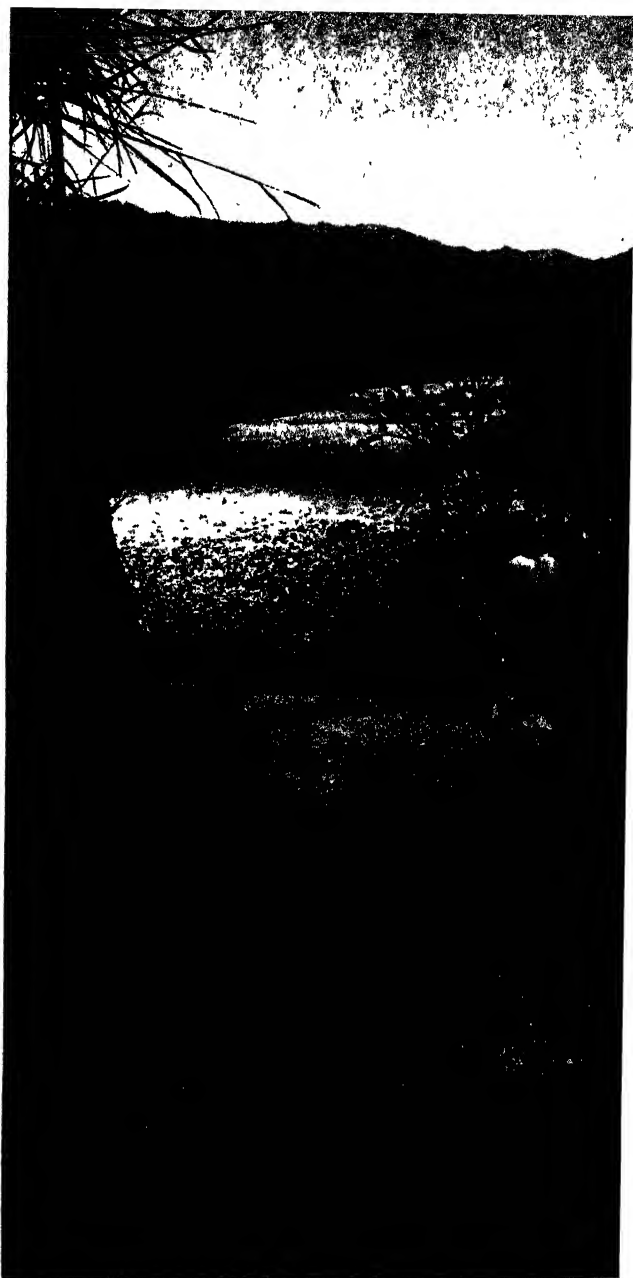
ew roads through old China make travelling easier.



They take us through culti



reas. Elephant Tooth Hill
d fields near Kweilin,



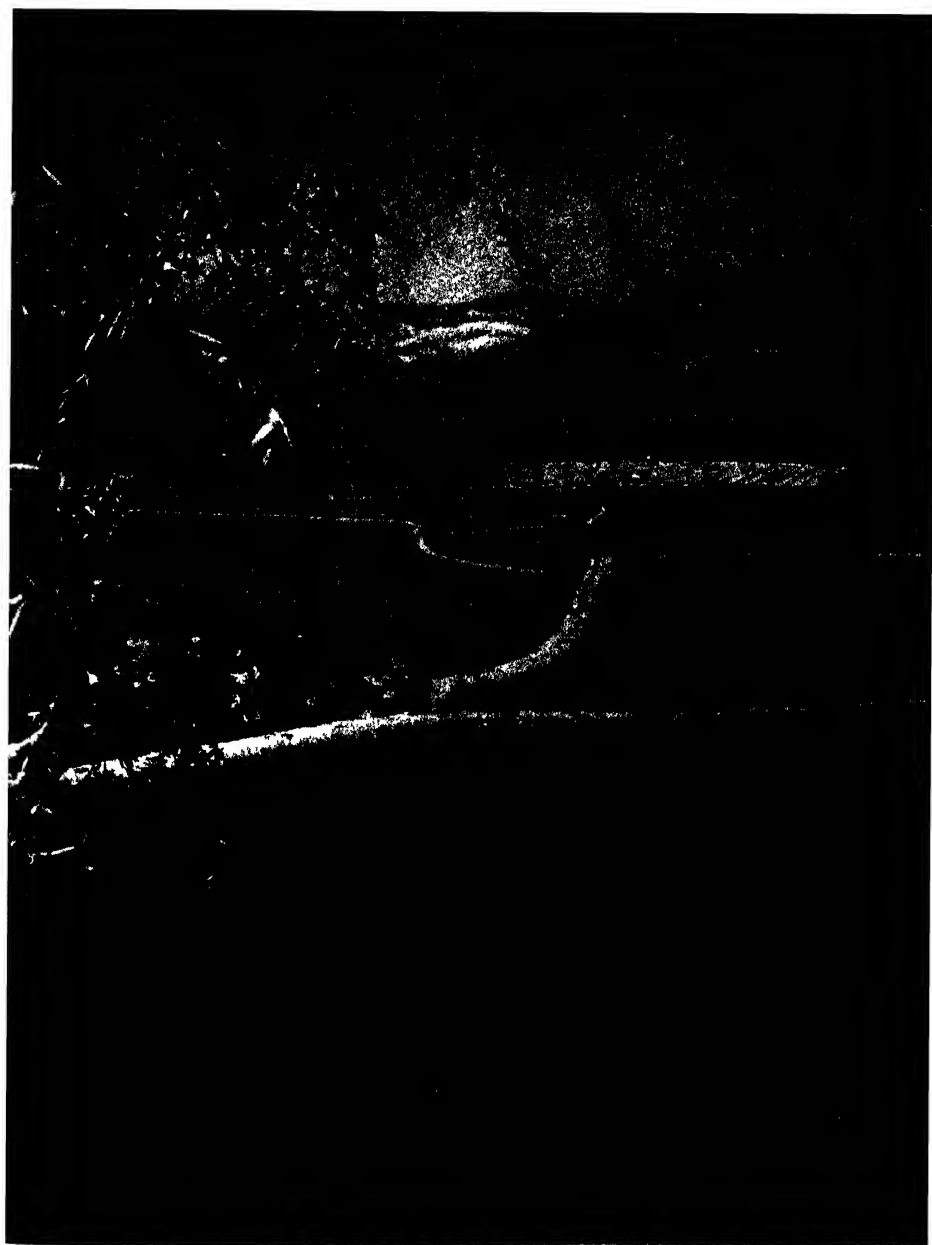
They run along the great rivers. The road to
Lung Chuan by the great West River



**e fields yield the country's staple food. Breaking up the clods in the flooded
rice-fields of Chekiang**



A typical scene of rice-planting in China



Old paths divide newly planted rice-fields between Kwangchang and Kingtu



At 80 per cent. of the Chinese are farmers. A farmer's son. His people worked these fields for generations

consciously gaining something in art and form, while the rhythm of the ancient classics developed a literary appreciation that perhaps in East or West is hard to gain in less laborious ways.

The British student of Chinese may find ideograms strange and very different from his own alphabet-built words, but he soon finds many of them much more meaningful.

When once recognized characters such as 田 (field), 井 (well), 人 (man), 口 (mouth), are unforgettable, while the placing together of 子 (boy) and 女 (girl) as 好 (good) is as meaningful as the pig 豕 that goes under a roof (冂) to make a home (家). These are only simple illustrations which show how intriguing the very build of the Chinese ideogram can be.

It is worth noting that the Japanese written language is borrowed from the Chinese. The Chinese characters are read in the original sense, but they are usually interspersed with Japanese phonetic signs. Japan's culture, as her language, owes a very great deal to China.

Great changes have come over the Chinese language in the last thirty years. This has been due, in part, to the opening of China's doors to Western education and Western ideas. The old bottles of China's classical language would have been burst by the new wine of Western ideas had not the old bottles been melted down again and been re-shaped to meet the changes of the new and more universal day.

It is just as well to remember that there have been considerable changes in Britain, too, in the transition from the Classical to the modern scientific period.

In China the changes came later than in Britain and have consequently been very much more rapid. In no matter have the changes been more conspicuous than in the language, whether spoken or written. Up till 1911 Chinese books, however revered, were read, at the most, by 2 per cent. of the population. The books were mainly classical and written in the classical and literary style. Even novels and other literature, written in easier Chinese, were interspersed with erudite classical references and quotations. It is not long since in the British Parliament hardly a speech was complete without its quotation in Latin, if not in Greek. We have there at least a link with the Chinese classical period. Missionaries in China had the Bible translated quite early into the speech of the ordinary man. The same was true of their tracts and other methods of Christian propaganda. Such books had been generally despised as unfit for the reading of an educated man.

FACE TO FACE WITH CHINA

There must have been a certain foreignness about both the ideas and the language into which they were translated.

Following the overthrow of the Manchus in 1911-12, and especially following the Nationalist Revolution of 1927, a great change came over the literary situation. Eminent Chinese scholars set up a "New Thought Movement." They were not only thinking new thoughts, but expressing them in new ways. Classical scholars themselves were breaking with the classical traditions. They were determined to give the key of knowledge back to the people.

First of all, the new learning pouring in from the West was being written into simplified text-books issued by that pioneer of modern Chinese publishing houses, the Commercial Press, of Shanghai. Then a further step was taken. The simpler literary form was replaced by the common speech of the market-place. In Chinese hands the halting efforts of the missionaries and other pioneers were transformed into the flowing, musical cadences of such Chinese as was readily recognized as being, in its own way, as literary as classical Chinese itself. The old classics are there still for those who have the zeal and interest to study them, but written Chinese to-day is of the newspaper, the novel, the *belles-lettres*, and the poetry which people in Britain have for generations regarded as literature.

What religion did for Britain, through Sunday and adult schools, in spreading literacy through the mass of the people, on the whole the Revolution, not unhelpt by religion, has done for China.

Books and reading are every one's business to-day. Girls and women are reading as well as their fathers and brothers ; ordinary people are reading as well as students and scholars. The Chinese language has proved itself as flexible and adequate to all these changes as the language to which we are accustomed. When thinking of a universal language it is well to remember that 460 million people speak Chinese and that the readers of the language increase by millions every year. A Chinese might well be inclined to think that if there is to be a world language basic Chinese would do as well as basic English.

CONFUCIUS AND CONFUCIANISM

THE spread of the one Chinese language through what is virtually a continent is explained by the influence of one man, the great sage Confucius. In his day China was little more than what we now call the province of Shantung. There were peoples of kindred race, but different languages and loyalties, all around her. Many of these groups and kingdoms were savage and uncivilized. In but a few centuries Confucian China had spread as far as the Siberian deserts on the north and Burma and Tibet on the south. Its progress was only hindered by the Pacific Ocean on the east and by great and impassable mountains on the west. The Confucian heaven had worked through the whole lump, with its ideals, its language, and its way of life. The pen had conquered all the swords, though the sword, too, had been instrumental in bringing about this remarkable state of affairs. The triumph was really the victory of a man who had but little regard for the aims of a soldier. The 'man of the bow' had no allurements for him. He had seen the sufferings the men of iron inflicted and judged that there was little to be hoped for from the soldier alone.

When Confucius was born—five hundred years before Christ—Chinese civilization was already old. The Chinese speak of their classical literature as the "Four Books and the Five Classics." The Four Books are *The Great Learning*, *The Doctrine of the Mean*, *The Analects of Confucius*, and the *Book of Mencius*. These date from Confucius and his disciples. He himself meditated on and edited the Five Classics. These are earlier books and consist of the *Book of Changes*, *The Book of History*, *The Book of Odes*, *The Book of Rites*, and *The Spring and Autumn Annals*. This last was entirely the work of Confucius himself. Above all, Confucius gloried in the *Odes*, the book of poetry. Have we here some clue to his nature?

His roots were deep in the history and struggles of his own people. The legendary rulers, Yao and Shun, were as real to him and his contemporaries as Romulus and Remus to the Romans. He was no innovator—or so he claimed. He was only calling his friends back to the brave days of old, when the rulers were virtuous and the people followed in their steps. His roots were in the past, but his inspiration was with the poets—or so, from his own words, you are left to judge. He does not claim to be "a root out of a dry ground." His belief was that the past was very, very good. Yet, without the inspiration of the Master,

that faith would have been without works. As it is, Confucius is China as no American is America and no Englishman England.

In the unhappy years that preceded the downfall of the Manchus in the revolution of 1911-12 cynical and unfriendly critics used to say, "If you want to see Confucius look around." It was as though some Roman in Palestine at the time of Christ, looking at the hardened lives of Scribes and Pharisees, had said, "If you want to see Moses look at these sons of Moses." There was error and truth in both statements. The truth is that Moses has written himself into the life of the Jewish nation as Confucius into that of the Chinese nation. Each is the key to the culture and survival of his race. Yet the cynic is seldom the best guide to truth—to the whole truth.

To-day, looking at this civilization that is China, with its sense of history and poetry, with its patient people and its art of living, with all the long glories of all the ages and its great survival, it is a simple fact to say, "If you want to see Confucius look around." For he is the heart and mind of China, and as China surpasses other lands in size and population, so does Confucius stand pre-eminent among the sons of men.

Confucianism is not religion so much as the Chinese theory and way of life. It is concerned with the relationships of men and women here on earth, not with their ultimate destiny. There are obvious and deliberate gaps in it ; but that is true of every philosophy of life. It is too readily assumed that Confucius himself had no place for religion. The truth seems rather to be that, while not endorsing many of the beliefs of his day and refusing to discuss many questions of this nature brought to him, he was agnostic and non-committal in his attitude to religious cults, but he demanded that, so far as men followed religion, they should follow it with reverence. (Cf. *China, My China*, chapter viii).

The Confucian theory of the State is based upon the family. The greatest of all practical virtues is filial piety. In Chinese eyes filial piety has always been a matter of relationships not only between the immediate members of the family, but also between the living and the dead. That was so in the days of Confucius and before his day, and it continued to be so till the establishment of the Republic in 1912. One is tempted to inquire if the Japanese imperial cult, like so much else in Japan, may not have had its origins in China. What Confucius thought of these things is not recorded, but they are part of the ancient tradition that was canalized through him and handed on for the moulding of his people. Such traditions were profoundly ethical and had to do with right

government and right conduct. Whatever the emphasis, it is hard to see how such cults can be separated from the things that other men have called religion, or whether without an ultimate belief in a moral universe, with all that that implies, there can be any standard for good conduct at all.

Confucius was a wanderer and an exile most of his life because the duke whom he so loyally served was enticed from the way of virtue by a present of women and horses. One watches the sad, slow journey of the sorrowful official. How he lingered on the way, hoping to the last that repentance would come ! He could have retained his post, with its emoluments, but would take no support from a man who refused to follow his wise and moral advice. How many officials in Britain or in China would have shrugged their shoulders, breathed a sigh, and made the best of a bad job. The greater leader of China was not so made. Had the duke remained virtuous and dutiful, or had the Minister cared for himself, how little good would have come to his race or to the world. " I love life," his interpreter Mencius said, " and I love justice. But if I cannot preserve both I would rather give up life and hold fast justice." So thought the Master, too. So he lost his livelihood and wedded poverty and danger. Disciples came to him and grew in numbers. They treasured and from their memories wrote down the things he said about the ruling of a nation, the conduct of a home, and the rectification of the heart, on which all good conduct was based. Life is so made that all gain depends on some one's loss, and Confucius was no exception to the rule. Had his life been easier would there ever have been Confucianism ? Mencius, later on, caught up this idea and enlarged on it in memorable phrase :

Heaven, when about to confer a great trust on a man, first exercises his mind with suffering and his senses and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, subjects him to poverty, and confounds his undertakings. . . . From these things we see how life springs from sorrow and calamity, while death follows ease and pleasure.

Was Confucius in part his inspiration ?

When Confucius died, at the age of seventy-three or more, how little he or his contemporaries could have foreseen the glory and the influence that were to be his. A prophet whom no ruler could or would use died in some honour, among his personal disciples, in a corner of Shantung. This mustard seed fell into the ground and seemed to die. Now its spreading branches fill the whole eighteen provinces and beyond. That

must be partly because of its own inherent life and power, and partly because the soil was suitable. Somehow the truth which he taught and lived by won first his own disciples and then the great body of his people. Surrounding China of those days there was no real rival body of truth. China, as the teaching of Confucius caused it to be, was infinitely superior to all the surrounding kingdoms and nations. He had said that when the Princely Man came all men within and without his country would flow to him. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." Confucius disclaimed all thought of being that Princely Man himself, and he was right. Yet the principle was at work and the dissemination and triumph of the Confucian way of life is the victory of good over the less good, the more perfect over the less perfect. Morality is the root of things, and Confucianism won because it was fitted to win.

Confucianism did not win its way without a struggle—persecuted and persecuting in turn. For China has not been without her religious wars. In particular, the notorious Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, who built, or completed, the Great Wall and unified the country by force of arms, could brook no body of truth that condemned him any more than he could endure those who propagated such truth.

Confucian scholars were put to death in great numbers. Their books were destroyed. This is not the first time a tyrant has attempted to wipe out his opponents and all that they possessed. Tyrants never completely succeeded in China. Many of the books were hidden, and their possessors found refuge from the storm. That storm was soon past, and the scholars came out of their hiding-place. With their memories of the precious classics, and the undestroyed books that were recovered, soon Confucianism was exalted again, and Ch'in Shih Huang Ti, for all his ability and success, has ever since been execrated in China as no other monarch who has ever ruled over the land. Incidentally, he was a Taoist fanatic, not of the mystic or scholarly type so much emphasized nowadays, but of the type that sought the elixir of life and the isles of the immortals and was thrilled with those wonders and strange things of which Confucius would not speak. When Confucianism was finally established there was set up about A.D. 600 a civil service system in which all official promotion was dependent on knowledge of Confucianism, adherence to the Confucian way of life, and capacity to read and write in classical Chinese.

It was this phase of things that came to an end with the setting up of the 1912 Republic. Without an Emperor how could you worship at

LITERATURE

the Altar of Heaven? With the coming of science and the modern world what was to happen to the Confucian classics and their way of life?

"The golden age is before us" shouted the revolutionaries. "We have done with looking back to Yao and Shun. What do we want with Confucius and his classics in the twentieth century?"

For a while all that Confucianism stood for came under a heavy cloud. The Chinese said, "We want this and not that." The Confucian scholar stole away discredited, because he was of little use in a land of ships and trains and aeroplanes and modern armies.

Already a change back has come. China's roots are deep in history. Modern China too, as Confucius, revels in her own poets and thinkers. She may have a sense of being behind in the matter of modern science, and is breathlessly catching up. But she has no consciousness of being behind in any real sense when she thinks of the Master and his great tradition. Life is being remoulded. There must be room for old virtues as well as modern developments. If in our British history there had been a prophet of Confucius's stature how proud we should have been. What a glory is China's here!

CHAPTER V

LITERATURE

~~DAWAB~~ SELAKU JING SARADUR

BOOKS of every description follow one another from the modern Press. We live in a day when everybody can read; and authors, publishers, and politicians continue to reach the ear of the masses with a view to guiding their thoughts, seeking their votes, or merely to amusing them and making money out of those who are willing and able to pay. Almost anyone is a potential writer. He has only to have something interesting to say and find a publisher who will take the risk of putting his book on the market. There are competitors with the Press. There are the wireless and the cinema as well as the theatre; but even the competitors are partly dependent on the Press and help this process of book-making as well as compete with it.

If it was true of old that "of making many books there is no end" how much truer it is to-day. We have only to look back a hundred and fifty years in English history to find a time when things were very different. Then only the few could read. The multitude were quite

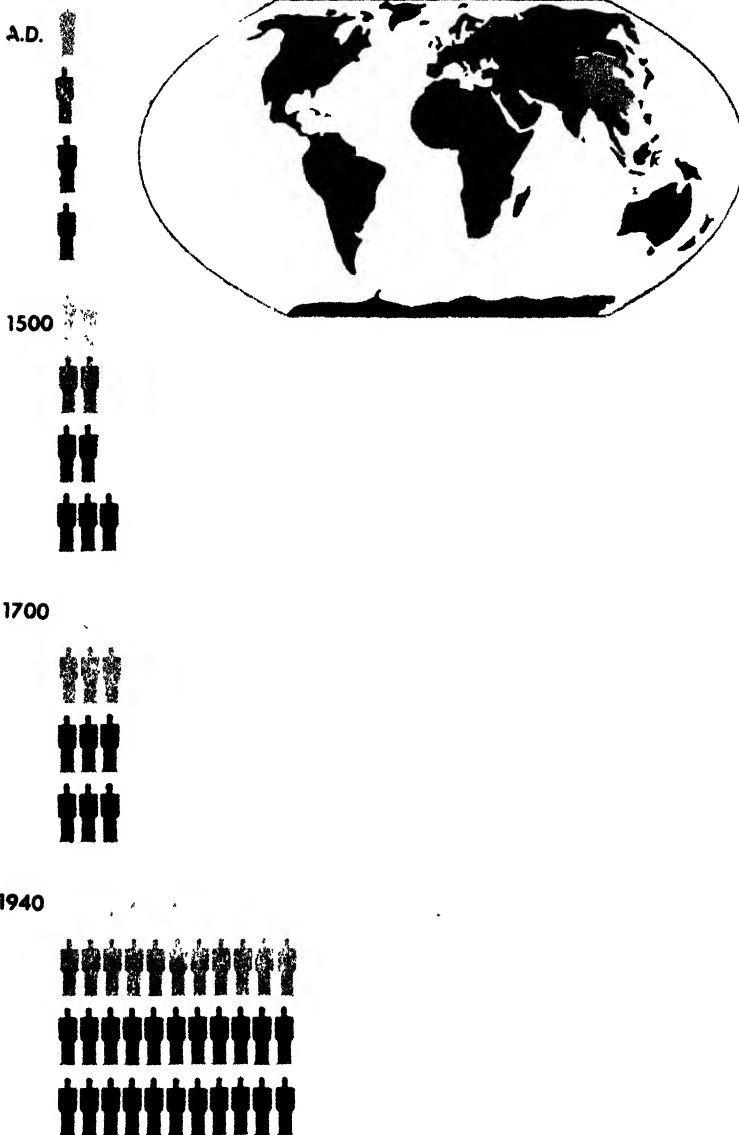
illiterate. Yet even then there were books that had a remarkable effect on the life and the language of the people of Great Britain. There were not many of them. They rose like mountain-peaks above the foothills and the plains. If you were to canvass public opinion about them there would be general agreement that the Authorized Version of the Bible (A.D. 1611) and the works of William Shakespeare (1564-1616) were outstanding. Of a different type, some would add *The Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan (1628-88), and the *Robinson Crusoe* of Daniel Defoe (1660-1731). There would be other favourite writers and outstanding figures but not many mountain-peaks as outstanding as these. What came before them were preliminary essays in the English tongue. Who would attempt to evaluate the poets, philosophers, pamphleteers, and novelists who have followed after? Their name is legion. We have had our Elizabethan period, our Victorian period, and now our Georgian period; but what a small part of our history has been taken up with writings that went to the making of the nation—less than four hundred years in all. What a different story it is when we turn to China. What an immensely more literary nation have they been than we.

They have, of course, been a hundred and fifty years behind us in their determination to let all the people read. In both cases that determination has arisen out of new valuation of the common man, inseparable from religion and the democracy that is the child of religion. In both cases this growing literacy is something that is liable to be exploited by politicians and money-makers as well as to be used by leaders of thought and by public entertainers.

Yet, in the times before literacy was thought of for the ordinary man and woman, how massive are the mountain-peaks of China's literary efforts, stretching back and back into the blue mists of distance and touching the very clouds of antiquity.

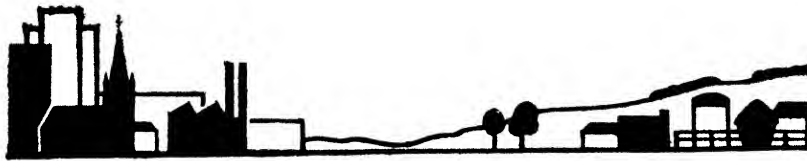
When Confucius spoke and wrote, five hundred years before the Christian era, he was, no more in literature than in thought, an originator of a new thing. Most of his work consisted in re-editing books which had already been in the hands of scholars for hundreds of years. For some two thousand years before Confucius those lovely ideograms in which Chinese is written had been the joy of scholars. Paper and ink had been invented long before. Block-printing is known to have been used in 868 A.D. With paper, ink, printing, and scholars, how could there but be books? In his own day Confucius found himself face to face with other philosophies. There was Moh-Tse and his school, the man

China and Europe in the World

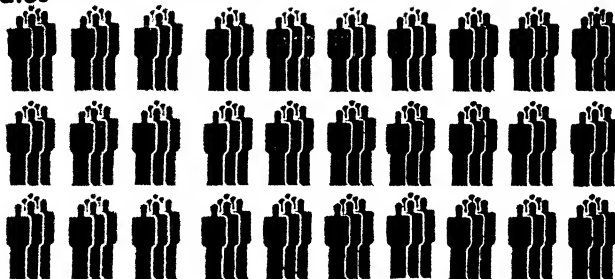


Each symbol represents about 50 million people .
 yellow in China
 red in Europe
 grey in other countries

Urbanization in the West



United States



Great Britain



France

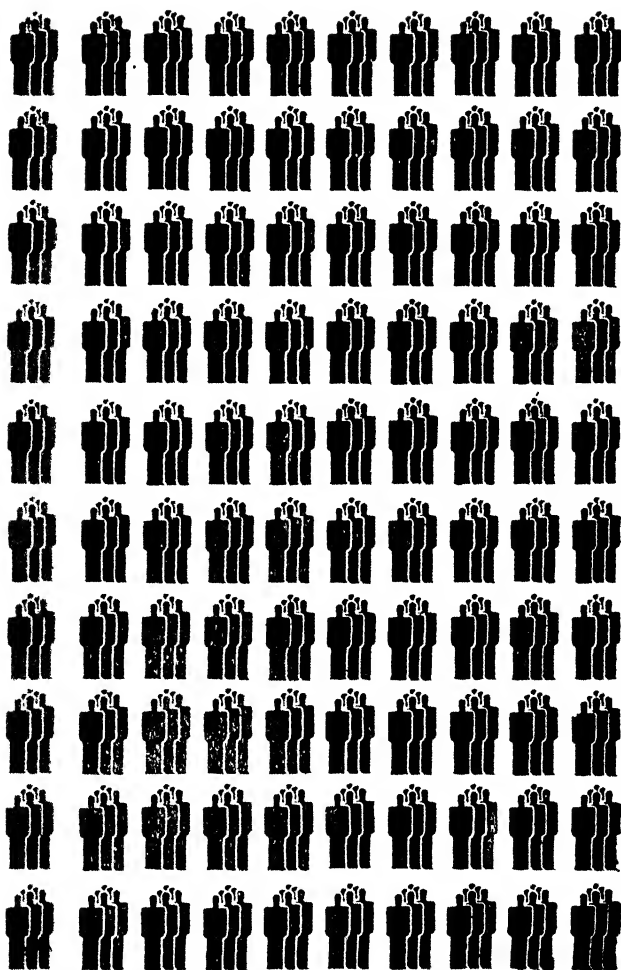


Each row of man symbols represents 45 million population
red : in cities of 100,000 inhabitants and more

Urbanization in China

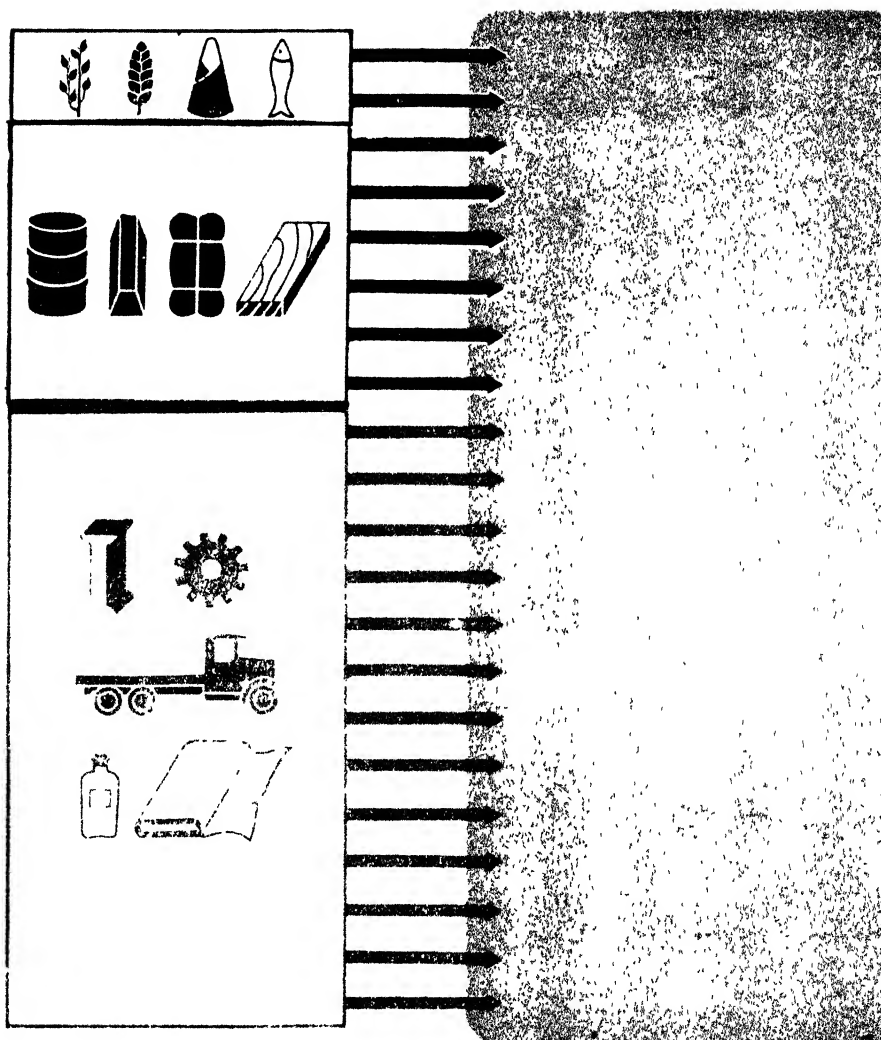


China



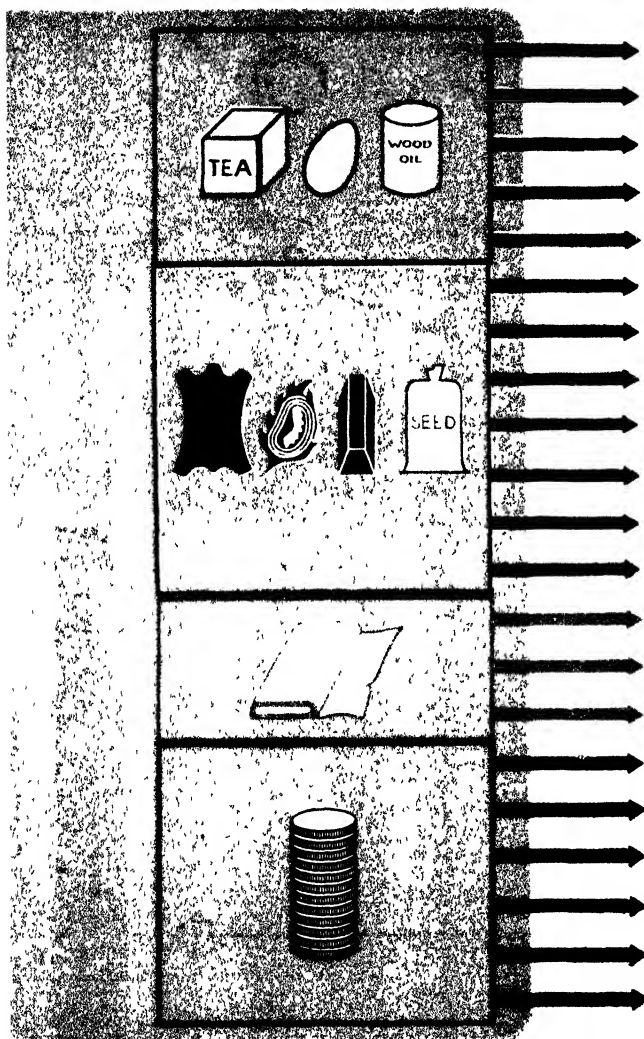
China's Foreign Trade

Imports in 1936

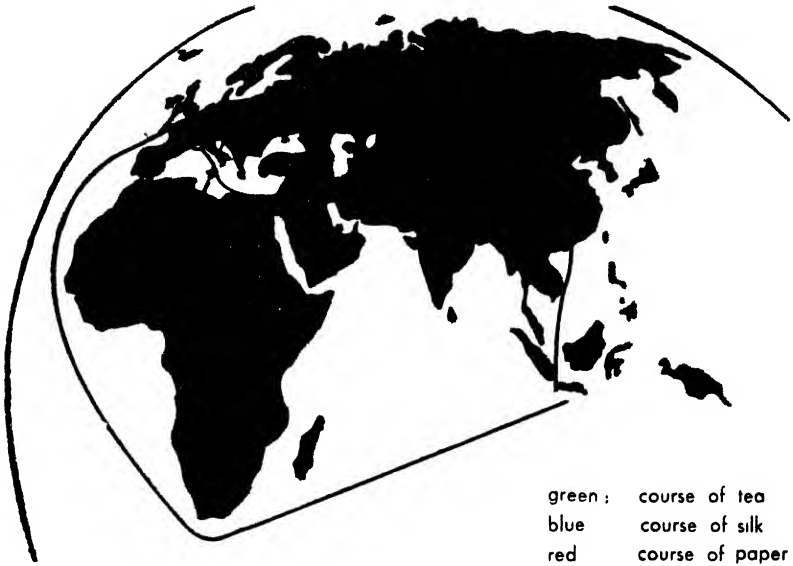


Each arrow represents goods to the value of 20 million gold units
 green cereals, sugar, fish, meat, eggs, vegetable oils, tea, beverages, etc
 blue. mineral oils, timber, metals and ores, skins, hairs, feathers, seeds, silk, cotton e

Exports in 1936

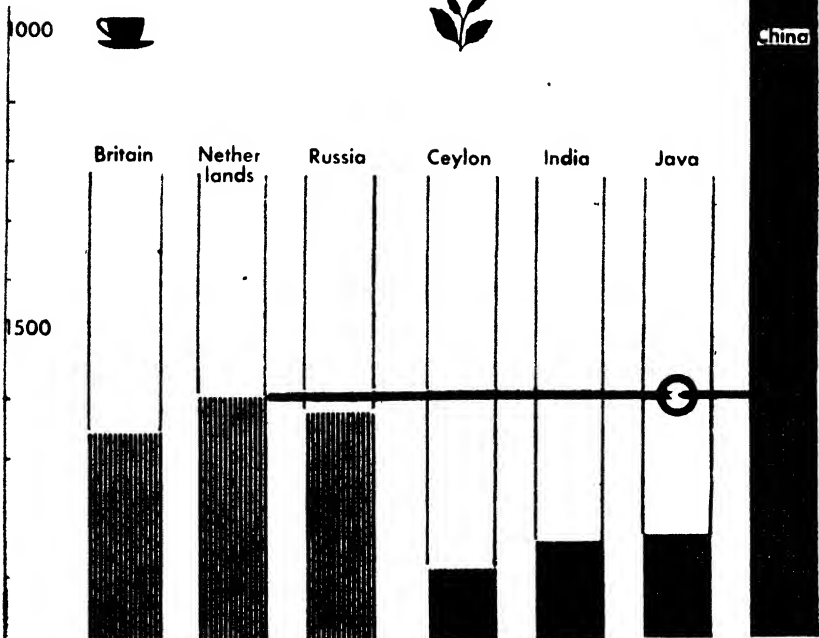


red: iron and steel manufactures, machinery, vehicles, medicines, chemical products, paper, piece goods, embroideries, etc
black: gold and silver (mostly silver coins)

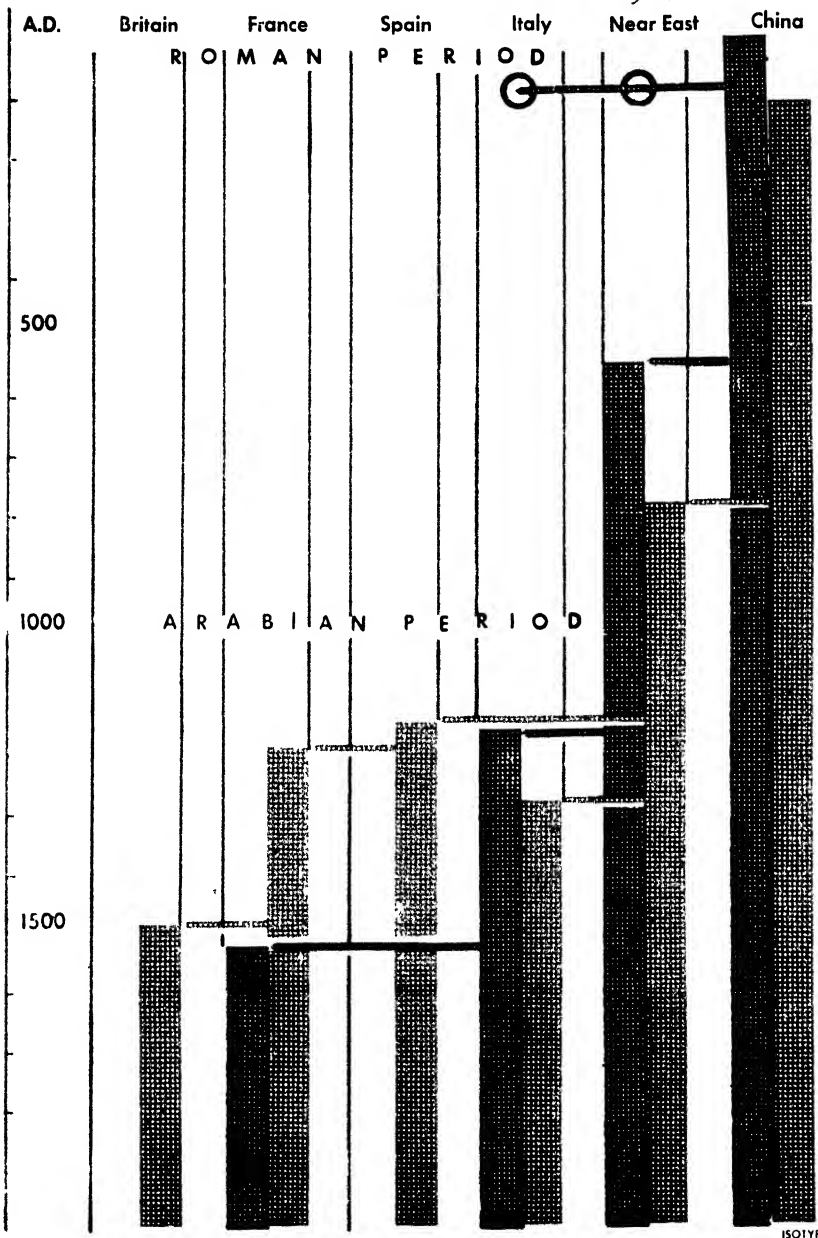


Tea Importers

Tea Producers

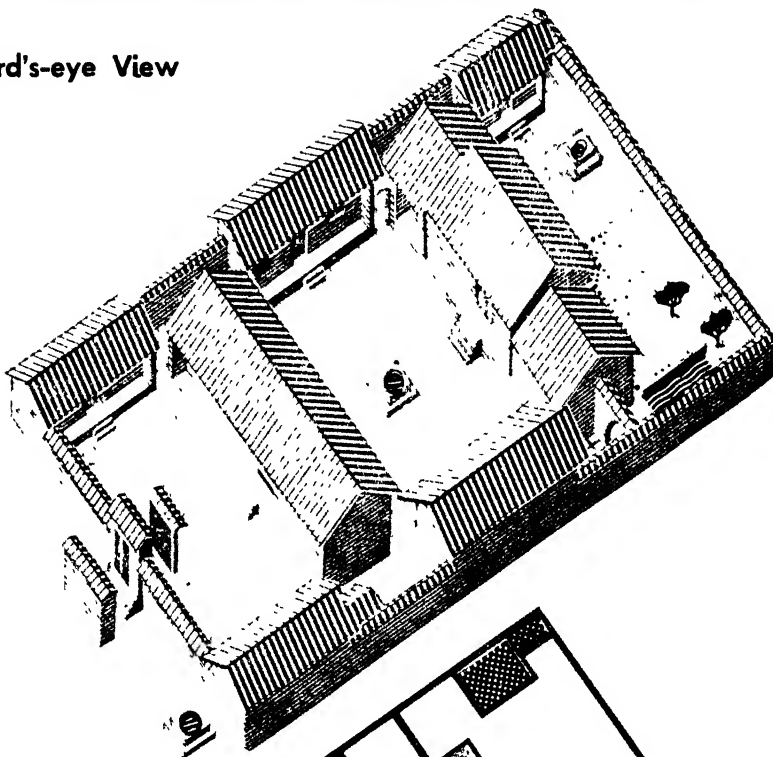


Silk and Paper Manufacture

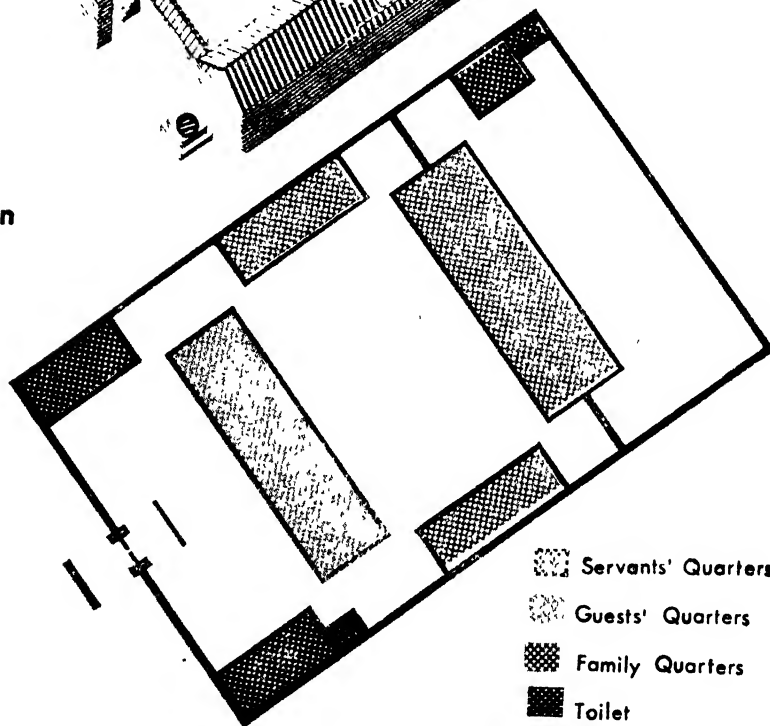


A Comfortable Suburban House

Bird's-eye View



Plan



who summed up the good life as "Universal Love." If you loved every one equally, said Confucius, and treated bad and good alike, you would confuse the world and make an end of justice. Confucius was, after all, an official. His main interest was good government and the regulation of the life of the people. All philosophies were judged by him by the simple test as to whether they would work or not. There's something rather English about him in this, however otherwise profound he might be.

Another contemporary, Lao-Tse, or Lao-Tan, was a very different mind. He was a recluse, somewhat older than Confucius, and was entirely critical of the sage's way of life. Who and what manner of person this "old philosopher" (for so his name may be interpreted) was is no more clear than the book of which he is the reputed author, the *Classic of the Way of Virtue*, the *Tao Teh King*. There are stories of the meeting of Confucius and Lao-Tse—Taoist stories for the most part. Confucius, the Master of many disciples and, though out of office, full of honours, seems to have visited him only to be told that there was no use in Benevolence and Righteousness, no good in laying down the way of life for prince and Minister, father and son, husband and wife, elder brother and younger brother, and friend and friend. Lao-Tse told him that by setting up these earthly standards he was leaving the heavenly standard and that by inculcating virtue he was producing vice. The only way for man, he said, was the way of Nature. There were to be no rules, or regulations, no Confucian ceremonial and meticulousness. All a man had to do was to do nothing but be himself. That was the reason for the Golden Age of Yao and Shun. Man had been natural then—as natural as the trees and beasts. "Away with your philosophies," cried this old philosopher. Confucius was reported to have come away enthralled and amazed that, for once, he had turned from ordinary men and seen the dragon soaring on the clouds. There is no evidence, however, that he often visited the dragon. Lao-Tse may well have been one of the strange and miraculous things with which Confucius had no traffic. There are translations into English of the *Tao Teh King*, as well as of the Confucian classics. Most readers of these books will agree that Confucius, at least, knew what he was talking about and that what he did not know he would not say. Two hundred and fifty years later there lived the greatest Confucian disciple, Mencius, and the best-known follower of Lao-Tse, the famous and witty Chuang-Tse. Mencius, like his Master, was concerned with good government and the

conduct of human affairs. His writings are now part of the four books of the Confucian Canon. Somehow he seems less remote, more human than his Master. The same may be said of Chuang-Tse in relationship to Lao-Tse. His *Divine Classic of Nan-Hua* reads like the revolt of the poet against the practical man. It is proof, if proof were needed, that Confucius, for all his excellencies, has never completely satisfied the Chinese mind. He has ruled and moulded China, but the sweep of China's outlook has always been wider than the most perfect rule of life. He has been the underlying rock. Others have been the beautiful clinging flowers or the cloudy mists that have made the perfect landscape. Chuang-Tse is the expositor of the way of Nature. The meek, he seems to say, not the strivers, the natural, not the artificial, inherit the earth. A frequent visitor of his, adopting a pose of naturalness, was in the habit of leaning against a tree, playing on a reed. "Heaven has given you a corporeal body," he says; "why do you stand there blowing your own trumpet?"

As you read through his four hundred pages, much longer than the *Analects*, the *Great Learning*, the *Doctrine of the Mean*, and the *Sayings of Mencius* combined, you are sometimes charmed with his wit and banter of Confucius, you are attracted by his appeal to the natural, simple ways of the little child; but you feel that somehow there is little solid here and that, but for the structure of Confucianism on which he can play his wit, there would be little in life for Chuang-Tse to do. He would not be disturbed by such a judgment; for what has the natural man to do with fame?

Hundreds of years later (A.D. 1130-1200) came the great Confucian commentator, Chu Fu Tse, or Chu Hsi. His thought was impregnated with Buddhism, and his commentary on the classics became the standard interpretation of Confucius down to modern times. These are the three main strains of Chinese literary life—Confucius, Lao-Tse, and Buddha; but, for China, far the greatest of these was Confucius.

These are some of the mountain-peaks of the mighty range of Chinese literature.

K'ang Hsi, the second Manchu Emperor, who ruled over China from 1662 to 1723, was a great patron of literature. He was responsible for a dictionary of forty thousand words, which was the standard Chinese dictionary till the modern "Commercial Press" began its work. He was also responsible for an encyclopædia of 1626 volumes, each of two hundred pages. Under his grandson, Ch'ien Lung, a vast anthology

of thirty-six thousand volumes was compiled—a most amazing work. China has been rich in histories, the most famous being the work of Sze Ma Ch'ien. There have been famous thinkers and scholars, poets and writers of every kind. For though till recent days literacy has not been for the common man, China's literature in some shape or form has been in the making for five thousand years. If in former times her scholars had only been one-half per cent. of her vast population there would still have been two millions of them. How many educated people were there in Great Britain before the days of Robert Raikes and the Sunday school? Medieval Europe had the bard who moved from town to town and court to court. Before the days of newspapers he was a living newspaper. He was the connecting link of knowledge between district and district and county and county. China had her story-teller, still to be seen to-day enthraling his audience in tea-shop and tavern. Such may have been in part the originators of the Chinese novel. Some of these novels have been very famous, and their stories have passed into the life and tradition of the land. The Chinese is a prince of story-tellers. There are good translations, available in English, of the *San Kuoh Chih* ("Romance of the Three Kingdoms"), the *Shui Hu Chuan* ("All Men are Brothers"), and of the great Taoist story *Hsi Yu Chi* ("Record of Western Countries"). Mr Arthur Waley's *Monkey* is the translation of an excerpt from this great adventure story. Professor Giles's *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* is a translation of Liao chai Chih I. *The Sacred Edict*, sixteen essays on sixteen exhortations of the Manchu Emperor, K'ang Hsi, throws a wealth of light on the Chinese pre-revolutionary point of view on life. These essays were published by K'ang Hsi's son, the Emperor Yung Cheng, and were then amplified in colloquial Chinese by one of his officials. This was a rather remarkable thing to have happened in the eighteenth century. For it was not till the twentieth century, with its revolutions, that great and radical changes in literature took place, as in all the life of the Chinese people.

Now literacy is on the way to being universal, though the process will not be easily completed. Each little town or city has its local newspaper written in language that the wayfaring man, though a fool, can understand.

All sorts of new school books are pouring from the Press. The novels, science, and *belles-lettres* of the whole world are being translated. New schools of Chinese poets, novelists, and other writers are at work.

China, the greatest literary nation of all history, is alive again.

CHAPTER VI

CIVILIZATION

IN York, or Chester, or London you may still see some traces of an old English city. A bit of wall here, rather perfectly chiselled ; a narrow gate there, through which only one vehicle may easily pass at a time. As you walk from Bishopsgate to Newgate in one town, or from West Gate to Kirkgate in another, you realize how small, even though elegantly built, these old British cities were. Either the population was very small, or they were constructed to guard the *élite* of the society of those days. A Western city of this type can be viewed almost intact in Italy to-day. As you go through the gates and down the streets of Pompeii nothing is left to your imagination. There before your eyes stands everything that you need to know of the plan and life of an old Roman city, built, probably more luxuriously than usual, for patrician Romans who had made a success of life and desired to finish their days in ease. Buried by the ashes of Vesuvius, it has been preserved intact except for its woodwork. There are straight and narrow roads, paved with granite blocks, leading direct from one gate to the opposite gate at the other side of the city. Furrows have been worn on these granite blocks by the wheels of Roman chariots. There was obviously no surface drainage ; but at the ends of the streets you notice stepping-stones sufficiently wide apart to let the chariot-wheels go their way and sufficiently close to permit the citizens to cross the street dry-shod, on a rainy day, when the roadway was running with water. There are the villa with its sculpture, the doctor's house with his surgical instruments, so curiously modern, the public baths with their heating system, the vestibule of a private house which warns the stranger to "Beware of the dog." In one corner of the city are the barracks and, in another, an open theatre where the good citizens used to watch the public games. In two respects Pompeii is different from the cities of which China had abundance till a few years ago. There are lascivious paintings on some of the walls that would be unthinkable in China ; for China does not blazon such things abroad in her buildings, her religion, or her acknowledged literature. Then, apart from its finish and completeness, Pompeii seems very small. Every foot within the wall is taken up with something. There is little empty space.

Britain and Italy are small countries, and the habitable area is limited. In such lands things have to be on a small scale, but we cannot escape the judgment that, quite deliberately, more waste land was enclosed

within the typical Chinese city wall than a Western city was ever meant to contain. I have been through many of China's walled cities and hardly remember one that was not remarkable for its large empty spaces, some of them very large, where land could be cultivated and food raised in case of need. Is it possible that in the Chinese city there was always thought for the common people—that it was more democratic and less feudal than the cities of the West? Of these walled cities, before the 1926 revolution, there were hundreds, covering every one of China's eighteen provinces. Every *Hsien*, or county town, was a walled city. Every *Fu*, or prefectural town, was a walled city. Every *Sheng*, or provincial capital, was a walled city. The wall might rise from twenty to forty or even sixty feet above the surrounding plain. A path ran round the top of the wall within. Outside the wall there was generally a moat. The gates were, more usually than not, set at the points of the compass, and a large city might have as many as three gates in each of its northern, southern, eastern, and western walls. Natural hills and features were utilized, where the ground lent itself to such use. In other cases, earth-works were thrown up and faced with stone or, more often, with huge and massive bricks. The city gates generally consisted of a walled square, with inner and outer defences and massive doors, surmounted with watch-towers which gave a far view over the countryside. A city in England has come to mean the place where a cathedral is located. In China it most obviously was meant to be a "refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble": a protection for the people. In addition to the official cities, there were whole areas in China where the larger villages and country streets were protected with a mud wall and its gates.

Walls and gates are unpopular now. They are said to be the sign of the feudalism that can no longer be endured in China. There can be no doubt, however, that it was within these city walls and behind those massive gates that the remarkable civilization of China came into being. The history of China, as of other parts of the globe, has surely been this. First there were nomads, warring tribes, moving from place to place. They were the keepers of cattle, seeking forage sustenance for themselves and their herds. In Mongolia to-day this sort of life is still normal. In the course of time, attracted by the rich loess land through which the Yellow River flows, many of these Chinese tribes, with their chiefs and leaders, settled down to agriculture and permanent occupation of the country. They banded themselves together under a loose imperial sway,

built their walled villages, and finally their cities, and began the continuous organized life that we call civilization. After all, a *civis* is a citizen, a man who dwells within the protection and organization of a city. There some sort of continuity is possible and there the arts of peace begin to flourish. Britain began this sort of organized life in the time of the Roman occupation and under Roman inspiration. China began it two or three thousand years before that. So we come back to the ever-recurring contrast between the great and the small, the ancient and the new, the older civilization of China and the newer civilization of Western Europe. It is the product of this long civilization of China, when we come to know it, that makes our British eyes open with wonder.

When Marco Polo was in China (in the thirteenth century) he seemed divided in his admiration between Peiping and Hang-chow. The glories of Hang-chow have partly passed. The lake and the hills and the Buddhist temples and carvings are still there, but the old imperial glory of the Sung dynasty has gone. Peiping abides, one of the most impressive sights on earth. To stand on the "coal-hill," where the last of the Ming monarchs hanged himself as the conquering Manchus took the city, and gaze over the golden tiles and the red walls of the Forbidden City, where the emperors ruled, is an experience not soon to be forgotten. Behind and to right and left of you stretch the massive walls of the Tartar city. Beyond the Forbidden City, to the south, lies the Chinese city with its temple and Altar of Heaven, all emblems of China's far-stretching civilization. Peiping is the outstanding example of China's city structure. It is the sort of city which tyrants build—of colossal magnitude. It is also an example of perfect town-planning. It lies four-square with main roads running straight across from east to west and north to south with large gates at each extremity. It was within the walls of cities, of which Peiping is the outstanding example, that China's civilization had peace and protection to grow.

What the sea has done for England, and the ocean, the mountains, and the desert have done for China as a whole, has been done for the growth and development of China's civilized life by these city walls and moats and gates. In the West, Roman law, Roman roads, the Roman soldier, and the Roman peace were our protecting walls. Behind these walls the nations of Europe combined their Greek speculations, their Christian and Hebrew religions, and Roman order with their original nature and traditions into the civilization on which to-day they so justly pride themselves. Western civilization is debtor to Roman, Greek, and

CIVILIZATION

Hebrew. In contrast to all this, behind the Chinese city walls grew up a truly Chinese civilization. Men and nations have not entirely lived apart. China, as other countries, has been affected by the inroads of her neighbours and her own occasional expansions ; but you may talk of Chinese civilization in a way in which it is hardly possible to think of the civilizations of the West. It is something apart, growing within the confines of the 'four seas' and within the shelter of her own guardian city walls.

Within some such ancient and primitive city Confucius must have served the Duke of Chou. Near some such city Lao-Tse must have retired to his hermit life. For the government of such city organizations China's famous civil service examinations were established in the sixth century A.D.

In every country under heaven steam and electrical machines are only of yesterday. Before the days of Stephenson and Watt all civilized countries were agricultural countries ; as agriculture almost everywhere to-day remains the greatest of all the industries.

When the Chinese divided the mankind they knew into scholars, farmers, craftsmen, and merchants they were laying down the human values of their civilization in a realistic and surely an unchallengeable way. If you are to have a civilized life the mind must be master of the body. When armies are marching and clashing and bandits are roving and robbing there is no time to think of civilization. That is the soldier's day, the day of the man of the bow and the sword. If, when the danger is past, you leave him in possession there will be no progress. He will always be thinking in terms of defence and aggression. He will use your strength and wealth for his aims of defence and attack. It is characteristic of China's civilization that her simple division of humanity has no place at all for the soldier and that the scholar, the man whose job is the cultivation of the mind, is the head of all. China has been aware of the soldier. She has known the necessity for the soldier. She has never been so pacific as has been generally assumed. She is practical and realistic. She has suffered from the soldier. She has benefited from the scholar and the farmer. She puts first things first. When war comes she shrugs her shoulders, curses this interruption of her ordered life, accepts the inevitable and, bond or free, goes on with her life of the mind, the farm, the workshop, and the counter. Government, production, creation, selling—that is China's ideal of life and in that order whatever may be the result.

FACE TO FACE WITH CHINA

The Manchus from the north who, in 1644, conquered the Mings and took over the country from them continued to govern the country much as it had been governed. Unless and until you come to the age of democracy, with its Parliaments and its committees, how can you better the system that they maintained ?

Above the Manchu garrison, placed at strategic centres throughout the country, the Emperor and his court dwelt in the Forbidden City in the capital Peiping. The Viceroys, responsible to and appointed by him, were in their provincial capitals. Prefects and country officials were in the lesser cities. There were Provincial governors, judges, and treasurers also responsible to the throne. What matters could be dealt with in the counties—and they were the bulk of things—were all under the jurisdiction of the County Magistrate. Viceroy, Governor, Judge, Treasurer, Prefect, Magistrate, and the high advisers in the capital had all won their positions by examinations and subsequent successful administration. Normal village business was administered and adjusted, as it always had been, by the village elders. The whole idea behind the civilization was that of the great Chinese family, of whom the Emperor was father and high priest, where “All under heaven are one family” and “All within the four seas are brothers.”

When there is no general system of education, few great roads or public works, no railways, telegraphs, or public services, a country's expenses are not heavy, and till 1926 China was one of the most lightly taxed countries in the world—certainly the most lightly taxed of all civilized countries. There was a land tax, as the land was the basis of everything, and little more. It is the modern machine-enriched, widely educated world that is expensive to live in ; and China, as all other countries in the modern world, is beginning to know both the cost and the advantage of these things. The great triumphs of her civilization were won in simpler days.

CHAPTER VII

CULTURE

THERE was no doubt in the mind of Earl Macartney and his famous Embassy to China, a hundred and fifty years ago, of the glories and the richness of China's civilization of those days.

There was still less doubt in the mind of the Venetian Marco Polo of the wonders of the China that he knew and admired. He came from Venice when that Italian city was at the height of her wealth and renown.

For centuries before his day Chinese silks and spices had been brought to Europe by Arab traders, in Arab dhows from the Persian Gulf. China, down the millenniums, had been one of the fabulous races of the East. It is not for nothing that in the Book of the Prophet Isaiah, five or six centuries before Christ, "these from the land of Sinim" are mentioned.

In the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, built in the early nineteenth century, the interior decorations are of Chinese grandeur and Chinese scenes. Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Lamb had their mental links with China, and it is said that Rousseau and other leaders of the French Revolution were more than a little influenced by the writings that French Jesuit missionaries brought back from China. That is natural; for Confucius, perhaps, was the greatest humanist who has lived at any time in any land. Somehow, for some generations, the people of Britain and Europe have been less aware of these things than their fathers were. Partly it may have been China's fault; partly it was ours.

The closing period of the Manchu regime was definitely one of decadence. The earlier monarchs had been men of enlightenment and energy, and under them China flourished magnificently. Submission, however, to foreign rule does not seem to be good for the life of a nation. You may get good order at too great a cost. Some of the later Manchu rulers were not equal to their predecessors, and a blight and a petrification fell upon the land.

On the British side the Industrial Revolution had begun. People were leaving the rheumatically life of the country for the factory, where 'brass' was made; and for the cities, whose "streets were paved with gold." Dick Whittington became our patron saint, and the 'successful merchant' was set up as an example. Our roads were becoming railways. Our ships were driving through the ocean on regular voyages under the power of steam and were no longer at the mercy of the wind or the calm of the oceans.

Napoleon might have been right or wrong when he called us a "nation of shopkeepers"; but we certainly were becoming "the workshop of the world." It was a period, too, of military, trade, cultural, and religious expansion. We were so sure of ourselves, our goods, our destiny, and our way of life that we had the less time to be conscious of the gifts of others. We had been delivered from Napoleon. We had obtained large slices of Africa. Our colonies were expanding; our wealth was increasing. All the world was throbbing and alive, and China seemed strangely moribund, asleep, and quaint. She might have had her ancient glories, but had she really a place in this modern wide-awake, machine-driven world?

France, Germany, Russia, and Japan were thinking such thoughts too; and America had so much to do with her own vast internal problems that she had little time for affairs outside her shores. Britain's contacts with China in this period were not of the happiest. As relations go between nations it would be unreasonable to blame China for reproaching Britain with the guilt of the "Opium War." Yet every intelligent person to-day knows that opium was only incidental and no more the main issue than the spilling of a few chests of tea, in Boston Harbour, was the reason for the American War of Independence, out of which arose the United States of America. You might almost as well call that the "Tea War." Other nations have followed China since then; and tariff walls had become well-nigh universal before the autumn of 1939.

A hundred years before that it seemed to us a thing incredible and ridiculous that any Government anywhere should be so stupid as to be unwilling to trade with British merchants. China must be brought to reason and trading-places established. Her people had always been willing to buy and sell. It was only her Government that was impossible, we thought. Britain little realized that she, who had freed the slaves, would be branded for all time as the author of the "Opium War." Her missionaries, from the first and ever since, have never ceased to oppose the trade in this nefarious drug, having ample proof of the evil that it did. So, for long years, we sold China our Manchester piece goods. We laid down certain railways by agreement. We loaned money to a slowly awakening people. We introduced machinery. We knew there was a demand for opium, however much some of us might regret it. We were not much impressed with the conservativeness or the duplicity of many Chinese officials of the period. We were appalled by the con-

stant rioting and wondered if the nation could long survive. We were not in a mood to admire China's civilization or her culture. She seemed to be medieval and immobile. We were conscious of our gifts and contribution to China as to the rest of the backward world. We had become unmindful of her gifts to us.

Happily, for East and West, a new day has dawned. We are all in a different mood to-day. China, released from her Manchu overlords, shows the same realistic attitude to the actual world that has been characteristic of her down the centuries. Where can you find an educated Chinese now who resists railways and aeroplanes, steamships and factories, or does not see the value of public health and universal education? The Chinese have become aware of and alert to our good things. Equally happily, we have become aware of her great gifts to the cultural life of the whole world. We realize what debtors we are to that civilization that grew up in those walled cities of hers—the guardians of her agricultural plains. Like Marco Polo, we are inclined to marvel at her cultural triumphs. We are sure that China, who has in the past so greatly enriched the world, has other blessings to bring to the table of the nations. Here are some of those gifts.

The slender, dainty bamboo grows in most parts of China. Its fresh young shoots make a toothsome dish. Its wood is the material out of which the ubiquitous chop-sticks are made. Fans, umbrellas, chairs, beds, ladders, houses, masts, boat-hooks, and boat-poles are all made of bamboo. It is the handiest and most easily worked of all Chinese wood and it grows with great rapidity. Strips of it go into the cane of which carrying-chairs are made. Two strong bamboos make enduring carrying-poles with which your chair is taken up hill and down dale. There seems hardly a use in China to which it cannot be put, and it was the obvious writing material that would come first to hand. Those four- or five-thousand-year-old Chinese characters are said first to have been written on strips of bamboo, and this may have determined the very nature of Chinese writing. Any bamboo strip is obviously longer than it is wide. The grain runs from top to bottom of the strip, as does that of any other type of grass. It is natural and inevitable that writing, on such material, should be from top to bottom as Chinese writing is, and not from right to left or left to right as with our Western writing. The reason why their lines of writing should succeed one another from right to left may be the quite natural fact that, with the right hand, it was natural to begin on the right side of

the strip, perhaps turning the rather curved surface and moving to the left, as perpendicular line succeeded perpendicular line. Doubtless the next step in paper development was from a whole strip of bamboo to a shredded surface of bark. For that would be much lighter and less cumbersome. From shredded bamboo to bamboo pulp and bamboo paper—what Chinese genius took that step remains unknown. To-day there are all shades and grades of paper, some very thin and delicate, with watermark of flowers and other device, and some very coarse and brittle. Grass and rags are used to-day as well as bamboo. Factories and machinery of various kinds are now in use, but still, upon the hillsides, you can see strips of bamboo steeped in the lime-vats before being pulped and cut and placed in the sun to dry.

China, the first of all modern nations to take to writing, quite naturally was the first also to manufacture paper and the first to undertake printing, as far as we know, from wooden blocks. Was it genius or their good fortune that they had the appropriate material there ready to their hands, or a combination of both? If you were a Chinese wouldn't you be rather pleased that writing, paper, and printing originated with you while the savage folk around you were still scratching on the ground with sticks? What, of all this, China gave to the rest of the habitable world we do not know. There have been many contacts, but it is all long ago.

That which astonished the ancients more than her paper was her silk. Paper, writing, printing, books are, after all, matters for the learned. Silk was something that all could understand. The ancients marvelled at it, as Marco Polo in later days and we to-day. Knitting, weaving of cloth, and carpet-making, in various forms, seem to be the all but instinctive industries of mankind, but silk is another matter. China early knew how to grow and weave cotton and to use the warm cotton-wool for padded garments. Sheep do not flourish in Central and Southern China, and the Northern Chinese have never gone in for weaving a woollen cloth. They have preferred to use the sheep's fleece whole, either outside their garments exposed to the weather or as lining for their winter garments. How came it that the thread of one particular caterpillar was so developed and spun into silk and woven into the most precious cloth in all the world? Was it a special provision of Providence like tin and coal and iron in Britain, or petroleum in America? In any case, it took alert and inventive minds to see its possibilities. If China had only given us silk what debtors we should be.

It seems strange that there was a time when tea was neither known nor drunk in China. Its first appearance can be dated as approximately A.D. 220. The tea, later grown in Assam, did not come from China but from a wild plant in the virgin forests of the Assam mountains. Would it have been discovered now but for China's first discovery and use of tea? What man or woman was it who first experienced the virtue of tea? Who were the men and women who developed its kinds and uses? What a universal blessing it has been to China. Neither cottage nor wayside inn is ever without it. The old Confucian scholar sipped it as he taught. His scholars, with throats dry from constant recitation, slaked their thirst at the school earthenware tea-pot. Officials and merchants alike conversed and did business over their scalding cups of tea. Every home offers it you whenever you may call, morning, noon, or night. The very least your host can do for you who have taken the trouble to call is to give you tea. Where Westerners have drunk beer, Chinese have drunk tea. Think of the sobriety and the economy of that. Made, as it must be, with boiling water, what a preservative it has been of the public health.

We in Britain, what should we do without it? You housewives catering for your homes and guests, you nurses keeping awake to watch the sick, what did your mothers do in their day of need? Can you imagine a world without this gift from China?

Why do we go down to Cornwall and see the white heaps of clay and call it China clay? Why do we go to the chemists and ask for kaolin to dry up the poisons in our body? Kaolin and China clay are just the Chinese and English names for one and the same thing—for the substance that lies at the base of their lovely porcelains. If you go to the potteries of Burslem and Hanley or any other of the Five Towns and ask questions of those who know you will find that the secrets of our loveliest sorts of pottery came from China too. We call our everyday crockery our china, little realizing that every time we say the word we are praising the civilization and the inventive and clever minds that grew up in and around those ancient walled cities of China.

From that same civilization came the compass, "the pointing south needle," as they call it. Whether East borrowed the compass from the West or West from East, or whether, in the matter of the compass, we have several separate and distinct inventions, is up till now disputed. There is no doubt that the alchemists of China discovered gunpowder. Chinese alchemy sprang from Taoism and the search for the elixir of

life. It is curious how alchemy in East and West ran a parallel course and how each phase of it led to many discoveries. It was the seeking mind, if hardly in the modern sense the scientific mind, that thus obtained its reward.

In that cultural life of the cities and the leisure of the gardens and the temples were to be found genuine poets, who have left their mark on Chinese life and thought and have made contributions to the poetry of all time. Even in English you may catch the beauty of their thought and phrase. Men like Tu Fu, Li Po, and Po Chu-I are poets not only of China. Great literature has, in the end, no limits, and these and many another are fit to take their place with men of every time and every land, who dream dreams and see visions and express their thoughts in imperishable language.

Chen Hao-Tse, the "Flower Hermit" beside the Western Lake at Hang-chow, in his *Mirror of Flowers* wrote in 1783, "From my youth upwards I have cared for nothing save books and flowers. Twenty-eight thousand days have passed over my head, the greater part of which has been spent in poring over old records and the remainder in enjoying myself in my gardens among plants and birds." Is it a Chinese speaking or just the joy and peace of the human soul? East and West are very near together in the greatest things of life.

Both things material and things of the mind and spirit come out of the rich culture of China's life in protected city and peaceful countryside. The Sung and the Tang periods were times of special richness. During those rich and flourishing dynasties there was great patronage for great minds: men and women then had leisure from themselves to think great thoughts, paint great pictures, mould priceless porcelains, and sing lovely songs, blending the new with the old. China has been the mother of cultures in the Far East, as Greece, Rome, and Palestine were the sources of European culture. Tibet, Korea, Japan, and other lands owe an immense debt of gratitude to Chinese civilization.

INVASION AND EXPANSION

IT is too often assumed that China, behind her ramparts of the eastern sea, the northern deserts, and the southern and western mountains, has had an unusually calm and settled and even peaceful history. She is just China, it is thought. She always has been and always will be China. Now and again her surface has been ruffled for a little while by outside invasion, but the intruding elements get absorbed, and things soon resume the even tenor of their way. China settles down again, practically unchanging and unchanged. This sort of talk was quite general among foreign residents in China in the revolution of 1911 and again in 1926 and 1927. You may even hear something of the kind now in places where 'old China hands' foregather. There are other old China hands who cannot be content with such a simplification of the facts. They read their Chinese history differently. Have the others read the history of China at all or is their judgment a conviction that has come out of their flotsam and jetsam existence on the seashore of China's mighty organized mass of humanity with its daily life? The facts are these.

Within the modern period, from 1280 till 1940, China has been a conquered and foreign-dominated nation twice, for eighty-eight years under the Mongols, or Tartars, and for 268 years under the Manchus. Now for the third time in 660 years the enemy has come within her gates with settled purpose of domination. The most recent invasion follows a definite policy on the part of Japan to penetrate and control. Within some sixty years Formosa, Korea, and Manchuria have been wrested from Chinese sovereignty. Nor has the threat to China of invasion from other foreign Powers been absent for generations. China seems always subject to such threats. She has sometimes been a threat to others too. Fear, as well as opportunity, may have been a motive in recent Japanese policy—fear of a renewed China which she could not control and which might some day have something to say to other nations and especially to her nearest neighbours.

The Great Wall, constructed by the tyrant Emperor Ch'in Shih in the third century B.C., is both one of the wonders of the world and a witness to the perpetual threat of invasion from the north. Until that tyrant's appearance, 221-207 B.C., China seems to have been a loose federation of kingdoms, rendering fealty to an emperor, but not co-ordinated together as one strong unit for defence and attack. For some

fifteen hundred miles, on the northern border of these kingdoms, sectional walls had been erected, and were doubtless found effective against nomad invaders from the north. Ch'in Shih has been execrated for his attack on the Confucianists and their books, but he undoubtedly unified the empire and protected it from northern attack by uniting together the sectional walls into the eternal Great Wall of China. The Chinese have no good word to say of him. He was as ruthless as tyrants generally are. The loss of life in the building of the wall was prodigious, but he did something for the unity of China which seems, to the foreign observer, to have been for good, just as Napoleon did for Europe. Behind the Great Wall the people of the Han dynasty flourished for the next four hundred years. The Han (209 B.C.-A.D. 166) and the Sung (A.D. 960-1280) dynasties were the great creative periods of modern Chinese history, but the Sung, owing to the constant threat from the north, moved their capital southward to Hang-chow. It was Hang-chow that Marco Polo, coming a little later, visited with such admiration and delight.

That northern wall has not proved able to do more than delay a vigorous northern invader determined on deliberate conquest, be he Mongol, Manchu, or Japanese, but it has been a bulwark against the encroachments of lesser tribes.

In A.D. 1280 all China came into subjection to that great Tartar Empire, over which Genghis and Kublai Khan were Emperors. A map of their empire is an amazing sight. Their original capital was at Karakorum, in Mongolia. Khan means ruler, and there were altogether four Khanates under the sway of the great Khans, Genghis, and then Kublai. Their empire extended from the Pacific Ocean to Poland; so that Europe at first feared the invasion of another Attila and his Huns. Included in that empire, besides large portions of Russia and Poland, were Irak, Iran, Tibet, and China, and tribute was received from Indo-China and Java. What was the good of a mere fifteen hundred miles of wall against a power so great? It was to this conquered China that Marco Polo came. The great Khan, the Tartar Emperor, had made Cambulac (Peking) his capital. Kublai was far more than a barbarous Mongol from the north. He loved knowledge and was particularly attracted to Marco Polo because of the latter's vivid accounts of all the people he met and the places through which he passed. He appointed Polo Governor of Yang-chow, which post he held for three years. In these days there was said to be safe travel all the way from the Black

Sea to Peking, in the one empire of which Kublai was the supreme ruler. The period of the Tartar rule in China was from 1280 to 1368 and is recognized as the Yuan dynasty.

There is no doubt of the influence of China upon the mind of this Mongol intruder from the north. His short-lived dynasty gave China too a sense of her immensity and her sway. Marco Polo writes of some of the Chinese in those days as such an adventurer would. He says they are

a pusillanimous race and solely occupied with their trade and manufactures. In these, indeed, they displayed considerable ability, and, if they were as enterprising, manly, and warlike as they are ingenious, so prodigious is their number that they might not only subdue the whole of the province, but carry their rule further still.

That is what others have thought before him and since. Enterprise and hard work seem always to have been characteristic of this people. For the rest, their proverb wrought out of terrible experiences says, "You don't make nails out of good iron or soldiers out of good men." The Tartars fell in 1368, and a Chinese dynasty succeeded them. They had been a bulwark against the Moslems. Subsequently Moslem influences spread. In China to-day it is mainly in the north, west, and south-west that Moslem influences are strong. Altogether in China there are said to be twelve million Chinese Moslems. There have been rebellions and massacres, but in these days all live amicably together. The Chinese seem to speak of the Moslems as a race apart, a memory of earlier strifes probably, when there were Turkish and Moslem wars. To-day there is little to distinguish Moslems from the Chinese. The fact of the presence of the Moslem faith in China at all is the result mainly of that history and of that strife.

Kublai Khan was succeeded by the Chinese Ming dynasty. After 250 years this dynasty decayed. The usual rebellions took place and the Manchus, who had been invited by the emperor to help him against his rebellious subjects, came through the Great Wall and then seized Peking for themselves. China underwent another period of foreign rule.

As the Mongols before them, the new Manchu rulers were able and strong rulers. Their womenfolk were distinguishable by their elaborate headdress and natural feet. They never adopted the Chinese system of foot-binding. Their menfolk wore queues ('pig-tails') and insisted that the Chinese did the same. There were no men's queues in Marco Polo's or earlier days. They were a sign of the Manchu regime and

domination. During the Manchu period the disappearance of the queue was always a sign of incipient rebellion. The final cutting-off of queues, by the soldiers at the gates of the cities, of those who had not had the foresight to use their own scissors at home was one of the most stirring episodes of the anti-Manchu rebellion of 1911-12. That queue-cutting meant an absolute renunciation of the Manchu regime and defiance of the lawful authority. The T'ai P'ing Rebellion of 1850 was signaled by this same action. All the rebel soldiers cut off their queues and let their hair grow on their shaven pates. Hence the common name for the revolutionaries of that period was "long-haired rebels," or just "the long-haired." The Manchus, and the Mongols before them, recognized the superiority of Chinese culture, maintained the Confucian examinations for the testing and choice of officials, and very largely adopted Chinese clothes and ways of life. They planted Manchu garrisons at strategic points throughout the country, but, in the course of time, these largely lost their functions and their significance. A practical administration in town and village followed the ways of the Chinese centuries.

In the early and enlightened years of the Manchus foreign intercourse was not discouraged, and Jesuit missionaries were highly esteemed at court. The Chinese lunar calendar is largely their work, and the famous astronomical instruments on the walls of Peking were the creation of Jesuit mathematicians. Later Chinese doors were closed—very firmly closed—on foreigners right up to the period of the so-called "Opium Wars." There was no difference between Manchu and Chinese standpoint on this or most other matters. Partly they were self-sufficient and partly, it may be, had an instinctive reaction against the dangers of foreign intercourse. There were successive clashes with Portuguese, Dutch, British, and men of many nations, culminating finally in the savage but futile Boxer Rising of 1900. Times were ripe for change, and the abdication of the Manchus finally took place in 1912.

In 1931 and again in July 1937 the Japanese invasion began once more from the north. If this last invasion is any criterion of former ones, then the changes which such wars bring are considerable.

The nation has been unified by suffering, atrocity, and evacuation. There have been frequent transmigrations of sections of China's population before. Here is one that has taken place under our very eyes. The refugees are learning about their country and teaching their countrymen about themselves. Most of them will finally go home again, but a process of unification has been taking place which will prove to be both

permanent and radical. On the surface there were hunger, nakedness, disease, and death, as the tortured people fled to safety from the invader. Underneath there came a new consciousness of their country, their nation, their resistance, and their unified strength to a people that will continue to flourish long after the present invasion is forgotten.

Such are some of the invasions of recent centuries, always from the north. Thus it seemed always to have been. China has never been a peaceful land for long. One of China's most renowned stories is *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*,¹ with its tales of perpetual intrigue and strife. There is corroboration of these stories of invasion on the mountains of Kiangsi, Hunan, Szechuan, and Yunnan. Here scores of tribes are to be found whose tradition is that they have gradually been pressed south and west into the mountains before the tide of oncoming invasion from the north. From west and south, with their great mountain barriers, there has been little of invasion, but on the east there seems to be some evidence of invasion from the sea. This may, in part, account for the many coastal languages that are a distinguishing characteristic of the valleys and mountains of Chekiang and Fukien, though the streams and valleys themselves divide the seaboard of these provinces in a way that lends itself to differences of local dialect. What has been taking place in recent history as a result of invasion was clearly even more marked in ancient times, before China was a co-ordinated country.

It is truer to think of her less as a placid lake than as an inland sea, facing north, into which northern streams and floods have been perpetually bringing their waters. China clearly has been continually influenced from outside, especially from the north. Just as clearly China has expanded into the outside world, although her initial progress and influence were limited by her own natural walls of desert, sea, and mountain.

Partly remembering her greatness in the days of Kublai Khan and the Manchus, China has regarded the lands of Mongolia and Manchuria on the north, and Annam, Burma, and Tibet in the south, as tribute-bearing elements of greater China. Her hold on them may have been generally light, but for a greater or shorter time she has had definite political and governmental relationships with all of them. What some or all of these countries may have themselves to say is another matter.

More to the point is the actual and natural expansion of the Chinese

¹ *The San Kuo Chin Yen I*, attributed to one Lo Kuan Ching, is an historical novel based upon the wars of the Three Kingdoms which fought for supremacy at the beginning of the third century A.D.
—H. A. GILES, *History of Chinese Literature*.

people to-day. This is not a matter of Government policy but of human need. Manchuria every summer is the happy hunting-ground of millions of hungry Chinese from over-populated Shantung. In recent years no fewer than thirty million Chinese have trekked to Manchuria, seeking land and food and work. It is neither to the Chinese nor Japanese Government that Manchuria belongs, so much as to the hungry mouths who work for their livelihood there. All over the South-west Pacific a similar expansion is in constant progress. All the Chinese ask is living-room and work. They are excellent immigrants, take the lowest jobs, and rise to the highest. They are the mainstay of Malaya, and many of the rubber millionaires are Chinese. They are to be found in the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, and Burma, bringing their initiative and hard work to any place that will have them. They seem to be able to settle and acclimatize themselves wherever they go and are generally welcome and useful members of the community. Calcutta knows them as leather-workers and sellers of silk. Singapore and Penang know them as shopkeepers, rickshaw-pullers, merchants, and millionaires. Burma knows them as contractors and storekeepers. All the world knows them as laundrymen. This is the strangest and yet most characteristic thing of all. In China men wash clothes as seldom as men in Britain. That is women's work. By every mountain stream, by every village pond, you see the Chinese women kneeling, washing and beating their clothes, but hardly ever do you see a man at this employment. Abroad, however, Chinese men have seen and seized the opportunity. Perhaps it came to them first as sailors on board a ship, and then in the ports the ships visited, until to-day, all over the world, China has become famous for her laundrymen. How the village mothers, wives, and daughters would chuckle if they knew. The Chinese has a keen eye for business. He, like his British cousin, belongs to a "nation of shopkeepers." China's expansion and Britain's expansion are in essence the same. Every one knows that Britain has been the victim of many invasions and that her greatness has come from the enrichment of many invading nations as well as from her growth in isolation. The spirit of compromise is the natural result in China as in Britain. There is also a natural outflow of Chinese and of British to the ends of the earth. It is need that takes them, and a power of adaptability to local circumstances that keeps them going. Isolation is a mark of both peoples; and yet, curiously, both peoples have gone out into all the world and made themselves at home wherever they have gone.

MONUMENTS

IT is said that the architects, the builders, the designers, and the workers who constructed the Great War Memorial rising sheer from Edinburgh's rocky citadel quite forgot themselves, their wages, and all else in their joy in the creation in which they were privileged to share. Any visitor to these shores who fails to see Edinburgh's great monument to the sacrifice of the war of 1914-18 will have missed the loveliest and most moving of all Britain's memorials of the time. Somehow Edinburgh lends itself to the placing of memorials, and the people are proud and mindful of their great inheritance. How many and how great are the figures that look down upon Edinburgh's crowded pavements reminding passers-by of the stock to which they belong ! Poets, writers, scientists, soldiers, are gravled upon the imperishable stone.

The centre of the British Commonwealth is London. There are to be found the sights and memorials that belong to us all. Trafalgar Square has become the gathering-place for national demonstrations of every kind.

How thrilled the children are when first they see those great stone lions and the fountains at the base of the tall column surmounted by the figure of Britain's greatest sailor. "England expects that every man this day will do his duty." That great signal of this saviour of his country is carved upon the British mind in times of danger as firmly as Nelson's monument is set up in London's most famous square.

You move down Whitehall and bare your head as you pass that simple, dignified Cenotaph, the memorial of each and all who, in that great war to end war, laid down their lives in the doing of their duty. Onward you go past the great offices of State and Downing Street till you reach the river Thames and the Houses of Parliament, with Cromwell, the Great Protector, standing in the sunken garden. Then you cross to the Abbey, facing which is the gnarled face and loose figure of Abraham Lincoln, strangely as much a part of the life of the men and women of Britain as is, say, St Francis of Assisi. Then into Westminster Abbey you go, the shrine of our kings and queens and the memorial of the men and women who have made us the people that we are. Soldiers, sailors, statesmen, poets, politicians, men of letters, and men of science and invention. Discoverers, too, who have passed over the earth on their life of adventure. Missionaries and, of course, great ecclesiastics are remembered in our great national abbey.

This has been our wont and habit. We have remembered famous men and women, and some not so famous, but placed there for their family's or their office's sake. Being the race we are, it was inevitable that a great share of all these remembrances should be given to the soldier and the sailor. After all, it is through them that we have been preserved and all the memories of Poets' Corner have been made possible. Latterly our mood has changed, and there is not only the Cenotaph in Whitehall, where citizen army as well as professional soldiers and sailors are remembered. In the Abbey we remember, too, with poignancy the "Unknown Soldier," the man who might be anybody's son or husband, father, or lover, unrecognizable but remembered in his sacrifice. In our memorials we are democratic at long last.

All nations have their monuments according to their history and thoughts. The Roman conquerors had their triumphal arches which continue to this day. The Egyptian Pharaohs had their pyramids, eternal as the hills. China has her imperial, religious, and democratic monuments just as we have, but they come out of China's history and not ours. The most universal of all these are the pagoda and the widow's arch. For the others you must visit the capital cities, ancient and modern, and their environments ; but the widow's arch and the pagoda you find in every part of the country, and of the two, the widow's arch is the less widely published though the more remarkable. You find these arches generally outside a town or village or at the entrance to some street where there is much traffic and many come and go. The shape of such an arch is that of a decorated stone gateway, without the doors and gates. The inner granite pillars are flanked by outer pillars, as though there were a central gate and two side-doors. Above the doorways are granite beams and sometimes above them other granite beams, all carved and decorated according to the economic condition of the neighbourhood. On the central beam, above the main doorway, is carved the word *chieh* ("chaste" or "chastity"). Often there are other carved inscriptions too. This monument usually stands at the side of the road. It is not meant for use but for memorial. When you inquire you learn the story of a young wife, suddenly left a widow, who never married again, who remained true to her husband's family, and who, through a long life of simple service in her husband's home, while the joys and cares of motherhood were coming to others all around her, kept herself loyal to the memory of her husband and herself unblemished and unspotted from the world. Or the memorial may be to one betrothed in infancy

who never knew her husband and has remained virgin to the memory of the man she never married and probably never saw.

This was a strange memorial in a country where marriage was universal, and no woman ever came to the full dignity of womanhood till she was the mother of her son. Yet this strange monument always seemed to me to be the most meaningful in China. Such a monument could only be erected by the express permission of the emperor. When, in any locality, it was felt that some dead woman and her family merited this honour petition was expressly made to the imperial throne, and only when the vermilion brush of the emperor had signified the imperial approval was it permitted to put the work in hand. It amounted to the canonization of some local woman saint, and the erection of the arch added much to the *feng-shui* ("the wind and water"), the "good luck," of the neighbourhood.

In the nature of the case such monuments were never very numerous in any one place, but they were to be found in most localities witnessing to the purity and chastity of womanhood.

China knew no equivalent monument for a man ; and the hasty may be inclined to put this down as another instance of the inequality of the sexes. Perhaps this is the case, for ancient China, social or religious, did not give an equal place to woman as to man. But equality is one of the watchwords of the revolution and is already showing itself in innumerable ways, from the homes of the highest in the land to the humble dwellings of the poor, in China's new marriage and new education.

Things, however, being as they were, those memorials were China's witness rather to the sanctity of the marriage vow and the purity of the life of the home, the centre and foundation of all China's thinking.

The Chinese are a practical and realistic people. There are many temptations in life. Loneliness is not easy to face in East or West. Natural impulses are strong. They recognized such loyalty to dead husband or affianced partner as, on the whole, remarkable, and such restraint as a contribution to the healthy life of the community. Would not a few similar memorials have their help to give to the West in days of thoughtless freedom such as we enjoy ? Whatever we may think, that was China's thought and tradition. New China will have new ways, but a China that gave up the sanctity and continuity of home life would be no longer China. Surely China has judged rightly that chaste woman is the patron saint of the home.

More prominent, but not more democratic, than the widow's arch is the pagoda. China's temples, large and small, answer to Britain's cathedrals, churches, chapels, and wayside shrines. The pagoda, though attached to a temple, is in its origin a monument to Buddha.

The pagoda seems so much a part of the Chinese landscape that it is difficult to believe that, even in the early centuries of the Christian era, it was not there. Chinese architects have rather revelled in the building of pagodas and of the placing of them in the appropriate landscape. On the East Coast of China, in the province of Chekiang, there is a little walled city called Wenchow, lying nestled among the mountains on the banks of a river meandering snake-like through the countryside. There, on island and hillside and city embankment, are placed nine pagodas in a perfect setting. If you draw near to any one of them and examine it in detail there is not a great deal to admire, but the nine pagodas, placed at different levels on the background of city wall or green and wooded hillside, mirroring water and glowing or darkling sky, is a picture to thrill your sense of beauty. Did they just happen? Were they planned so? Or is it some result that has come gradually out of the general artistry of each and all who in the course of time had any part in the matter of matching art with nature and nature with art? In any case such a scene of perfect beauty is some tribute to the nation where it is set. Pagodas are the witness of the pious to the merciful Lord Buddha, a foreign deity be it remembered. Some of these pagodas are small and insignificant, just built up tier upon tier of solid masonry, often with tinkling bells ringing in the wind. Others are ornate and beautiful, with windows and outlets from the inner circular stone staircase, by which you climb to the top and gaze over a wide panorama of farm, village, crop and harvest, and the coolie plodding on the village paths. All, however large, however small and insignificant, are supposed to be built over some relic of Buddha. Wherever Buddhism goes in Ceylon, Burma, China, and Japan, there goes the pagoda with it, an ever-present witness, if not to the power, at least to the widespread influence of the faith. Other monuments in China are the imperial tombs. They are to be found in Peiping and Nanking and in cities, large and small, wherever the capital has temporarily been or where imperial kinsmen have died and laid their bones.

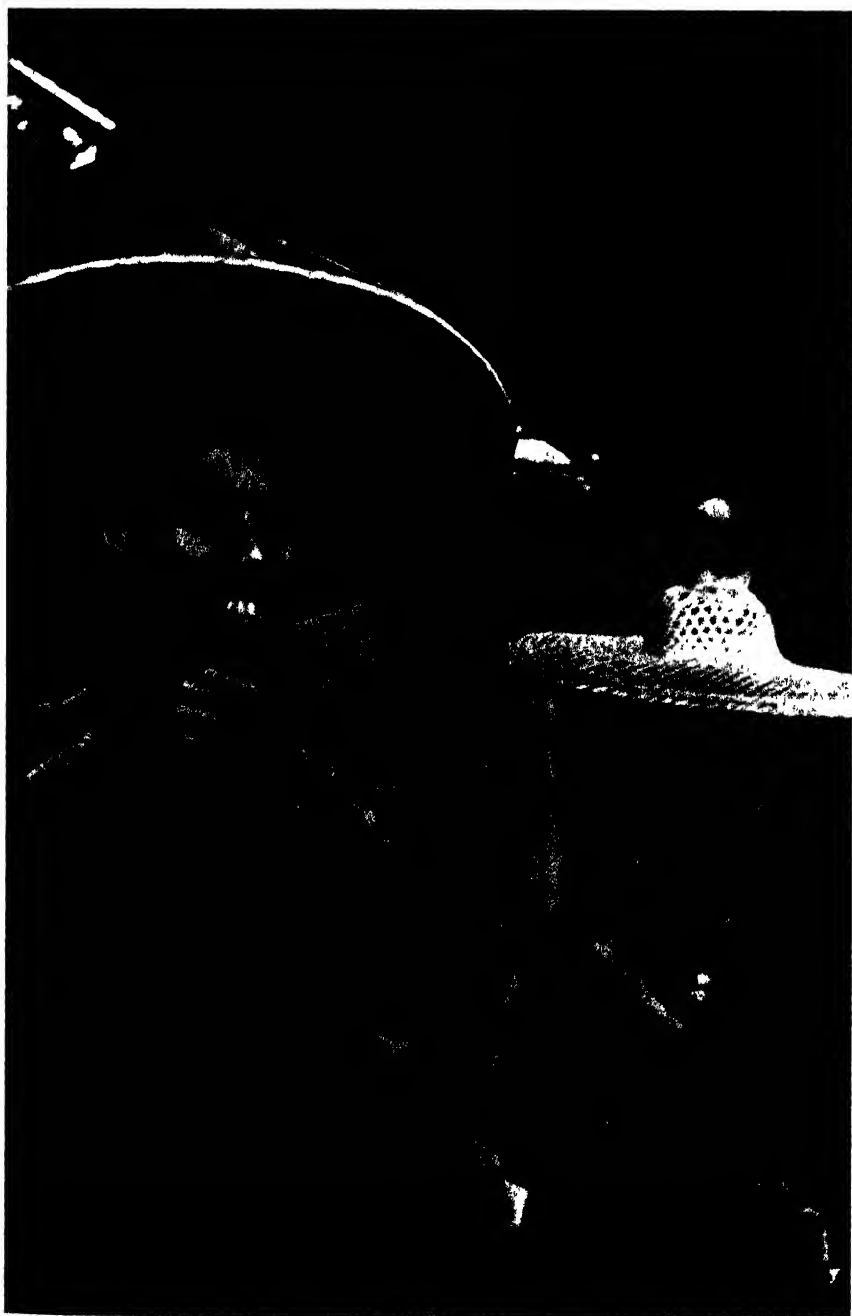
The general approach to such tombs is down a road flanked by stone figures. Some of these figures are large and beautifully carved statues of officials, camels, elephants, animals and men facing one another at





The wayside inn brings people together. Tea-drinking in a travellers' inn in Kiangsi

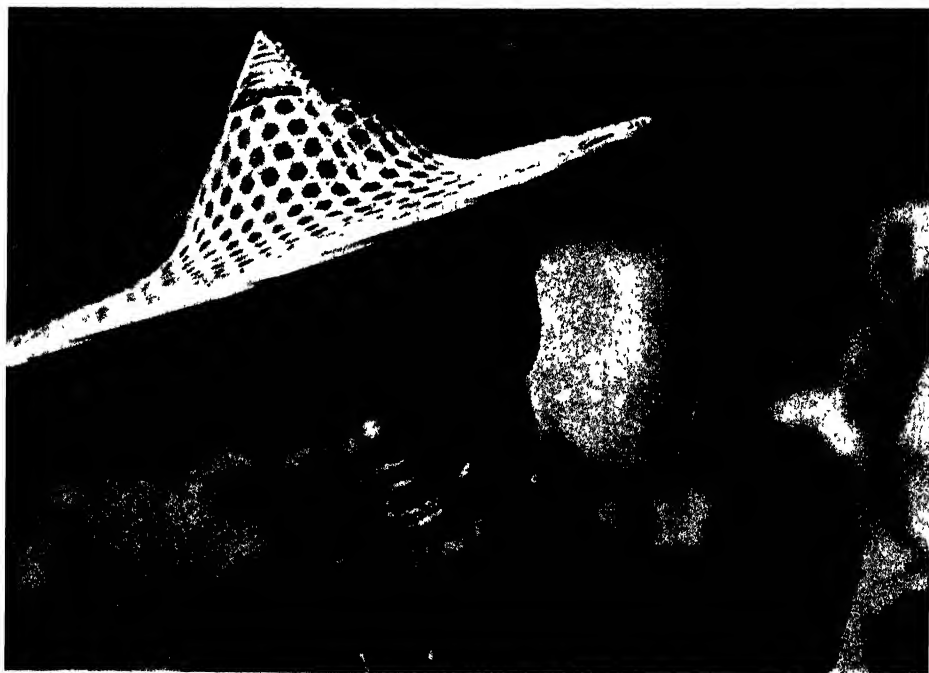




A woman and her wife are waiting for the ferry that will take them across the river.



The boatsman wears a palm-bark cape



The peasant he takes across wears a hat made, like a parasol, of bamboo and oiled paper



The river takes rafts of bamboo to the market-towns



The Chungking riverside, where coolies are busy with loading and unloading
(‘coolie’ means bitter strength)



“A city set on a hill.” Chungking coolies climbing up from the river



He too makes his living from the water. A boy selling shell-fish



The rickshaw is still the dominant feature in a modern street in Chungking, Szechuan

NAWAB SALAR JING BAHADUR



The rickshaw coolie has a rest while his passenger reads a wall-newspaper in

Chungking, Szechuan

MONUMENTS

intervals across the grassy road that leads eventually to a huge mound, or artificial hill, in which the coffin has been buried. As great treasures were buried with the illustrious dead there were often false tombs as well as true ones, so that robbers would be kept in ignorance of the actual burying-place and be prevented from digging through and rifling the dead. It is doubtful if this precaution alone was ever efficacious in China or elsewhere. On the Purple Mountain, which forms the background to Nanking, is such a tomb to the first Emperor of the Ming Dynasty, and adjacent is the new Mausoleum of Sun Yat-sen, the George Washington of modern China, the great revolutionary leader and founder of the Republic. This is quite modern and may be a sign of the new times. The great white shrine is reached by climbing innumerable steps. Within is a room faced with most beautiful and varied Italian marble. In an inner room is placed the sarcophagus itself where, beneath the sealed glass lid, lies the embalmed body of the great leader. This is after the manner of the shrine of Lenin in Moscow, and time alone will show how permanent such a memorial may be.

In this revolutionary period in many of the larger cities monuments have been raised, after the Western model, to soldiers, sailors, and political heroes of the Revolution. Whether these will appeal permanently to the general populace, even as much as they do in Britain, time again will prove. Monuments would seem to need to be comparatively rare if they are to be striking and command the attention they were meant to achieve. The greatest monuments of all are still the 1500 miles of the Great Wall and the 650 miles of the Grand Canal, stretching from Tientsin in the north to Hang-chow south of the Yangtse river. They are the witness not only to the grand conceptions of the great ones of the earth, but to the patient constant toil of the masses of China's hard-working people. Travellers tell us of the great Buddhist caves at Yun Kang and the Lung Men caves, near Loyang, made by the Toga Tartars, who fought their way from Lake Baikal, set up the Northern Wei Dynasty, and ruled all North China from A.D. 386 to 532. "These caves, sculptured with Buddhist story, carry you back to the period of the first real ascendancy of Buddhism in Eastern Asia."¹ It took Buddhism, as every one knows, some four hundred years to establish itself in China. Here are colossal figures carved in the hillsides surrounded by thousands and thousands of Buddhas and idols large and small. They

¹ For this quotation and accompanying paragraph see a most interesting article in the *National Geographic Magazine* of March 1938, entitled "China's Great Wall of Sculpture," by Mary Augusta Mullikin.

are some of the greatest sculptures of Buddhism and were wrought under fanatical and tyrannical direction, so that the foes of Buddhism might never be able to overthrow the faith of which these were the emblems. There they stand to-day in the desert beyond the Great Wall waiting for the curious and the student to visit them. After all, memorials are but stone. It is the life that flows on that matters ; and the Chinese people are the real memorial of China. They are the standing witness to that old word, "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

It is hardly fitting to end this chapter without some reference to China's ever-living artistry and craftsmanship. Her bronzes, her porcelains, her lacquer-work, her landscape-paintings, her carving in wood and stone and ivory, and her embroideries go on to-day as they have for centuries and millennia. The Chinese Exhibition at Burlington House in 1935 opened British eyes to the richness of her culture and her achievement. Anyone fortunate enough to visit the Chinese Exhibition in the Museum of the Toronto University will find objects of rare beauty and delight. Such living things are not strictly speaking monuments. Yet who that has seen them can ever forget these memorials of her ancient yet living culture?

CHAPTER X

OLD-TIME RELIGION IN CHINA

CAN you imagine one man being taught by a Unitarian with agnostic tendencies, being buried by spiritualists, and having masses said for his soul in a Roman Catholic Church? To the average Chinese, as to the Greek or Roman, there is no problem here at all. For idols are usually local and limited in their functions and there is no reason why you should not be quite comprehensive in your outlook and your worship. Though some be true and others may prove unreliable is it not wisdom to try and trust them all lest, by omission, any aid be lost? That was the general attitude to the gods in Egypt, Rome, or Greece of old, as in China of to-day. It is just as emphatically not the attitude of Jew or Christian or Moslem, with their insistence that God is one. It is incomprehensible to an ordinary Chinese that it should seem strange to you that he should be at one and the same time

Confucianist, Taoist, and Buddhist. What else should he be ? Does not Confucianism approve the worship of ancestors, and is not the ancestral tablet at the heart of every Chinese home ? Then how can he be anything but a Confucianist ? Are there not spirits all about you, especially in the dark ? Is it not well known that there are haunted houses and devil-ridden human beings afflicted by incurable and mysterious diseases ? Must you not choose a 'good day' on which to marry or begin to build your house ? Must you not choose a propitious site for your father's grave or will not woe betide you ? If you have lived, cautious of good and evil spirits and used devices for the maintenance of good fortune, when you die should others be less careful of your spirit, lest the affairs of their lives suffer ill ? If the people who are expert in these things are the Taoist monks then isn't it wise in life and death to call them to your aid ? What is to hinder your being a Taoist as well as a Confucianist in a world so full of mysteries and problems ?

There is no contradiction in subscribing to two such faiths. It is simple common sense. Why not three religions instead of two ? Here are monks and nuns, with shaven head, in their grey colourless raiment. You can hardly tell which is monk and which is nun. For both have large, natural feet and both are clad in the same raiment. Both talk to you of heaven and hell and of the transmigration of your soul. Both tell of the good deeds by which you may counterbalance evil deeds. Both believe in it so much that for themselves they have left family, home, marriage, and the hopes of children, and shops, and farms, and ordinary ways and have gone to burn their incense, recite their prayers, and live their lives of self-denial in temple, monastery, and nunnery. There must be something in this of truth which makes and obtains such demands of human beings, and if listening to them and following their ways is to be a Buddhist then what is to hinder your being Confucianist, Taoist, and Buddhist all at once ? Foreigners may see difficulty, but then who would expect foreigners to be anything but strange ? This is the way our fathers went, and it seems to us the most natural thing in the world. I am talking of the ordinary Chinese man and woman in the street or in the village. They cannot read. They do not argue. Theology and philosophy are not their subjects. They do not know whether these three faiths are compatible or not. Such questions are never raised in their minds. All they know is that ancestral worship is good ; that good and evil spirits must be watched ; that good luck must be obtained

and that in the day of death the grey-robed monk must be summoned. If you say there are three religions perhaps you are right. As for them it is just Yu-su-tao San-chiao, the threefold religion of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. In their minds it is one religion and not three, the religion of their fathers handed down from generation to generation. It was good enough for their fathers; who are they to be different from their fathers? This is what all said yesterday. This is what the majority still say to-day: for in matters of religion humanity is conservative.

You must not call such people irreligious because they are not students of theology. It is true that multitudes never bother about such things till they are driven by the mysteries and sufferings of life. Yet there are few households where some religious act is not almost daily performed, especially by the women. As to being irreligious, only the very modern people have thought of that. Even Confucius, for all his reticence on the subject, never discountenanced religion, though he was obviously critical of many of the religious practices of his day.

Here is a radical contrast between the religious man of the West and his Chinese neighbour, especially the Protestant of the West—a contrast that will be made plain in the following chapter. In this we will try to follow the religious attitude of the ordinary Chinese peasant from the cradle to the grave.

It all began before he was born. His mother was carried from her village in a great red bridal chair. She had left her home in tears, but also in great finery, for the home of the husband whom she had not yet seen. In accordance with time-honoured custom, Miss Chang had been betrothed to little Liu Yun-Ho. She had heard that he was a clever lad and his family was working the harder that he might have the money needed to support him at a school till, perhaps, he had won his official degree.

As the chair was set down and she was led out, veiled in heavy scarlet, hundreds of Chinese crackers were exploding to welcome her and to bring good luck and keep off evil influences. It was just a happy custom, but was not without the sense of warding off evil and encouraging good. The bowings and salutations to relatives, living and dead, having been performed, and the common cup of wine having been shared between husband and wife, at last her veil was lifted from her face and shyly she looked into the face of her husband. There was rejoicing and visiting and getting to know the other members of the household,

especially the mother of her husband—the mistress of the house—under whose direction she and her sisters-in-law understood themselves to be. She had come to her husband's household, as every bride, quite deliberately to be the mother of sons. For sons she longed—without sons she could not be happy or have her rightful place in the home ; but neither son nor daughter came to cheer her sorrowful heart. How she prayed ! She went to the temple and begged the Goddess of Mercy to give her sons, and at last her prayer was answered, and a little boy lay in her arms. *Yu ch'iu pih Yin*, she said, " If there is prayer there will be an answer." Ask and ye shall receive.

That is what the Buddhist monk had so often said to her. That is what the beautiful golden characters, painted on the black signboard that hung outside the Goddess of Mercy's shrine, had said, she was told. For she could not read. That is what her women-folk had so often repeated, and now it had come true. She had so often and so earnestly prayed for a little son, and here he had been given to her. To pray to the gods had been, after all, worth while. They called him Liu Kuo Fu, and soon he was growing up and playing with the other children of the house. Living in that country home, as well as grandfather and grandmother, were two uncles and their wives and families. As he grew up, by and by, other babies arrived. There were his own brothers and sisters, besides the children of his uncles. He called them all brothers and sisters, for they all belonged to one household, and all were the same generation, though if he were closely questioned he could tell you which was which. For each family had its separate sleeping-room, shut off by a curtained door from the one guest-hall where they had their meals.

Kuo Fu's father was a teacher now. He had won that coveted first degree and was always learning and writing as well as teaching. Every three years he went up to the provincial city to compete for the second degree. Who knew if after succeeding in that he might not become a magistrate somewhere, and bring both honour and emoluments and even good-paying work to other members of the household. This was in the days before the Revolution, when the road to high office was only through the examination-room. It had been like that for hundreds of years, and every humble home had its hopes that some clever boy would wear the official button and bring glory and renown.

Kuo Fu noticed that his father was not much interested in monks and worship in the temples. He never saw him burning cash-paper by

the wall outside the house door or incense and crackers at the little shrine of the gods of the fields. His father spent his time with his books, his pupils, and his essays, and was inclined to say that this business of worshipping the gods was a matter for the women and the stupid, uneducated folk who had never studied books. Yet, at the New Year Feast, when that country house was cleaned up and there were lots of feasting and visiting and joy he noticed that his father took part, like his uncles, in the worship of the ancestral spirits. That tablet to the ancestors held the central place in his as in every other house. It was just a piece of lacquered wood, set in a red lacquered frame, standing upon a shelf on the wall. On the black lacquered wood was written in gold characters, so he was told, that this was the "spirit tablet" of the ancestors of the house of Liu. Somehow it was common knowledge that this was the spot where you might meet the spirits of your fathers and do them reverence. Not much was said about it, but it was understood that it was these spirits that had much to do with the prosperity of your home.

At the "crossing of the year," as the New Year's Feast was called, his grandfather and all the men-folk gathered round that tablet. Then came burning of incense, firing off of crackers, and prostrations. The worshippers knelt and bowed nine times, their heads touching the ground. There were offerings of bowls of rice and other food for the comfort of the ancestors. No prayers were said. What was the need of that when the whole ceremony was so clearly a matter of offerings and obeisance and where the scent of the incense was ascending to the spirit of the fathers? Kuo Fu noticed that his father, so neutral or averse to other worship, took part in this ancestral ceremony with great reverence. Had not the "Holy man" of China, the great sage Confucius, said that you should "worship the spirits as though they were present"? His father, as other scholars and teachers, followed "old customs" and "the ways of the Master."

Once he had seen his father do another thing, in spite of all his learning. His little brother Kuo Hua had been burning with high fever. His mother had been crying, and at last the little lad lay still and dying. He saw his father go out of the door and across the fields, calling, teacher though he was, "Kuo Hua! Kuo Hua"—calling home the spirit which seemed to have left the body of his little brother. It was of no avail. Next day there was a little coffin carried to the hillside, but Kuo Fu never forgot how, in a time of sorrow and distress, even his father, who

seemed to care for none of these things, had gone down the village path calling for the spirit of little Kuo Hua.

His uncles were different. They were farmers working on the family farm ; for their father's farm was shared by all, and they all took a share in the working and the crops. They were not learned except about the things of sowing, ploughing, reaping, and lifting the life-giving water from field to field by way of the water-dredge. From his earliest years he remembered that little *T'u-ti-Miao*, the little shrine under the tree, where the tiny *T'u-ti* idols watched over the fields. Two little painted clay figures, a foot or so high, in the form of an old man and an old woman filled the niche in the shrine that stood on the brick pedestal. These were the idols where you worshipped the 'local' (*T'u-ti*) spirits. Each first and fifteenth day of the month, with absolute regularity, some one left the house and burned incense and cash-paper, fired crackers, and bowed before the little idols. His father never took part in this, but his grandfather, uncles, and other members of the household did, men, women, and children, Kuo Fu with the others. You could not be sure what was the good of it, but it was the universal custom, and who knew what evil might befall if you neglected to worship the spirits of the fields ? Every one knew that as the ancestral spirits prospered the home the *T'u-ti* idols prospered the fields. After all, farming was a chancy thing, and human toil, however long and diligent, was not, of itself, a guarantee of harvest. There came a sad day when Kuo Fu's grandfather took ill and died. His great, heavy-lacquered coffin had been ready in the loft since his sixtieth birthday, when Kuo Fu's father and his uncles had made a present of it to their father. That had been a great comfort to the old man. Birth and death came to all of us, and it gave you peace to know that there would be a worthy funeral and that you would not be carried out and buried anywhere like a pauper.

It was all very sad. The house was filled with the wailing of his mother and his aunts, and Kuo Fu's heart was sad ; for he loved his old grandfather and had daily paid his respects to him and listened to his words of wisdom as long as he could remember.

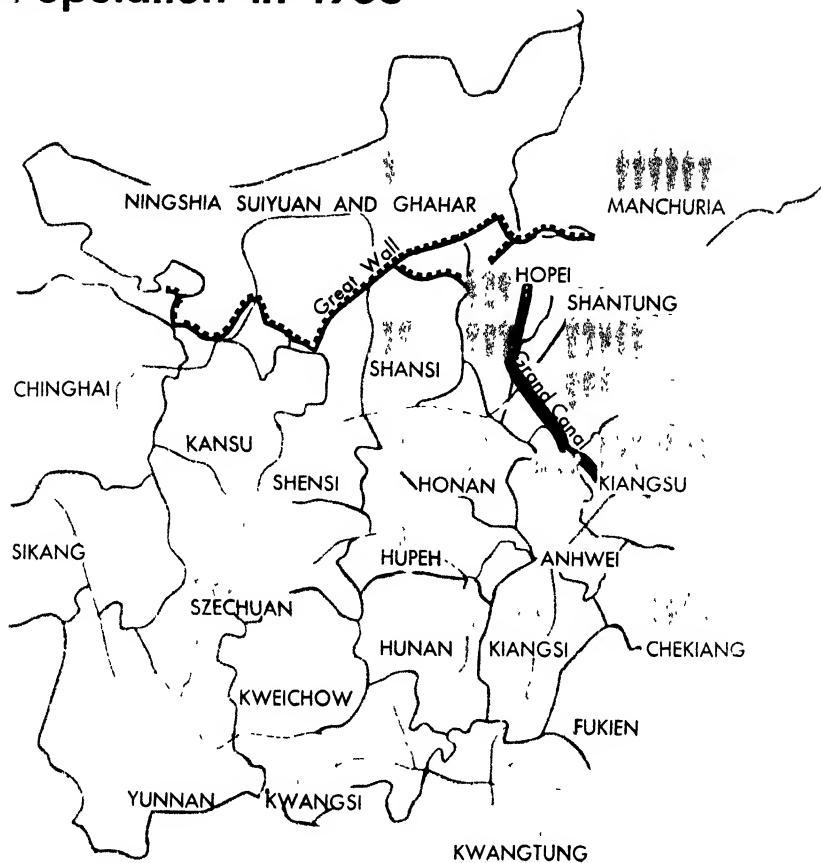
When the funeral drew near there were great gatherings of distant relatives and friends. A white awning was erected outside the front door, that due reverence might be paid and that all might know that this was the house of mourning. Before the funeral the monks arrived, and night after night Kuo Fu watched them clanging their cymbals

and heard them intoning their prayers. You could have many masses said if you could afford it, and Kuo Fu was glad the family was generous to the monks, for he understood that the journey of his grandfather to the other world would be much eased if only sufficient masses were said at the burying-time. He had heard his father and other scholars time and again pouring scorn on the monks and all their ways. Yet somehow, in the presence of death, it was reassuring to have some of these experts about. So, at long last, the old man was carried to his last resting-place, just across the fields, to a specially lucky site that the people who knew these things had chosen. There, every *Ch'ing Ming Chieh* or "Feast of Clear Brightness," in the spring, the women-folk went and wailed a little at the grave, cut the grass around it, burned cash-paper, and planted sticks of burning incense. They also set a rice-bowl on the grave and sometimes bought a paper house and other paper structures and burned them there beside the grave, that they might be sent to the spirit world for the comfort of the old man. Who knew how much he might need them?

This business of monks and worship was much more a woman's affair than a man's. His uncles were out all day in the fields or at the nearest market. His grandmother, mother, and aunts were more often near the house, cooking and washing, making straw sandals for the men, attending to the silkworms, twisting rope, or weaving cloth. They called the chickens and the pigs in at feeding-time and the children from the hillsides, where they were minding the cows and buffaloes. So when the grey-gowned monk came round with his begging-bowl and his stories it was the women who were there to listen to him and to learn the date of the annual temple festival.

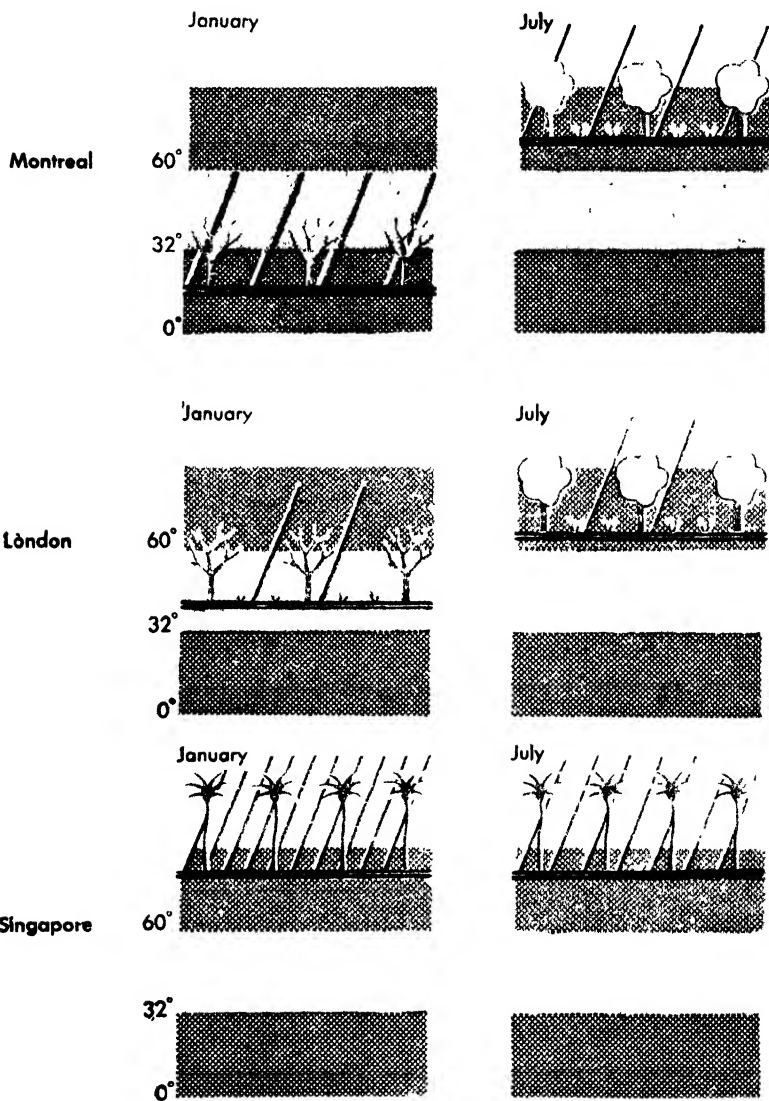
When that time came they dressed up in their best clothes and went to join others from other farms, who crowded the temple courts. There, besides worshipping at the idol shrines, they drank tea, ate peanuts and oranges, bought sweetmeats of the vendors attracted by such a crowd. Whether it was all any good or not who could be sure? There were people very devout and certain that this worship of the gods was most important. Others just took part because it was a general holiday and everybody else was doing it. After all, it was an old custom, and it was just as well to be on the safe side. Life was full of uncertainties, and it might be that the spirits could help. The women, in particular, were careful to go and worship before the image of Kwan Yin, "The Goddess of Mercy." At least that was good and there was no doubt that she was

Population in 1936

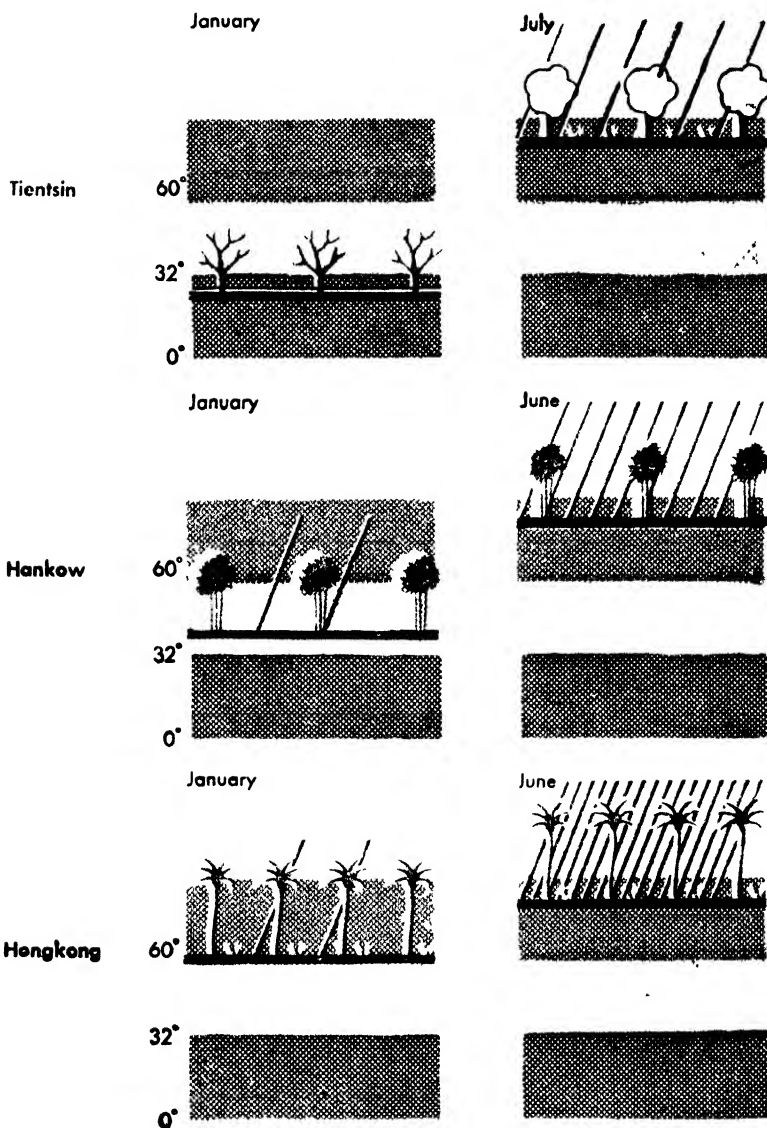


Each symbol represents 5 million people

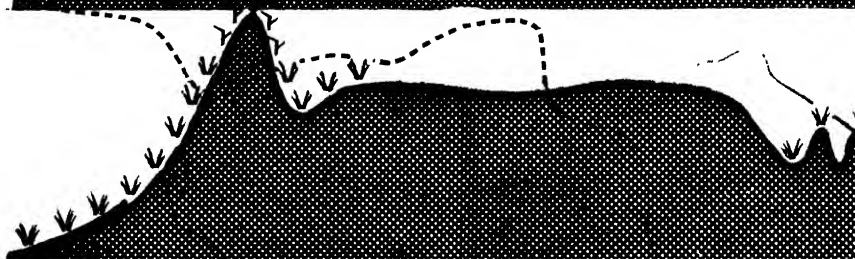
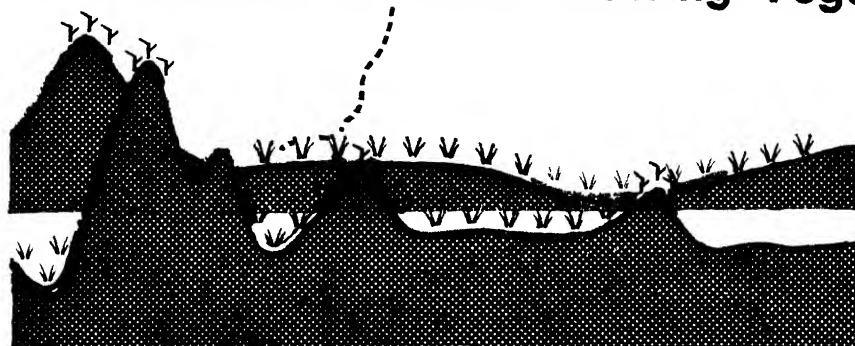
Climate in the British Commonwealth



Climate in China

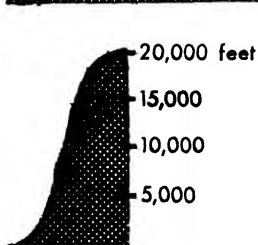


Cross-sections of China showing Vegetation



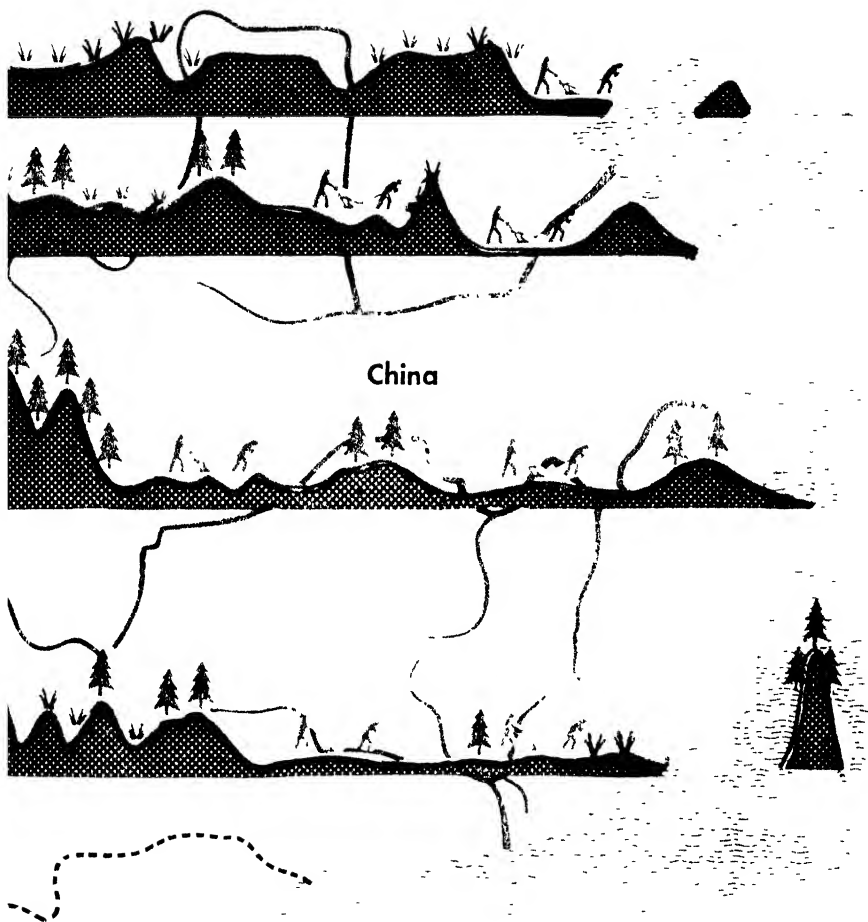
Tibet

India and Burma



red: agriculture
green: forest, grass
grey: steppes, desert
black: mountain flora

on



main agricultural
products



millet

wheat

soya beans

rice

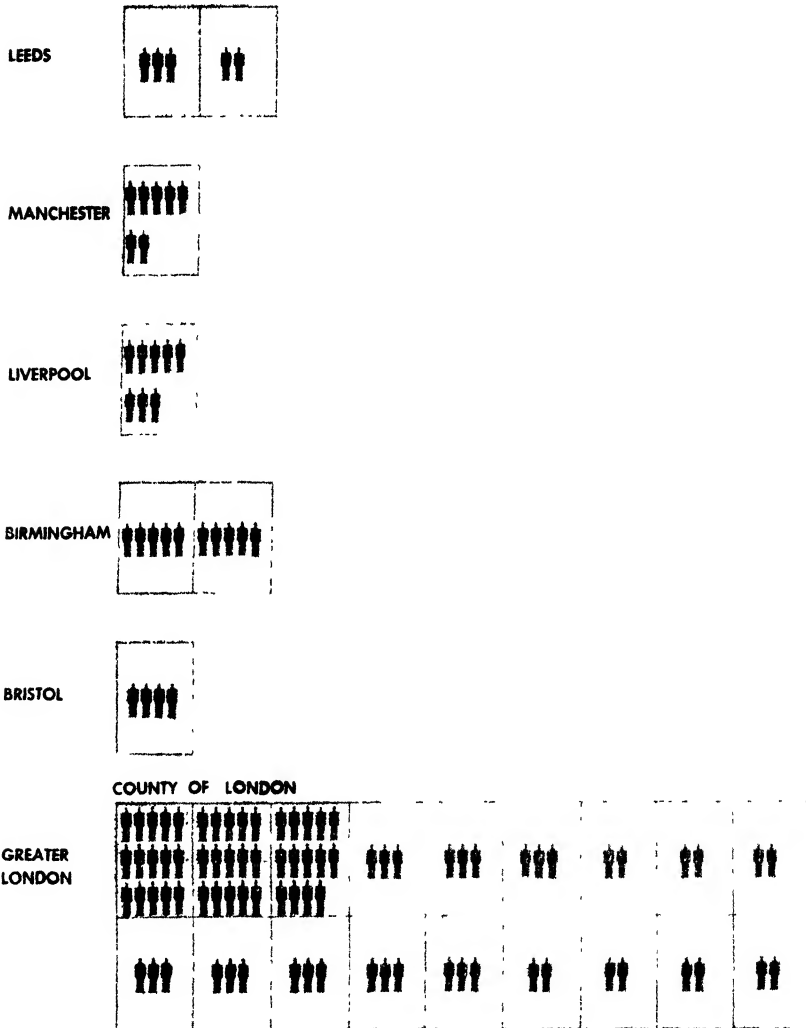
tea

mulberry

cotton

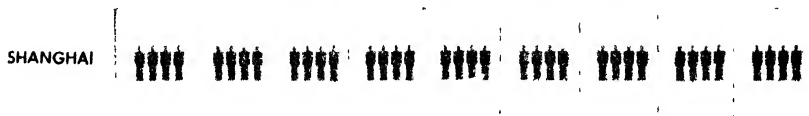
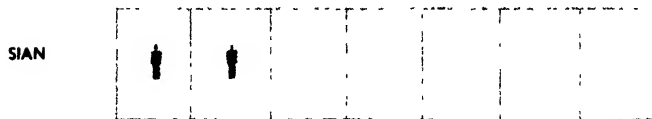
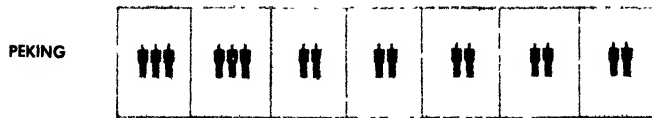


Area and Population of Some Cities England



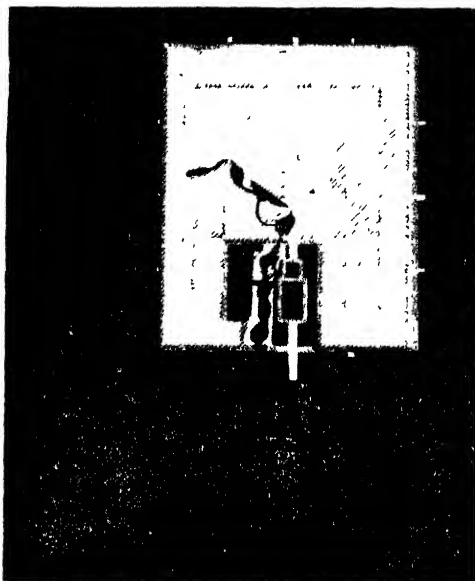
Each unit of area represents 25,000 acres
Each red symbol represents 100,000 inhabitants

Area and Population of Some Cities China

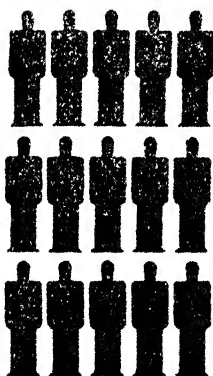


Peking

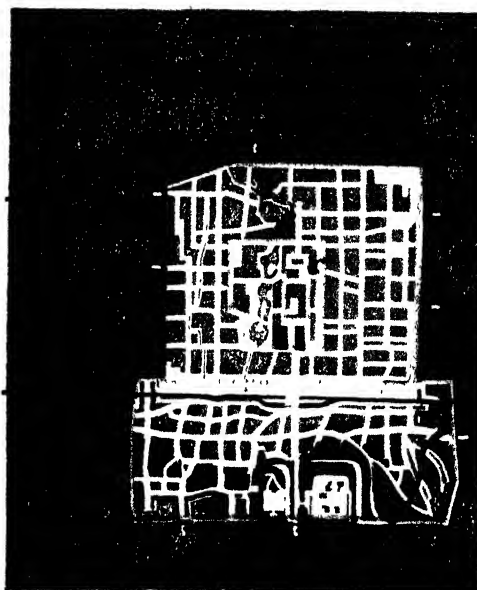
Cambaluc after 1270
the capital of the Mongol
Dynasty



Peiping about 1930



Each man symbol represents
100,000 inhabitants



wall
 probably built over
 built over
 railway
 probably cultivated
 cultivated

kind to women and especially to those who craved for children. It was all great fun, mixing with so many people, hearing and seeing so much of life. How naturally, in East or West, a holy-day becomes a holiday.

Kuo Fu remembered how one year there had been terrible drought. No rain fell for weeks and months. The rice withered and dried up under the burning sun, and the mud of the rice-fields was baked hard as bricks. The County Magistrate forbade the killing of all pigs. The people carried the idols in procession as they prayed for rain. One day, in exasperation, they took the idols and set them in the sun that they might know how it burned. Kuo Fu's father said all this was foolish—but then there were not many scholars in the countryside. By and by rain fell, and part of the harvest was saved. No one was sure whether it was the abstention from pork, or the procession and roasting of the idols, or the little idols in the wayside shrines that had helped. At any rate, things were right again, and you could not afford to neglect any method when drought and famine stared you in the face.

It was among scenes and experiences like this that Kuo Fu grew from babyhood to manhood. Sometimes he watched the pilgrims going through the countryside to worship at some distant mountain. Evidently they were very devout or very needy that they should treat religion as seriously as that. What happened to Kuo Fu happened to most people in this great land, and always had. There were a few scholar sceptics, who, as a rule, cared for none of these things; but the great bulk of China's millions had life to face, with its dark and cruel mysteries of disease and death, pain and the unknown. When Kuo Fu was quite grown up, a father and a grandfather himself, he was shocked to hear one day how some modern students had gone into the temple on the hill-side and had smashed the idols to pieces with their axes. He wasn't very sure about the idols himself, but that struck him as savage and sacrilegious, and he wondered what his country was coming to.

Some people say that the Chinese are not religious because they have no regular churches and chapels and services of worship. The truth seems rather to be that they have never, any more than other ancient peoples, thought of being anything but religious. Times are changing now, and they are faced with new problems in religion as in social and national life. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." China is on the march, and that march does and will affect all her life. You can understand how Kuo Fu, if he spoke of religion at all, could not talk

of religions separately. Religion was to him, and to all of his race except the experts, a matter of "Yu-su-tao San-chiao" ("Confucianism, Buddhism, Taoism—the three religions"). It was threefold, not three, the religion of Confucius, Buddha, Lao Tse, meeting in various ways the needs of China's life. Atheism was practically unknown in any ancient civilization. Can it hold its own in modern civilization? Can we live by negations? Atheism seems to leave a hungry void.

CHAPTER XI

MODERN CHINA AND RELIGION

I HAVE written elsewhere (*China, My China*, chapters xviii-xxi) of Chinese temples, religions, pilgrims, and worship. Such descriptions are true to this day of the masses of the people as they have been, in general, for hundreds and even thousands of years. China's traditions are not as ours—of yesterday. Yet these things are not all the truth or now even the most vital part of the truth. China to-day, as all the inhabited world, is faced with a new religious situation. In a country where all life of every sort has been tinged with religion only the superficial can write of China and ignore such a fundamental question.

Modern China, in her thought and outlook, is much like modern Europe and America and modern England. Her leaders of thought are no longer shut off from the wider world. Questions that are posted to the Brains Trust in England might just as naturally be put in student and intellectual circles in China. Such questions are, in fact, the questions of the hour there. In the field of thought, at least, isolationism is dead.

Science, philosophy, economics, politics, and religion are of as much moment to the modern Chinese as to the modern English mind. We have all alike struck our tents and are on the march, and it is of the greatest moment to know in what direction China is moving.

Intellectuals, whether East or West, are not very tolerant of the religions of the bygone days. How much of that which our fathers dreaded or trusted will survive this age of modern science and philosophy? That is a question disturbing many minds both in East and West.

The Nationalist Revolution, to which attention will be called in the next chapter, was, in its first destructive passion, negative to a great deal that in its later more sobered moments it seems inclined to tolerate. Revolutionary fires in France or Russia or China do not burn for ever. In each case, out of the furnace there comes inevitably a new shape of things. The religious question in China cannot be discussed without reference to the Christian Church and its missionaries. The Church in China is, even to-day, numerically small, but its influence is recognized to be far in excess of its size. The Roman Catholics claim a community of approximately three million, while the Protestant communicant membership is about half a million. The community affected may be two or three times as great.

Certain connexions of the modern revolutionary period with the Church and missionary movement are not so well known as they deserve to be. Here are some of the facts.

The Taiping Rebellion of 1850 has now almost passed into oblivion. It devastated the country then and shook the Manchu throne. To the people of Great Britain it was memorable for the activities of General Gordon, who fought on the side of the Manchu Government against the Southern rebels. Those rebels reached Nanking and set up their Government there under an ex-Christian preacher who styled himself T'ai Ping Wang ("King of the Great Peace"). In the end he lost his reason and identified himself with Heaven and miserably perished; but his original inspiration came from Christianity.

The Rev. Josiah Cox, a Methodist missionary in Canton, while on furlough in England, was invited by the "Heavenly King" in a letter written on Imperial yellow silk to go to Nanking and preach the faith in the new empire that had been established.

When he arrived at the new capital he found the new self-styled emperor already beyond reason, and proceeded instead to the newly opened port of Hankow, where the Rev. Griffith John, of the London Missionary Society, had arrived in the previous year.

The anti-Manchu Revolution of 1911 was the work of another Christian, Sun Yat-sen. The study of his early life right up to the days of his captivity in the Chinese Embassy, at Portland Place shows how sincere and whole-hearted was his Christian faith. It was through his friend the Scottish doctor, Sir James Cantlie, that his deliverance was obtained. These things were a little obscured by his lifetime as a fugitive in exile, but at his own desire he was ultimately buried in Peiping by a

Christian minister with a Christian funeral. Almost his last words were "I am a Christian." (See *Strange Vigour*, a life of Sun Yat-sen, by Bernard Martin¹).

Strangely enough, the leader of this third revolution, the great Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek, has himself come into the Christian faith. Even as a revolutionary that, after all, is not so strange; for the revolutionary principles were based upon the dignity of man and the equality of the sexes—two of the outstanding characteristics of the Christian way of life. In the early days of the revolution of 1925 the streets were full of revolutionary slogans, almost blasphemously Christian in their wording, claiming for the revolutionary leaders the power, the spirit, the saviourhood, and the eternity that seemed more like Scripture quotations than revolutionary watchwords.

This was not the first time that the Church had made its influence felt in China. Marco Polo and his father were, in some sense, emissaries of the Pope of those days, and, if Pope and Kublai Khan had kept alive, there might have been an earlier welcome to the Christian Church and cause.

The first one or two monarchs of the Manchu regime had given great welcome to the Jesuit and other missionaries from the West. The Jesuits laid down the basis for the lunar calendar, by which China's agricultural life has been guided ever since; while the famous astronomical instruments on the walls of Peiping are, as has been said, a perpetual memorial to the influence that Catholic missionaries had at the Manchu court. Later China became a closed land, and Christianity became a banned religion.

Did those old rulers realize what dynamite was contained within it? Pope and Emperor quarrelled over the name for God. Names are very real things in China, and it may well have been the things, not the name, on which the quarrel really was based.

In still earlier centuries Christianity had come to China and won the patronage of the Chinese court. In the city of Sian there is a great stone tablet to witness to these things. This tablet was set up in A.D. 781 and tells the story of a century and a half of Christian history in China.

That Chiang Kai-Shek and many Nationalist leaders are to-day devout members of the Christian Church is, of course, significant. Yet such facts should not be overestimated. Both in the 1911 and in the

1926 religious freedom was part of the charter of the new China. The average man-in-the-street can have no quarrel with the religious faith of any of his leaders, but for himself he may still go his own way. Such matters are conceived of as purely personal. In this regard too Britain and China are very nearly of one mind.

There has been so much misconception of the missionary movement that it may be well to state a few facts. It is to missionaries and to consuls and customs officials that Britain is chiefly indebted for her knowledge of China. Names like Morrison, Legge, Edkins, Chalmers, Wells Williams, and Soothill are household words with those who know their China. Yet some of these date from a hundred and thirty years ago.

There is a strange myth that all the old missionaries were narrow-minded iconoclasts and that the broad-minded ones came later. This is far from being the truth either in the case of the Roman Catholic or the Protestant Churches. Some of the early missionaries were men of the greatest learning. Many have been quite outstanding in their achievements. They have come from America and the European Continent ; men and women not a few of whom have come entirely at their own charges. As a body they have suffered and endured perhaps more than any other similar body of men and women upon earth, in the same period. The institutions that they have built up, a free gift of Christians in other lands, particularly America, need to be seen to be believed. They have been pioneers in modern hospital and other services : they have always been in the forefront in times of famine and distress. They have suffered greatly during the war with Japan ; but that is only due to circumstances and is entirely in line with their service in peace as in war. Many of them have built up most intimate friendships with the Chinese whom they know, and they have been, more than any other group of foreigners in China, a bridge of understanding between East and West. Some of the most outstanding Chinese leaders to-day are the products of Christian schools, colleges, and hospitals, and are by no means the least patriotic of the sons of Han.

Actually, there has been a great change in the atmosphere ; which affects the Church as everything else. The China of 1900 was an arena of hostility between foreigners and Chinese. That of 1911 and the subsequent revolutionary period has been one of growing appreciation and understanding.

One of the main difficulties of the Church has been its foreignness. That could not be helped at first. As in Britain, the Gospel had first

FACE TO FACE WITH CHINA

to be given by foreigners. Now that the heads of Churches, of hospitals, and of schools are increasingly Chinese the stigma of foreignness will surely pass away. Buddhism and Islam were foreign religions once, but centuries have passed since they were regarded as anything but truly Chinese.

Such an attitude towards a Church of foreign origin does not appear to be so much an anti-foreign reaction as a recognition that in so important a matter as religion it is right for a nation to be free from outside control. Yet the Christian religion is universal, or it has no meaning. In British history the time came when we had to assert ourselves against our foreign benefactors, and for the Church to be established healthily in China it has to be recognized as a Chinese institution.

It would be disastrous if the Church of God should ever be split on nationalistic lines. The Chinese leaders are many of them experienced and learned men, well aware of the dangers involved. There seems to be no reason to suppose that questions of this nature are not as capable of solution in China as in Britain.

It is increasingly realized how great a contribution to public health, to philanthropy, and to modern education has come through the missionaries and the Western Churches and their work. Some day it may be more fully realized that all these good works are inseparably connected with the faith that the missionaries preached.

Two roads really lie before modern China—the religion of Christ or the religion of humanism in various forms. Which path she chooses will have overwhelming consequences for the human race.

In modern China, as in China of old, there is a fundamental belief in the sanity and righteousness of the universe. That belief has deep roots, symbolized in her matchless Altar of Heaven in Peiping. A China that remains true to her convictions of altar and family is a China that has great blessings for all nations.

CHAPTER XII

REVOLUTION

IN the spring of 1925 Sun Yat-sen lay dying in Peiping, in the Hospital of the Union Medical College. The best surgical skill available in China had been put at his disposal, but it was all in vain, and his life was slipping away. Round his bed were gathered some of the nearest relatives and a few loyal friends and comrades of the Revolution. From that bedside came the 'will' that was soon to be known in every part of the Chinese world. The heart and substance of that famous document are the two sentences: "The revolution is not achieved yet. My comrades must struggle as in the past." (Tsui Chi, *A Short History of Chinese Civilization*).¹

Two short books of his were commended to his people setting forth the aims and the methods of the Nationalist Party and the Revolution. He left his own example of unceasing struggle, in good report and ill, and an exhortation to continue striving till the Revolution was achieved. For more than twenty years he had been an exile and a wanderer on the face of the earth. Since 1912 he had lived in strife, and, with his dreams all unfulfilled, continued sometimes in China and sometimes a fugitive in Japan and elsewhere. There were those who clung loyally to him whatever his fortunes; but to most people he was just a revolutionary, so used to rebellion that he could not accommodate himself to the life and ways of peace. When, at the end of 1924, he had suddenly gone to Peiping people wondered if, at last, reconciliation between Sun and his rivals was going to be achieved. Not many had faith to believe that any such reconciliation would last. Now he was dead, his dreams unrealized. Was the Revolution dead too? Would conservative China settle down again, with old-fashioned but experienced officials, after the nightmare that had been her experience from 1911 to 1925, from the time of the fall of the Manchus till the death of the man who had overthrown them?

Neither China nor the world was left long in doubt as to the answer to that question. The Revolution was by no means dying. Almost overnight memorial services were organized for the dead leader. By the summer there were serious clashes between the revolutionaries and those responsible for law and order in the treaty ports of Shanghai, Hankow, and Canton. Student Unions were actively kindling the fires of revolution in Government and private schools alike, and it was evident that the Student Unions were working under the direction of the party

¹ Gollancz, 1942.

of the Revolution. Sun's friends were certainly exerting their strength and making normal life difficult if not impossible.

Then revolutionary armies took the field under the leadership of a young general, almost unknown outside Canton, called Chiang Kai-Shek. It was known that he was a loyal and trusted friend of Sun Yat-sen and that he had been commandant of the Military College at Whampoa, at the mouth of the Canton river. There were stories of his remarkable and virile character. Associated with him in his northward march was a Russian General, Galen, and a Russian adviser, Borodin. In fact, there seemed to be Russians everywhere, soldiers and civilians. People began to ask if this was a new phase of the Russian Revolution. To this the answer was an emphatic negative. It was pointed out that in his *Three People's Principles*, bequeathed to the nation and subsequently adopted as the bible of the Revolution, Sun Yat-sen had expressly repudiated the doctrines of Karl Marx as applied to the Chinese Revolution. Anyhow, China was China, and would go China's way and not the way of any foreign nation. The Russians were sympathetic to her and helpful in her struggle for independence. That was the relationship between them. The Chinese Communist Party was linked, of course, to the Nationalists in this exertion of strength for the completion of the revolution. That alliance was a Chinese matter and had nothing, as such, to do with Russia.

A main arm of the Revolution was the propagandist corps, which marched with the troops and talked to the people about the aims of the Revolution. In many areas the battles were won rather by propaganda than by bullets. The Chinese armies were thoroughly instructed as to what they were fighting about and were filled with revolutionary spirit and ardour. By the summer of 1927 the conquering armies were far north of the Yangtse, the uneasy alliance between Chinese Nationalists and Communists had ended, and the Russians had all been expelled. The Communists, together with all other opponents of the Nationalist Party, were listed as "counter-revolutionaries."

The arrangements for the new Government had been largely affected by Russian experience and advice. The organization was not then and is not now democratic in the British, American, or French sense. "One Party," the Nationalists, have seized the country and hold it in the interests of the future of the people. Though there is a Cabinet to perform the executive tasks which are the essential activities of any modern Government, the real power behind the throne is the "Nationalist

Party " rather than the Chinese people. Till the people are enlightened the party acts on their behalf. Critics comment on the absence of liberty of speech and liberty of the Press. That, for the moment, is to cry for the moon. "The Revolution is not yet completed." When it is the liberties of which men dream may be realized. In these things the Chinese Revolution has a good many parallels in other countries. In the year 1927 Chiang Kai-Shek married the sister of Madame Sun Yat-sen and thus became the brother-in-law of the great leader himself, as well as of Dr H. H. Kung and of T. V. Soong, China's first great Finance Minister and organizer of her modern financial system.

Subsequent to his marriage, in the year 1930, China and the world were startled with the news that Chiang Kai-Shek had himself become a Christian. There was some scepticism about this at first ; but more than ten years have elapsed, and there is no doubt now either as to the reality of his conversion or the sincerity of his religious faith. By 1928 the armies of the Revolution had reached and conquered Peking. The city's name was changed from Peking ("Northern Capital") to Peiping ("Northern Plain" or "Northern Peace"). The Manchurian leader, Chang Hsueh-Liang, gave his adhesion to the Revolution and this precipitated the Japanese attack on Mukden in 1931. This subsequently led to the setting up of the new Kingdom of "Manchukuo," under the puppet Manchu emperor, P'u Yi, but under the real power and authority of Japan.

This military conquest of the revolutionaries left many military-political problems unsolved. It is hard for old men to change the habits of a lifetime. But long before 1936 the military problem of the Revolution was solved, with the exception of the Communists, who, first in the mountains of Kiangsi and later in the north-west provinces, had managed to preserve their identity and, to some extent, their power. Every one knows of the reconciliation that took place following Chiang's capture by critical generals in the north-west. The increasing unification probably frightened the Japanese and determined their attack at the Marco Polo Bridge on July 7, 1937. Such was the military history of the Revolution up to the outbreak of the Chino-Japanese War, but its inner meaning is of more importance.

In that last 'will' of the dying leader, the *Three People's Principles* had been bequeathed to the nation as the aim and purpose of New China. As the Nationalist armies advanced through the country and the Nationalist politicians took control, the *Three People's Principles* came increasingly to the fore as the charter of the Revolution.

It was put into the curriculum of every school. It was the constant theme of the speeches of the politicians. The "People's Race," The "People's Power," the "People's Life," were the three watchwords of the Revolution. In their Chinese form these phrases were neat and gripping. They have been roughly translated: Nationalism, Democracy, and the People's Livelihood, but all such terms are capable of differing interpretations, and it is better to keep to the literal translation, with its emphasis on the people. There can be no doubt at all that the Nationalist Revolution was meant to be a people's movement, even though it was the visionaries, rather than the masses, that began it. "God save the people," was the cry of Dr Sun's heart. He was of the people and knew their ignorance and poverty, their superstition and their need. So these aims and slogans were echoed through the land like the "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité" of the French Revolution. To fall in with the Revolution was to agree with the "three principles of the people." They were the definition of your loyalty and your aims. One after another of the War Lords, who since the downfall of the Manchus in 1912 had divided and ruled the country between them, were destroyed or else joined the new movement. Only the Communists had a different slogan and a different method. They were visionaries too.

It is one thing to begin your revolution with a small compact party of people, willing to lay down their lives for their principles. It is another thing to get possession of a country of 460 million people, and of very varying tradition and point of view. Most of the millions were peace-loving farmers and merchants, whose general attitude was to fear all soldiers and curse all Governments who disturbed them in their daily toil and business.

It is quite inevitable that the first fine fury and idealism of the revolutionary fires should die down or be watered down in any country, and in China the human problem is, beyond imagination, immense. This has happened in China as elsewhere, and there have been and are now many critics both inside and outside the country. What else was possible? The essence of the matter is that those who live should keep their ideals and pursue their aims. Here again, now that China has been perhaps too hastily unified in the face of Japanese aggression, some would move quickly, some more slowly, and some, perhaps, would not move at all. Human nature is much the same the world over, with its mixed and complicated motives. We, of the West, need only to look into our own hearts and our own politics to realize how unusual it

would be if all China's leaders, at this or any other time, were completely of one mind.

Sun Yat-sen's forty years of revolutionary life were full of distresses within and storms without. There was many a time when he did not see eye to eye with his best friends, or they with him. It is natural and good that there should be, in any movement, these differences of opinion and points of view, so long as the differences are not so deep and wide as to be actually disruptive.

We need to judge the Chinese scene with the same understanding we give to things nearer home if we are to do it justice. The *Three People's Principles* remains the revolutionary charter of China. It is still the "People's Race," unity, the "People's Power," whatever form it takes, and the "People's Life," the good of all the people, which are the Nationalist ideals.

This phase of the Revolution has been going on for twenty years, and it is by no means finished yet.

Before 1937 the military stage was all but over. The second stage of tutelage may take much longer than men dream. What will come, in the final stage of 'achievement,' is still on the lap of the gods in China, as, for example, it is in Russia.

Since 1925 and till the time of the Japanese attack, in 1937, each Monday morning a Sun Yat-sen Memorial Service was held in every school and every Government office in the land. Beneath the portrait of Dr Sun the scholars and officials stood for three minutes of meditation. The 'will' was read, a national hymn was sung, and political speeches and announcements were made. It was not worship but revolutionary recollection. And yet a Chinese Foreign Office Secretary once said to me about it, "You cannot run a revolution in China without a religious ceremony." So thin is the line between reverence and worship. In Chinese the same word answers for both ideas.

Through this same period there was much denunciation of the economic and political oppression of the foreign nations and their "unequal treaties." Great Britain, regarded as the spearhead of all foreign imperialisms, came in for a special measure of denunciation. The streets were filled with coloured cartoons pasted on the walls; slogans on strips of calico were strung across from shop to shop; propaganda parties harangued groups of people on their revolutionary aims. Thus to all, literate and illiterate alike, was the meaning of the revolution brought home. Foreigners who resided in China from 1925

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to 1930 found life full of interests, uncertainties, and even dangers. They could not but resent some of the revolutionary activities.

Revolution, after all, is revolution. We, of the West, have had our own revolutions, painful and tragic enough at the time, however salutary they were afterwards to prove.

That boiling-pot has simmered down for a time, and the denunciations now are all for Japan—and these at least are thoroughly deserved.

As I look back to 1900, remembering all the changes of these stirring years it becomes quite clear to me that it is the period from 1925 onward that has given China new life and hope and the friends of China new convictions of China's mighty future.

The Revolution has literally meant in China a new heaven and a new earth. China is no longer quaint and conservative. Her strange, unchanging ways have gone. She is throbbing with life. She is the old China, kindly, courteous, loving knowledge and education, but made new. To the casual observer there is the same sun-tanned farmer in the field, the same blue-clad coolie sweating on the street, the same dark hair and deep brown slanting eyes. Superficially the changes are not very widespread. Yet there's a wholly new atmosphere, a quite different sense of direction, and a new life pulsating through the land. You must have lived in China to realize the change. These matters are treated with some fulness in the author's *Understanding China*, to which the interested reader is referred. The millennium hasn't come, but there are everywhere signposts pointing to it. Every one expects it is round the corner in this hopeful land. Can the millennium anywhere come quite so quickly as that, one wonders ?

EDUCATION

THE place of the student in China is unique. There is nothing quite analogous in the West. He is the 'man of the book.' The traditional four-fold division of the Chinese people could, for the sake of simplicity, be translated as 'book-man,' 'farm-man,' 'work-man,' and 'sales-man,' and of these the scholar, 'the book-man,' is the acknowledged head.

For hundreds of years he has been a member of a class apart. Yet the system was thoroughly democratic. Any poor boy could enter the student class more easily than he can in England to-day. All that he needed was brains and perseverance. Education was, to all intents and purposes, free. The dominie, of course, had to be supported, but that cost very little in actual money when shared between thirty or forty boys and their home-folk. His emoluments were augmented by gifts at the main festivals of the year. His scholars were mostly farmers' sons, and gifts were easily made in kind.

The school had little or no equipment. Often it was just a room in a farmhouse or in a temple. The desks were common, flat-topped tables with two drawers, such as were found in every home, and there was many a school where the pupils brought their own tables and stools. Both could be used in the home again when school-days were done. Beyond this a pupil's only needs were an ink-slab, a stick of Chinese ink, a writing-brush, some paper, and a few Confucian books, printed from wood-blocks on thin Chinese paper. These were to be bought very cheaply and were very carefully cherished and preserved. The boy had, of course, to be supported by his family. He had, naturally, no time to help in the affairs of the farm, except perhaps with such money transactions as occasionally took place. On a farm, one extra 'mouth' to feed is not much of a burden anywhere. In case of need there were uncles and cousins, as well as parents and brothers, whose help was available; and they were all proud of their scholar relative and glad to work a little harder that he might have the food and clothing and the simple necessities of his life as a student. They were not wholly disinterested. They hoped their bread, cast upon the waters, would return after many days. If their protégé became and remained a country teacher no great wealth would ever be his; but even so, he would be a man of some influence in his neighbourhood. Influence counts a great deal in China, as it does elsewhere. It pays to have a friend at

court, especially if he is a scholar who is under some obligation to you for what you did to make possible his success.

If, in due course, he won his civil service degrees and became a magistrate or other official all the family would share his prestige. As to his emoluments, the sense of family relationship is so strong in China that he never questioned the right of relatives to call on him in case of need, or of his obligation to help them as he was able. Then there was family affection; and of course the influence of an official was, as a rule, much greater than that of a teacher, however learned and renowned he might be. There were men who had gained their degrees by cheating and curious devices. How can you anywhere escape such scoundrels? But, as a class, these men were ripe classical scholars with their natural powers developed through their essay-writing and their memorizing and interpreting of the Chinese classics. They were powerful, highly respected, and feared. In fact, they were the rulers of China. Doubtless fortune-tellers, doctors, accountants, and lawyers came from the student classes, and they might be of varying reputation, but the real student class, the leaders and rulers of the nation, were the teachers in the village and city schools and the officials who had won their way to place and power through studying the classical books. Great educational changes have come in China in the last fifty years as in Britain and, in fact, in all the lands of all the world. The status of the student and his class has not changed one whit. The old tradition holds. To be a student is to step on to the ladder of a successful life. No other walk of life in China to-day, any more than formerly, ranks with the life of the student.

In the revolution of 1925 quite little boys would hold up your rickshaw and denounce your country. It seemed ridiculous that boys of eight to twelve years of age should be taking a serious and leading part in Chinese politics. Yet, so it was; and in China it was not amusing and absurd—for what did age matter? It was sufficient that he was a student, never mind how young.

When Chiang Kai-Shek initiated his "New Life Movement," for better moral standards and personal habits among the people, it was quite usual to see small boys in their enthusiasm stopping grown men in the streets and ordering them to button up their cotton jackets and thus cover their half-bare bodies. Others would lecture their elders on the evil of spitting, till then an almost universal Chinese practice, as it was said to be in parts of Uncle Sam's country. It hardly seemed fitting that the very young should undertake such onerous, not to say officious,

duties. But they were students, and their land was China. Whatever amusement the elders had they kept to themselves, at least in public. For, in China, new or old, the students are in a unique class. The Japanese animosity against colleges, schools, and students was not without its meaning. For if the student was suppressed how could the country resist ?

When you consider the changes that have come to China's students it is just as well to remember the educational revolution that has taken place in Britain in the last fifty years. We too have moved a long way from the education of our forbears. Latin is no longer the essential foundation of all higher learning. Even our own English language and literature is now considered a just and honourable subject for those who strive for high scholastic success. Geography has taken an entirely new place in the curriculum. The technical and agricultural college have arrived. The nursery school has been added to the infants' school. The old dames' academy, where many of us obtained our earliest education, is now almost as rare as the pigtail, as we irreverently call the Chinese queue following the name of our own eighteenth-century hirsute appendage.

Yet educational changes in Britain have not been so radical or so important as in China. There the scholar is, as he has always been, supreme ; and a change in his outlook and training changes everything. The very structure of the Chinese school has changed. Up till the 1911 revolution in most parts of the country schools were a private enterprise, opened by Chinese teachers for a livelihood or by Chinese parents, in town or country, who were ambitious for the training of their own children. To such private schools other children were admitted, paying varying fees according to the capacity of their families to pay. There was essential democracy in this quite characteristic arrangement.

The material of their instruction was entirely connected with the Chinese classics. Nothing else was recognized as knowledge. There was memorizing and writing of the lovely Chinese characters. There was the learning by heart of the Four Books of Confucius and Mencius and older works too. In due course there followed the interpreting of what had been learned according mainly to the standard or orthodox commentary of Chu Hsi's. Then, above all, there was essay-writing on this same classical model and the composition of poems and other literary forms. There were the Five Classics, too (chapter iv), and classical history. No one could assert that that old-fashioned scholar,

if he pursued his studies long enough, was anything but a very highly educated man. Chinese officials in the early days of Eastern and Western contact proved themselves able and astute men, and they were all trained in schools of this fashion. There were the Mandarins who lorded it over the country, but now Mandarin, teacher, and scholar of this type have all disappeared from the face of China. Instead of the old private school, China has a public system under its Minister of Education. There are here and there, already, well-equipped nursery schools, followed by six years (four lower and two upper classes) of primary schools. After that come six years of middle school, divided into three years lower and three years upper middle. The upper middle may specialize along classical, modern, or technical and training lines. Some of the lower middle schools are similarly differentiated to meet the needs of practical life. Above the six years primary and six years middle schools comes a college, or university, course of four years for those ambitious and able enough to take it. Students are prepared, as with us, for all the main professions. Some courses—that in medicine, for instance—are of necessity longer, as they are in the West. In the Chinese universities there are also post-graduate courses and opportunities for research as there are with us. Private schools are permitted, but must subject themselves to Government inspection and must be registered with the Ministry of Education. Their pupils, as the pupils of all schools, may only advance from grade to grade on the satisfactory completion of Government examinations. Fees are very low or non-existent in Government schools. In addition there is usually a subsidy for living expenses where children are gathered in central middle schools away from home. Such charges, even in private schools, are regulated by Government. The reason for this seems to be that all schools formerly were private, and the fees were the basis of the livelihood of the teacher. It is felt that the schools of hundreds of pupils and many teachers, which are now the rule in China as in the West, would lend themselves, if not carefully watched, to becoming more a means of gain to the proprietors than of real and lasting benefit to the scholars. Continuity is sought by fitting the private schools into the general educational system and bringing them under a considerable measure of financial, as well as educational, control. In the old days it did not matter greatly if a private school of some thirty boys was opened to-day and closed to-morrow. It matters a great deal in any neighbourhood, both to teachers and to pupils, if a private school of four hundred pupils suddenly closes

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down and throws teachers and taught on to the stream to be catered for anyhow.

China has thus, within thirty years, passed from the old traditional, classical education of the centuries to a modern system parallel with any Western system. While it is a Chinese system, devised by Chinese after their own fashion, it is more akin to American than to British models. This is inevitable under the circumstances. For both in China and in the United States the numbers of Chinese who have gained their modern outlook with the help of Americans is very much greater than those who have had intimate British contacts. One reason is that America has been nearer. It has also to be noted that American Church schools and colleges in China have been richer and more numerous than ours. Incidentally, America was also a Republic and that fact was not without its influence on Republican China. Then while Americans have benefited equally with other foreign nations in any and all of the special privileges foreign nations have hitherto had in China, her foreign policy has not otherwise been aggressive, and she has possessed none of the much criticized 'concessions.' These 'concessions' are the areas in the treaty ports under foreign jurisdiction, where the consuls and merchants reside.

Of the products of this new educational system there is no need to write. The very able and highly educated Chinese who are to be found in many Western countries, either as China's official representatives or as students in university or technical institutions, are proof enough that they are not one whit behind their contemporaries in other lands. Among them are many brilliant and cultured women. For the modern Chinese educational system, besides embracing all the substance and much of the methods with which we are familiar, applies to girls equally with boys. This, in China, is as great a change as the nature of education itself. There is still a long way to go before the lag in girls' education is made up. In principle there is now no difference between boy and girl. The aim of the Ministry is an education that will be suitable and applicable to all, irrespective of wealth, locality, or sex. Japan has attained that goal; Russia has made great strides along the road; China, which, with its 460 millions, is faced with a bigger educational programme than any other nation on earth, has already made such progress as has transformed the face of the country in village, countryside, and city. In education China, which led the world in the past, may well lead the world again. She has a belief in education, as such, and gives such a place to the school-

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and college-trained man as may have some parallel in Scotland or America but certainly not in England. Whether it is always in the best interests of the human race that the philosopher, or scholar, should be king history has not yet fully demonstrated. Perhaps something depends upon the sort of education and the sort of scholar who may be involved.

The Chinese Ministry of Education has not only in mind the needs of the present and the future. It is mindful of the past. Literacy for the adult, as well as education for the young, is part of its declared programme. In this matter, the Chinese Church and other private enterprises have been prominent. From the first it has been the aim of the churches to have a literate membership capable, at least, of reading the New Testament. Women as well as men of all ages have learned their characters sufficiently to use hymn-books, Bibles, and Prayer Books. Such people are not scholars, but they were not illiterate. When the Republic was set up in 1912, and the Nationalist Revolution began in 1925, the appeal of the politicians was more and more made to the people. The National leaders found, as the Church leaders had found before them, that, to make a permanent impression on the people, reading was quite as necessary as preaching. The two were complementary. Adult and night schools are fairly general throughout large sections of the country, and, while large claims as to the spread of literacy may need some scrutiny and checking, there is no question of the general desire to read and of the greatly increased numbers of those who now can read for themselves the simplified newspapers and the revolutionary slogans that are pasted on telegraph-poles, street corners, and every public place.

The broadcasting station has also been brought into this scheme of general enlightenment. In the open spaces, in many Chinese towns, Government broadcasts fill the air from time to time for the benefit of the general populace. Most Chinese homes can ill afford a wireless set of their own. The education of China is a colossal task, but education, as such, holds a unique place in the ideals and the estimation of the people, rich and poor alike.

THE PEOPLE

THE Lord prefers common-looking people. That is the reason he makes so many of them." Then how He must love China. The general impression as you move about is that there are people, people everywhere. This may be partly an illusion. In the industrial West the people are gathered in large numbers in many towns and cities, and the country, therefore, is but sparsely populated by comparison.

England, smaller in its size than the average Chinese province, has as many towns of ten thousand people or more as you will find in the whole of China. With us almost every county has many towns adequate in size and importance to be the administrative centres of the county. Many of these towns are manufacturing centres with a number of factories round which are crowded, narrow, gardenless streets that will soon, it is to be hoped, be a nightmare of the past. In such places our people are huddled together. On a Saturday afternoon or Sunday night you see them crowding the market-place or the civic centre, giving you a sense of multitude.

This is in great contrast to the country, where the people are scarce and every one knows every one else.

In China all this is reversed. China is not more densely populated to the square mile than Britain or other European countries, but instead of being in the main gathered in large centres of population the people are literally everywhere—in their villages and hamlets. You see them working in the fields, carrying their burdens to market and fishing in the rivers and ponds. It is still the day of handicrafts. Mills and factories, in any considerable number, are to be found only in certain specified areas such as Tientsin, Shanghai, Canton, and Hankow. The factories in any of these places do not compare in size or number or relative importance to what you will find in the average Lancashire mill-town. China's towns are mainly market-towns or county government centres. The people are, for the most part, in the villages and the countryside. Wherever you go there are people. Whether you walk the country path or rest by hillside or lake it is only a moment or two before some one appears to look at the strange wanderer. You get the feeling that some eye is always watching you, some voice always questioning you. Yet China is not equally populated everywhere. There is in fact great variety.

The large but very mountainous province of Yunnan has only eleven million people, and the far north-west, with its deserts, is still more thinly populated when compared with the rich Yangtse provinces. After all, human beings cannot live where there is no food, unless they live in a modern city, where the produce of every land can be brought for their needs. The Chinese live where the food is and where the 'mouths' can be filled, and that is anywhere and everywhere in the country except on barren mountains or sandy deserts. It is wonderful what they can do in raising food even under adverse conditions. The Chinese word for 'republic' literally means "the people's country." The Nationalist Party which now controls China is, literally translated, the "people of the country's party." The phrase shows where Sun Yat-sen's mind was looking when he overthrew the Manchus and set his country free. Henceforth it was to be no emperor's country and, just as certainly, no oligarchy. The people were to rule. They were the country and they were to control their own destiny. Did he realize how, in spite of emperors and invaders, it has always been in a special sense the people's country? He gives some inkling of this. He is always telling his compatriots that they are like grains of scattering sand. That in the new "people's country" they must give up some of their liberties. That, though everybody knew that one man is as good as another, they'll never have a great country if each free man goes his own independent way. Dr Sun spoke what he knew. His estimate of the people was strangely true.

A good deal has been said about the students, the rulers, and the teachers of the people. They are the first section of the Chinese people according to the old tradition. Yet they are only a tiny fraction of this people, and, as has been said, they spring from the people too.

The other three divisions—farmers, workers, and merchants—are, in the Chinese tradition, arranged in order of importance following the students, who are set at the head of all. This does not mean that Chinese care less than other people for merchandise and money. It does not mean that merchants have no very great place in society. As a matter of fact, they hold a most important place. But it does give a dignity and worth to the farmer and his place in the world which is inherently right and not too common in human traditions, East or West. The farmer and his village community are the very basis of China's national and social life. In England a farm will consist of anything from a hundred to several thousand acres. The farmer will have hired labourers, varying

with the nature of the land and its products. He will have one or two dependable and experienced men living on the farm and, working with them, other hired but less experienced workers. Sometimes his sons, especially in their youth, work with him; but quite commonly, as they come to manhood and show their capabilities, he will set them up in little farms of their own of two hundred acres or so. They will continue to act and work together, but the sons definitely head for independence. The father is proud when his sons grow up and prove themselves capable of running their own farms, with not much more need of help than any farmer can have from any other farmers on market-day or when farmers talk together.

Farms in Britain are large, but not like the extensive corn-lands of Canada and America. Whatever the future may have in store, this is in striking contrast to farming in China.

The English farm centres round one farmhouse standing in or near the home-farm fields. Farmhouses are separated from one another by many acres. The near-by village contains the church, the school, the post office, and the shops that meet the immediate needs of the area. On the whole, the farmers don't live in the village, but in the separate farmhouses in the midst of their own fields.

In China the village or hamlet is the place from which the farms are worked. There are few isolated farmhouses. The village possesses a common surname. The origin evidently was one common family. You may find bearers of other names within some villages, but, generally speaking, the village is called after the common ancestor, and those who live there are related on the male side. You have the "Liu Chia Wan," the "Liu family village," the "Chu Chia Wan," the "Chu family village," and so on. There are landowners in China, some of them owning considerable stretches of land, but the farms themselves are not large. Many of them are freehold. The "good earth" is the ultimate wealth of China, and every one likes to own a little land if he can. Property can easily perish. Other forms of wealth are fleeting. The high rate of ordinary Chinese interest is an index to the uncertainty of these things. That ordinary rate was, in my part of China, 3 per cent. a month during most of my life there. It seems terribly extortionate, but there were extraordinary, almost unbelievable, rates of interest in many loans, and this 3 per cent. a month was definitely normal. The rate of interest varies with the degree of risk, and where such rates were normally charged the risk was evidently considered high. Land

was safe. In land there was little risk. Barring flood or earthquake, land will always be there. That is why, it seemed to me, everybody, rich or poor, sought to be a landowner, according to his ability, and many of these village farms were owned by the men who tilled them. When in financial difficulties the farmer would rather mortgage his land than sell it, always hopeful that his conditions would improve.

The farms are small—only a few acres in extent. They are worked by the members of the family who own them. Fathers and sons work together and thus escape the need of hired labour to a great extent. In the north the main crops and the staple food consist of wheat and maize. Is this the reason why the northern farmer is taller and stronger? In the centre and south the main crop and chief food is rice, though wheat is also grown on the higher ground in the spring. On the south-west mountains, again, rice and wheat are hard to grow, and the chief crop and article of diet is maize.

In addition to his main crops, the farmer provides for as many of his own needs as he can. Cabbage, beans, peas, turnips, carrots, chillies, the egg plant, marrows, some of enormous size, edible lotus-roots (arrow-root), sweet potatoes, pea-nuts, and the yellow rape, from which he gets his vegetable oil—all come in their seasons as relish to his rice, the main article of diet. He is largely a vegetarian, not from choice but from necessity. For only occasionally can he afford pork or chicken or fish. Even eggs he uses sparingly. For he can get a good price for them on the market in these days of vast export of eggs to foreign lands. This is doubtless the reason why, at the occasional feasts, meat is served in such abundance and such variety. You may then have pork, mutton, beef, fish, duck, and chicken following one another in quick succession. It seems like too much of a good thing, but feasts of that sort for the ordinary man are rare and special occasions, and he makes the most of them when they come round.

In Central China the climate is too hot for the rearing of sheep. Mutton is only obtainable at the season of the year when the drovers arrive, with their flocks from the north. Cattle, especially water-buffaloes, are to be found in all parts of China; but they are used, as well as donkeys, for ploughing rather than for food. The pig is found all over China, and the chief meat dish is pork. The Muslim, of course, eats beef and not pork, but the eating of meat is the rich man's privilege in China. It is the produce of the fields, rather than the raising of stock, that is the main concern of the Chinese farmer.

While the English farmer plans for the day when his son may be independent the Chinese farmer always hoped to keep his sons with him in the home. To split the home was a sin against filial piety. If sons and grandsons increased then extra land could be acquired either by purchase or by rent; but it was the ideal that the family should remain unbroken as long as that was in any way possible. The father dreamed, not of the independence of his sons, but of the unity and the continuity of the home.

All the menfolk were early in the fields or off to market. You could see their shadowy figures at work in the dim light before the dawn. For the most part the women were busy about the home—cooking, washing, weaving, tending the silkworm, minding the children. They fed the chickens and the pigs, bought things from the travelling pedlar, gathered gossip from him and other passing strangers, learned about the temple feasts and stories about the spirits from mendicant monks, and attended to all the little ailments of the home. In Canton women lived more of an open-air life. Many of their husbands were away overseas making their own and their family's fortunes. So the women, whose feet in that part of the country had never as a rule been bound, turned to and worked in the fields—or what hope was there of the harvest ever being gathered? At the New Year the young farmers processioned through the fields and over the hills with their paper dragon, lit up with Chinese lanterns. The way twenty or more lusty farmers could make the fearsome dragon wriggle and writhe his great length along made the whole ceremony very lively. On the first and fifteenth of each month there were the T'u-ti P'u-sa (local idols) to be worshipped in their tiny shrine. Then there were the autumn theatricals in thanksgiving for the harvest. There were the fifth and seventh and eighth month festivals; but, above all, the New Year's Day feasting and congratulations.

This regular work and regular worship in a unified home whose heart was 'filial piety' was the basis of the life of all the people. Scholars, craftsmen, merchants, all had and have their roots in the great farming community which is the soul as well as the body of China.

Central to these village farms, every ten miles or so, were the little country towns where the markets were held. There you would find inns where travellers could stay the night; tea-shops, where you could slake your thirst; the brass-worker's shop, where locks and other necessities were purchased. Here was a rice-shop, the dry-goods store, the carpenter, the butcher, and the innumerable people who, by crafts-

manship or barter, served the general community. There was generally a temple on the street and, in modern days, a police-station, a post office, and a Christian preaching-place. If the street was large and central enough there would also be a school, with its learned teacher.

In these things you have Chinese society in miniature. At the base of all is the farmer of "the good earth"; but even the perfect farm, with all its own sons at home, could not fully provide for all its needs. They might grow most of their food, and weave most of their cloth from the cotton which they themselves had planted and gathered; but life was enriched through that busy street, where the products of various farms were pooled and exchanged. For each farm was good for something, but not all are good for everything, either in West or East. So they came to the street, and ultimately to the city, with its comparative luxury. These farmers needed basins and pots and pans, made of clay and of iron, beyond their compass to devise. Their scholar sons needed books and pens and ink and schooling. Such things do not grow in the fields. They needed cash-paper and incense for worship, bridal chairs for weddings, coffins for funerals, fireworks for great occasions, lanterns to take them through the dark, and candles for the lantern. In these modern days they are buying boxes of matches, pieces of soap, foreign straw hats, and socks. There are foreign cloths of many colours and designs, not so strong as their own homespun cloth, but strangely attractive to feminine eyes, which love a change from the daily drabness.

The Chinese people rich and poor, city and country, are very much like we are. Their desires and hopes, sorrows and fears, have their counterparts here. They are most constant in their work, though there may be great advantage in shorter hours than they enjoy. Where China differs from us to this day is in the place it gives to the farmer. The factory is hardly there as yet. It is foreshadowed rather than present. The war has been the cause of setting up little factories in many parts of Free and inland China. There are coal-mines and miners, salt-mines and their workers, railways with their engineers and porters, steamers with their captains, stewards, and sailors. Chinese leaders suggest that the future China will grow wealthy and strong by industrialization. It may be so; but it will take a lot of farms to feed 460 million people and to grow the cotton, the flax, and the silk for their clothing. It is the man who can make two grains of rice grow instead of one who may be the greatest enricher of China. A lot of attention these days is being paid to agricultural teaching, as well as to industrial schools.

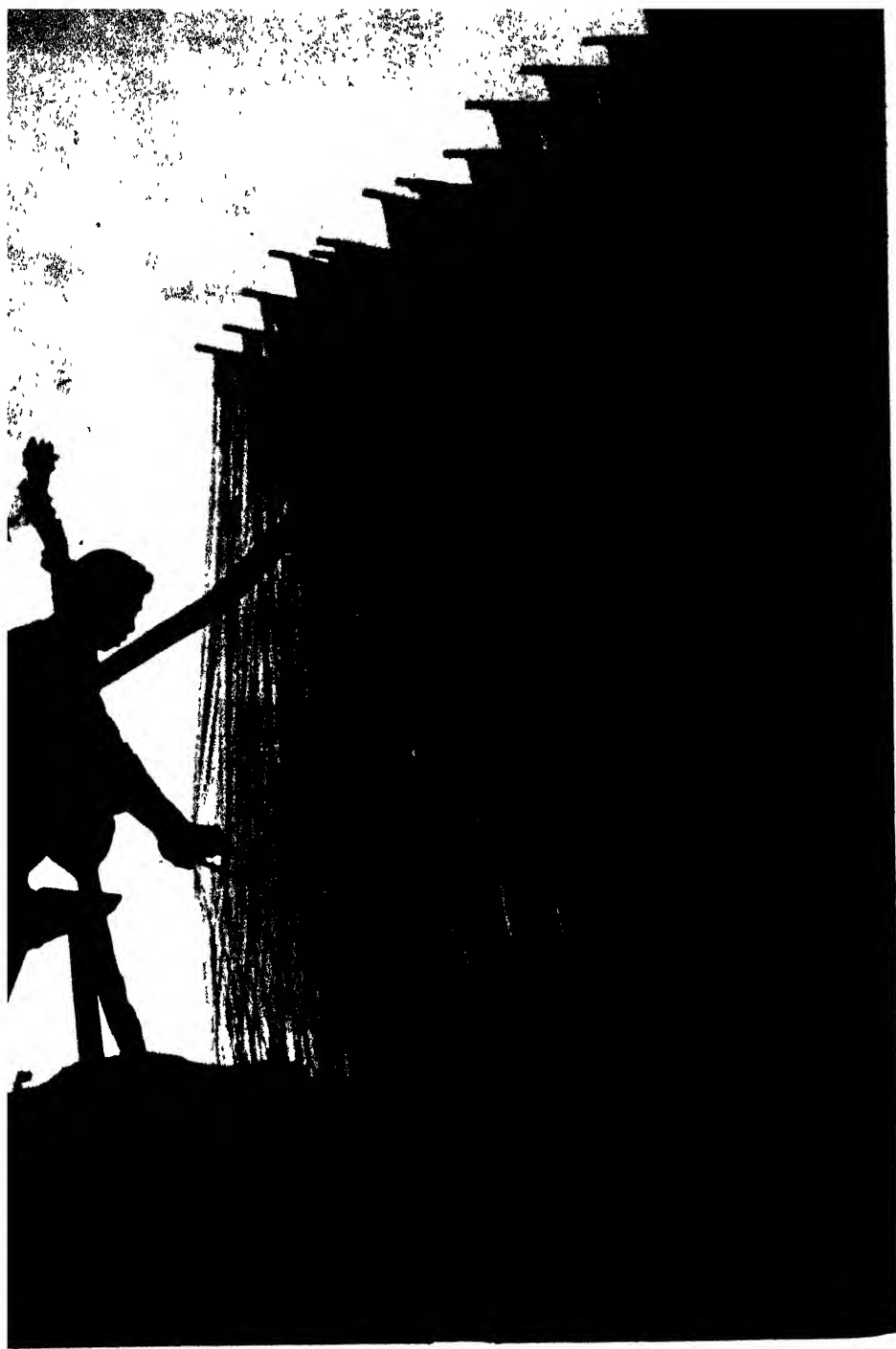


The old style of spinning silk thread, in use in Pucheng, Fukien

NAWAB SULTAN OF SATYADUR



THE OLD STYLE OF SPINNING SILK THREAD



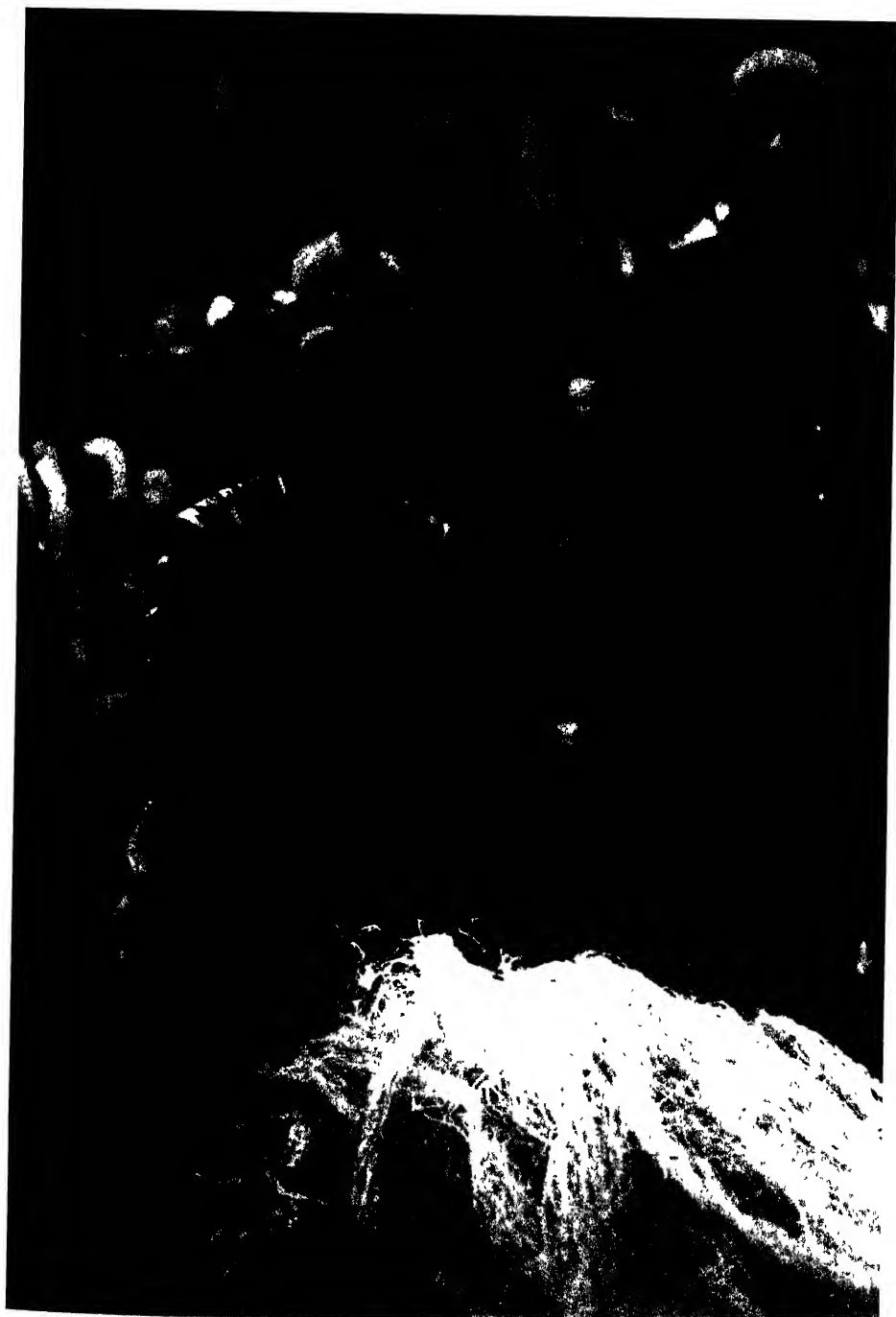
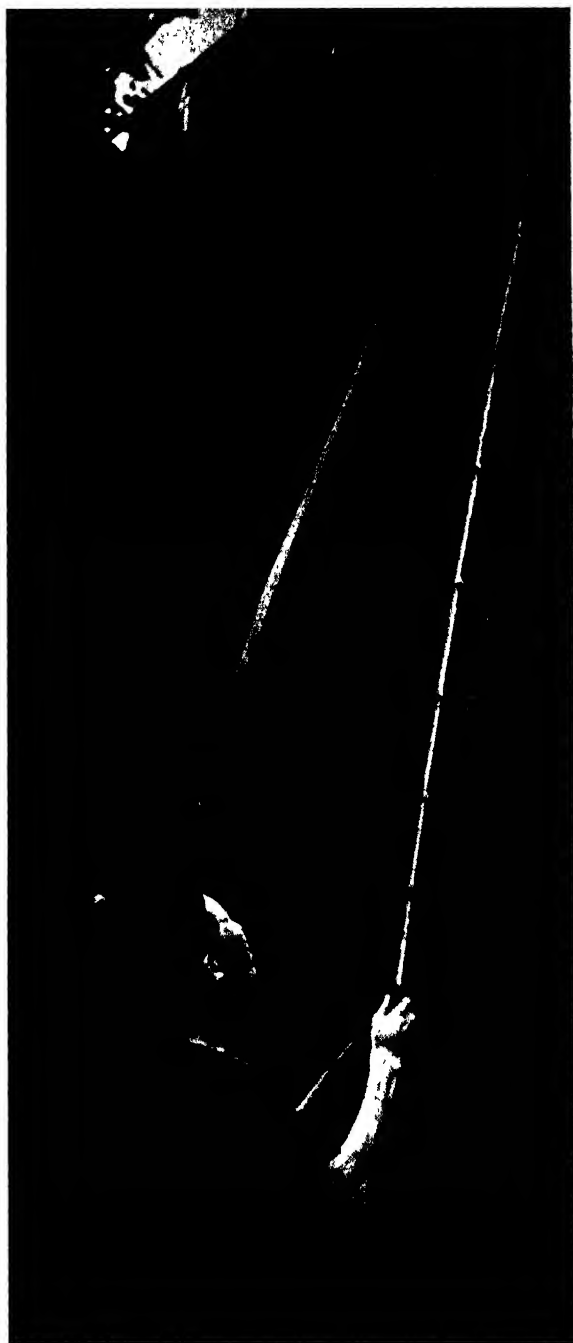
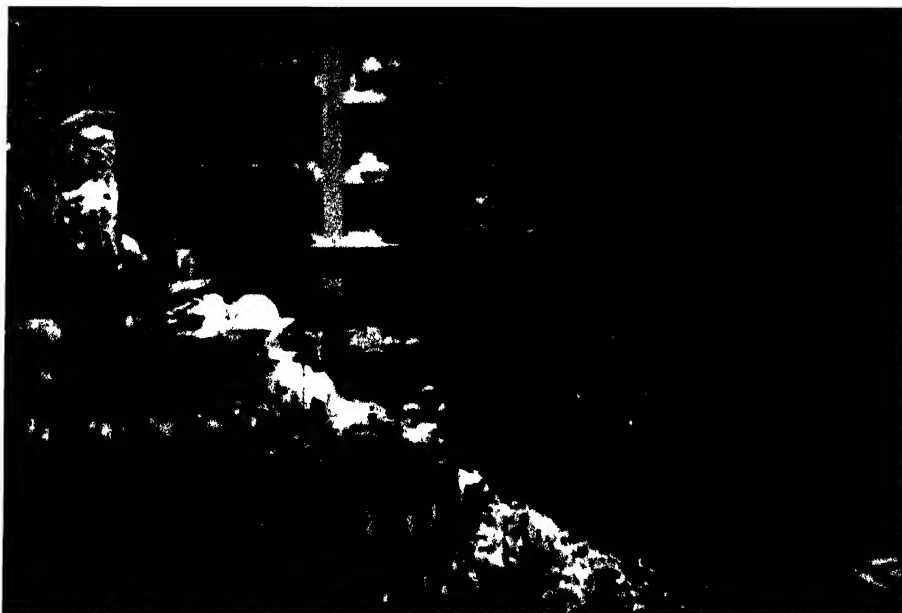


Figure 1. A view of the "Black" Chert area.





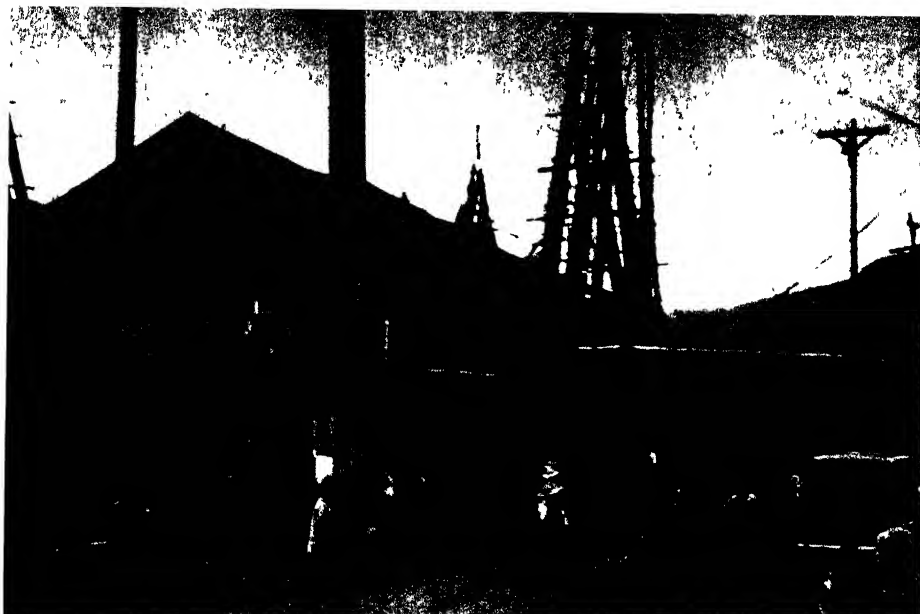
NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR



A Chinese pottery- and porcelain-shop gracefully combines old and new







A salt-mine at Tseliuching, Szechuan. New machinery brings the old industry up to date



WOMANHOOD

This is a glimpse of the Chinese people, whose heads are the scholars, whose foundations are the farmers. For the needs of all, the craftsmen create their goods and the merchants open their shops and set up the markets ; but China, to this day, is still a country of farmers and scholars. Her merchants traffic with all the world. Her craftsmen and her needlewomen produce goods precious in the sight of every nation. Her scholars have enriched the minds of the human family. Yet it is the plodding farmer without whom all the rest would perish. Many would put him first and foremost of all, but the Chinese have placed the scholar above the farmer ; mind before body—for that is her sense of values.

CHAPTER XV

WOMANHOOD

CHINA in the nineteenth century was generally regarded as unchanging. There must have been movement, for life does not stand still ; but the social and national changes that were taking place were hardly noticeable to the outside observer. Since then there have been two revolutions—in 1911 and in 1925. The foreign Manchus have been overthrown, and, with the coming of the Nationalist Revolution, everything seems to have been altered. Few countries are moving so rapidly as China to-day. Nowhere are the changes more apparent than in the status and position of her women. It is noteworthy that in Britain and the West there have also in the same period been quite radical changes.

We have almost forgotten the suffragette movement. Our women have entered the professions and taken their places in Parliament and municipal councils. It has come to be taken for granted that a girl shall be equipped for some career, until marriage and the cares of the home absorb her energy. If calamity comes to her home she will then already possess the training that will enable her to go out and support herself and her children if need be. All this has culminated in the A.T.S., the W.A.A.F., the W.R.N.S. and the other uniformed and national services in which she has stood by her brother and her husband in the day of national emergency. How amazed our Victorian grandmothers would be to see the transformation that every one now takes as a matter of course !

In China in the same period a similar movement has been taking place, but a movement much more astonishing.

As China and her population are to Britain in size, as the Yangtse is to the Thames in length and volume, so are the changes in womanhood in China to those in Britain in kind and in significance. Woman has come to her new place in China, without a women's movement. She has stepped and is stepping into it quite naturally as part of the whole revolutionary movement. While in the West there is still some sense of strain and struggle, the modern Chinese woman's experience is rather, "But I was free born." This is very remarkable and not what would have been anticipated. It is also far from universal. To change the womanhood of 460 million people is a colossal task and not to be accomplished in a generation. The tendency is there and is unmistakable. The Nationalist slogan of "equality of the sexes" means precisely what it says, and the modern Chinese woman goes along the path of freedom and equality as though she had never trodden any other road. She walks with a poise and an independence that are entirely natural.

In 1900, the Boxer year, old conservative China rose in frenzied revolt against the innovations of the West. The anti-foreignism of that rising involved not only foreigners of all sorts, but all who used their wares.

For a man to be found in possession of a box of matches ("foreign fire") meant that he would be immediately done to death. This was China's frantic death-struggle against Western change. The Boxer revolt, which shocked the Western world, was conducted under the patronage of one of China's old-time women, the notorious Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi. The contrast between that ignorant, superstitious, but immensely powerful Empress and some of the charming, enlightened, and influential women of to-day is the measure of the change in China's womanhood that has taken place in little more than a generation. Neither Tzu Hsi nor the modern college-educated woman is typical of all her sisters, but they are symbolic of the old and of the new. There were plenty of women in those days neither ignorant nor superstitious overmuch. There are multitudes of women in these days leading the old-fashioned, unenlightened life of their grandmothers. Yet there has been a change in the atmosphere, and everybody knows it. There is a new way of life and every one is conscious of it. The life of China's womanhood is on the move. No change can be more radical for good or for evil.

How to do justice to the new way of life without getting the picture out of proportion is the difficulty. For the change is much more fundamental and much more rapid than in the West and, at the same time, less complete.

The books that were written about China in the nineteenth century told of the infanticide of girl babies, of footbinding, of concubinage, of infant betrothal, of marriage customs very different from those of the West, of the ignorance and the general subservience of women to their men-folk.

Much was made of the tyranny of the mother-in-law in the old Chinese home. Then something was said of the *Ya-t'u*, the "girl slave," if that be the right word, and her sufferings. China was then a strange, weird country, badly out of date. The world was not quite unaware of her porcelain, silk, satin, linen, tea, ivories, and other goods which travellers brought home for the delight of their friends. That picture, however cleverly it was painted, contained little of the soul of China.

She seemed so different, and therefore so wrong, because those who wrote their travellers' tales wrote largely from the outside. China was a museum of which they were showing the exhibits. It was all true in a way, but a dead sort of truth—of the laboratory rather than of the living organism. China was petrified. There is no question of that. In this new and living period China is no longer immobile, but most tremendously alive. Then she seemed to be the survival of a medieval or even an ancient world, hardly in touch with man alive.

The great fact about women in traditional China was the enormous significance placed on motherhood. That was her glory. To be the mother of a son gave her fulfilment and dignity. Ignorance, subservience, even cruelty of a mother-in-law, were all of no account when a Chinese woman had given birth to her son. When, through the years, you heard a young man call out in his pain or distress "*O-tih liang ah*," "*O-tih liang ah*" ("Mother of mine!" "Mother of mine!") you realized how firm was the bond of affection between the Chinese mother and her son. The grown Englishman remembers at such times his wife or lover. The grown Chinese called then at least, and perhaps still calls, for his mother. You could have a second wife, but you could not have a second mother, or that was what they said and thought—and all your life was drawn from her. She was home to you, and her authority counted with you more than any other woman's to your dying day.

Then why, if this was the relationship of a woman to her son, why this scandal and apparent callousness of infanticide? The answer is not a simple one. No one could ever live in China and be unaware of China's love for children, but the China of the nineteenth century was an old civilization, in which the rights of man had never been so clear as the rights of the family. At that date neither man nor woman really counted as far as Western independent eyes could see. It was the family that mattered. If that was true, as it was, of the adult it was still truer of the infant whose personality had not yet unfolded. Infanticide was not a peculiar Chinese custom. Many ancient nations practised it. Here is an extract from a letter from Hilarion, an Egyptian labourer, to Alis, his wife, dated Alexandria, June 17, 1 B.C. : "If thou art delivered, if it was a male child, let it (live) ; if it was female, cast it out."

That Egyptian father had the right to send such a letter. Neither his wife nor anyone else in those days challenged that right. It was part of the tradition of his people.

In China, too, the right was unchallenged, but poverty was the driving-force. However poor, you must continue the family. If a boy was born, once over the period of infancy he became a permanent asset to the family and increased its man-power and earning-power. At the end of the day the girl baby was destined for some one else's family. If, under these circumstances, there was just no hope of rearing her then poor folks got rid of their infant girls—and might the gods forgive them for doing so. Such a practice varied enormously with varying conditions. It occurred rarely, if ever, in the homes of the well-to-do. It was a necessity of poverty. It was a matter for parents to decide, and there was also the hope that some good-hearted person would intervene and save the life of a castaway baby. No one approved, and yet none were found to challenge the power of life and death of the parents over their new-born children. It was just the survival of an elder civilization. Yet, undoubtedly, actions like these had their effect upon the evaluation of the sexes. The boy was a necessity in every home. The girl was essentially needed for motherhood in some one else's home. How could you but value your boys above your girls, however life might ultimately work out in the affectionate relationships of the family?

Another survival from older times that used to work out to the detriment of women was the practice of concubinage. A Chinese never had more than one legal wife, however many women might be living in the home. Most Chinese never could afford to keep more than one

woman as a wife and helpmeet. So that, just as infanticide was a matter for the poorer homes, concubinage was a concern of the well-to-do. Once more the need for sons might be the deciding factor. In a poor home, if the wife after long years had failed to become the mother of a son, some relative's son might be adopted and become the heir, without whom the family could not be continued or the ancestral worship be performed. In a wealthier family the sonless wife might beg her husband to take a concubine that, through her, sons might be born to the house. As in the Old Testament, the sons of the concubine were legally the children of the wife, and so the generations were continued. Human nature, East or West, has its temptations and its frailties, and there were less worthy reasons than this for the practice of concubinage, which was fairly common among the richer and the official classes. When did monogamy come to the Western world? Is there any clear and definite evidence of the date? One thing is clear. Monogamy has everything to do with the dignity and status of womanhood. There have been famous courtesans in the history of China, as of other ancient people, but their influence has been baneful and degrading to their sex as well as destructive to the life of their people. In new China monogamy is the ideal, though not the universal, practice. Chinese women may be trusted to be shrewd enough to look after the interests of their sex, now that times have altered.

Infant betrothal dies hard in the countryside, but the trend is unmistakable. It was an arrangement tied up with the old home organization of the nineteenth-century China. It was safe and universal. It meant that practically every boy and girl in the land looked forward to the fulfilment of marriage. There were very few bachelors or spinsters to live their life as best they might. It was a practice unattractive to Westerners—especially perhaps to British and Americans, for whom marriage has long been a very personal and individual matter. It is a matter that depends upon one's conception of the home and of the individual. It was the continuity of the home that weighed in Chinese tradition and with Chinese parents. It was their inescapable duty to see that their sons were affianced, as babes, to girls they might never see till their wedding-day. Strange as the custom seems to us, it was not strange when for father and grandfather and endless generations back marriage had been practised in this way. In the sphere of mutual affection it was often surprisingly successful. Yet no one was thinking particularly of affection. The girl was thinking of motherhood, and the

boy was thinking of the continuation of his family. It was not companionship, but the whole family unit and its continuity, that held the central place in everybody's thought.

Modern Chinese boys and girls desire to choose their life partners for themselves. On the whole, their parents, perhaps with a sigh and a shrug, have acquiesced in the new order of marriage. It must not be thought that the change has come as yet to all the innumerable villages of China, but it may be assumed that such boys and girls as go to middle schools or colleges will have nothing to do with infant betrothals. On an equal basis they fall in love and choose their own life partners, just as we of the West. The pressure and advice of the family may still count for more than it does with us, but love, courtship, marriage, and divorce are increasingly, East and West, now on parallel lines. The Chinese have made this fundamental change with, on the whole, surprisingly little upheaval and dislocation. This freedom and equality of individual choice adds to the dignity and emancipation of woman ; but it is not free from dangers and tragedies from which women in the old-fashioned home were protected.

It is hard to dissociate the former inequalities of the sexes from the teachings of Chinese tradition and religion. Confucius had little to say about women. After all, for long years he was a wanderer on the face of the earth and had perhaps too little time to think of these things. Anyway, he was no innovator. What happened in the time of Yao and Shun was the ideal relationship of which he thought.

To Confucius is attributed the definition of the duty of the good woman as the "three followings." As a girl she 'followed' her father ; as a wife she 'followed' her husband ; as a mother she 'followed' her son. However these followings be defined, they do not denote equality of the sexes. The interests of the male were always paramount. Confucius believed in a meticulously organized society ; and this is the subordinate place he definitely assigned to woman.

What, on the whole, happened down the centuries was that the best of the food, the best of the clothing, the best of the education, the best of life came to the man and the boy. Human nature is human nature the world over, and there have always been plenty of able and masterful women ; but life's hardships fell upon them in much greater proportion than they did in the West at the same date. Above all, while learning and education were only enjoyed by the privileged boys, for girls these things were practically non-existent till the new life from the West and

the revolutions of the twentieth century put the sexes on an equal status. Now in theory there is universal education for all, but there is a heavy lag to be made up in the case of the girls. It is not clear either in East or West that the solution lies in identical education for boys and girls.

This is an age of experiment, and the experiments will not be concluded for many a long day. Given the equality of the sexes, which now in China as in Britain has been accepted, the outworking of what it all means may be left to the passage of time to disclose.

The Buddhist religion, which, after Confucianism, has been hitherto the most powerful influence on Chinese life, had something to do with the former position of women. Buddha seemed to look upon woman as a temptress. When all desire, both of good and of evil, is a thing to be avoided, when homes and shops and all the affairs of this world are to be eschewed for the blessings of Nirvana, it is difficult to see what other attitude he could adopt. "The desire of thine eyes," the Lord says to the stricken Hebrew prophet of his wife. "The desire of my heart," says the normal woman in every land, of her first-born. This woman, desired and desiring, Buddha places a little lower than her man. The theory of the transmigration of souls must put her somewhere on the endless wheel of life. She must be either higher or lower than her mate; and Buddha has put her lower. That good Confucian woman who had 'followed' perfectly her father, her husband, and her son had, according to the transmigration theory, the reward of returning to this earth a boy and not a girl, a man and not a woman. It seems crude and humorous and a little shocking. To how many such traditions were a matter of serious belief it is not easy to say. At any rate, it is quite clear that Buddhism, as practised in China, like Confucianism, had no high place for womanhood. It remained for the West, inspired by a different outlook on life, to give woman that place of equality which, under the Nationalist regime, is every woman's birthright.

Now, as her sisters in the West, she claims her own individual rights. She chooses her own profession and work. She builds her own home, teaches her own children, and takes a new place in society.

Yet this new order must be seen in its true proportions. All is not finished when the standard is set. There are 460 millions in China—of many degrees of progress and backwardness. What can truthfully be said is that a new day has dawned for China's womanhood. Who can foresee what noon-day will be like? It will be immeasurably different

from the twilight of the past, not only for woman herself, but for every part of life where her influence may be extended. There is nothing in the changes of the last forty years so fraught with consequences of weal or woe in China as the new outlook, the new purpose, and the new individuality that have come to China's daughters.

CHAPTER XVI

HOME

CHINA and Britain are at one in their intense love for home. The conviction that "There's no place like home" is fully shared by every Chinese I have ever known. In fact, home and home ties mean perhaps more to the Chinese than to any other nation on the face of the earth. This is one of their most attractive qualities, and more needs to be made known about it.

When a man becomes a Buddhist priest he is said to *ch'uh chia*—"go out of, or leave, home." Actually he leaves everything. He forgoes not only home and wife and children, parents and grandparents and relatives; he gives up his family name and becomes just *Tseng*, or *Ho Shang*—i.e., "Monk"—and has no surname. He leaves business, shop, and farm, and all the professions and activities of life through which money is derived and gained. He eats meat no more, but contents himself with rice and vegetables. He wears no fine clothing and eschews the colourful raiment in which Chinese, on occasion, delight. He adopts the plain grey Buddhist robe. He has no home of his own except a temple, which is public and not private property. All the world and things of the world he leaves behind him with all their glitter and desire. He really goes out of the 'world,' but the Chinese say that he "goes out of the home." For all their world that matters is their home, and a man who leaves home leaves everything worth while.

In the teaching of Confucius all China is just one home. "All under heaven are one family," he says; and again, "All within the four seas are brethren." He is not speaking of the world, but of the world of China, when he uses such words. The world of China, as Confucius found and left it, was a world ordered by the "Ruler on high," or "Heaven," as he preferred to say. The Emperor, ordained by heaven, was called the "Son of Heaven." That may not have been meant

Invasion and Expansion

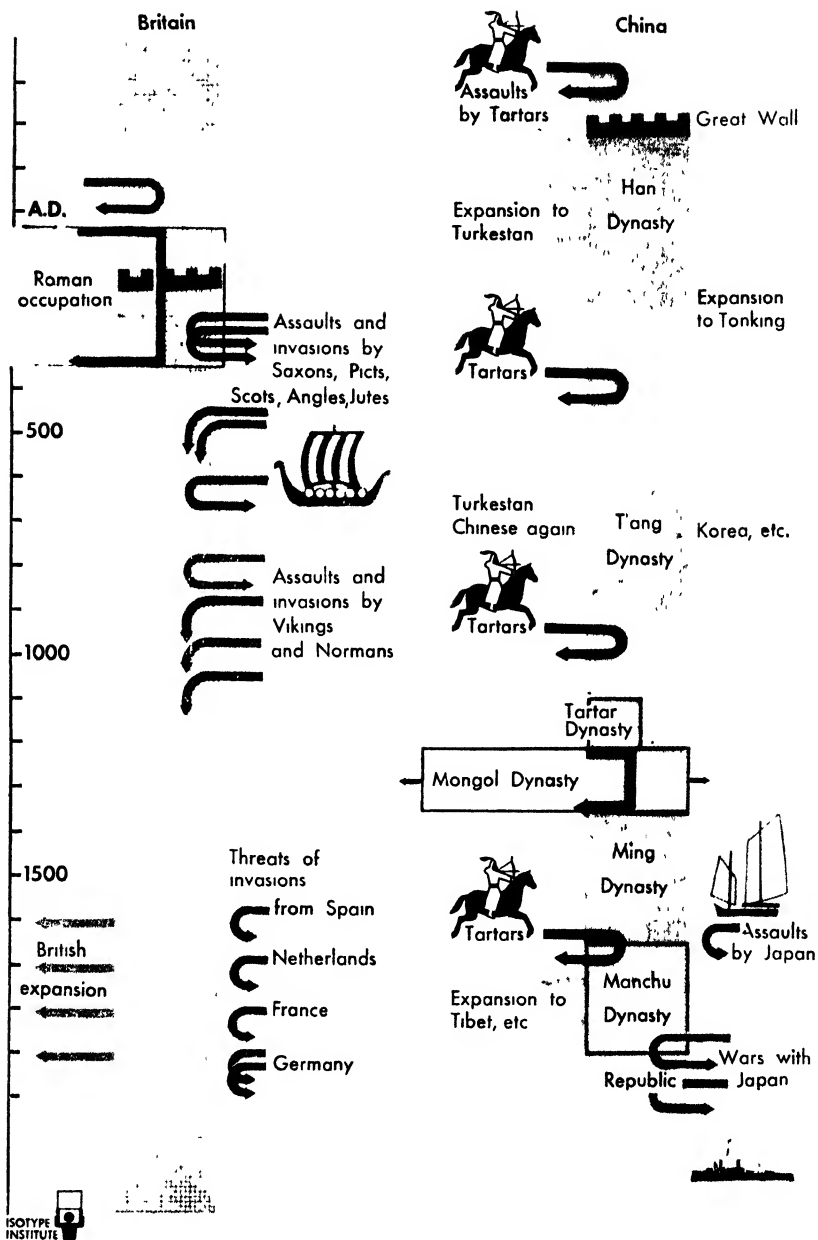
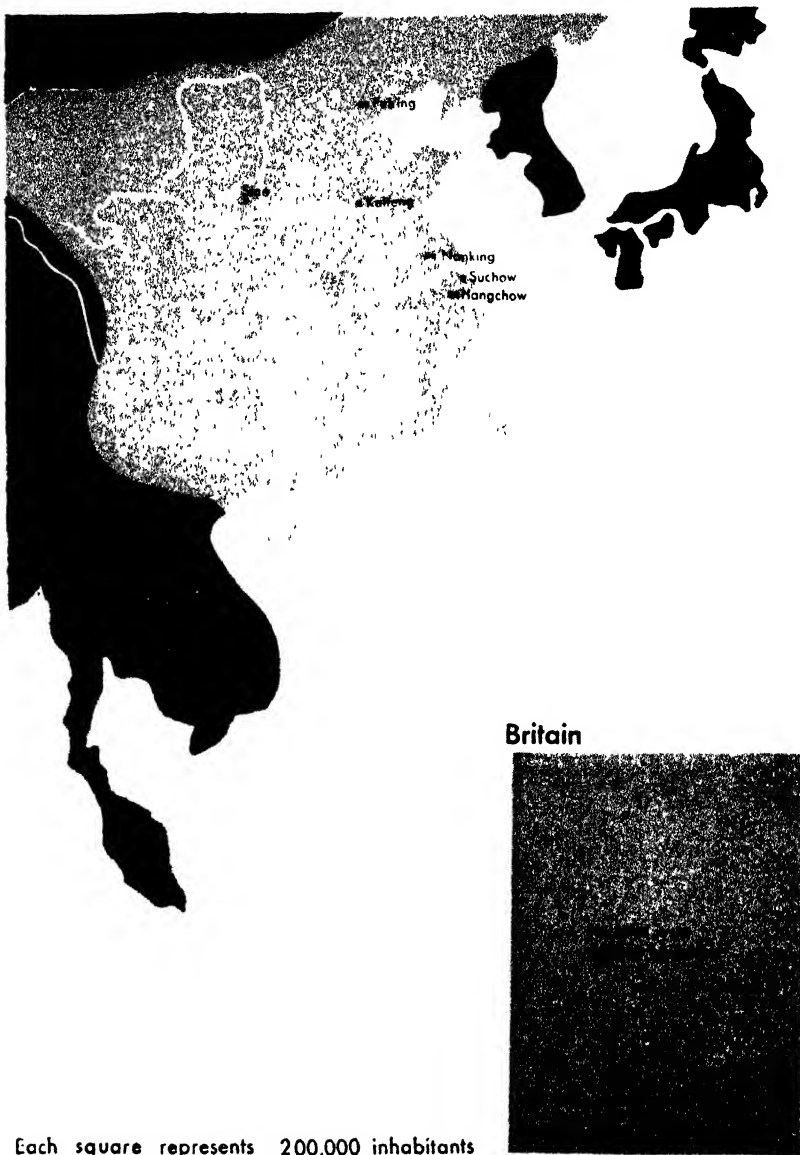


CHART II

Big Cities in the Far East and in Britain

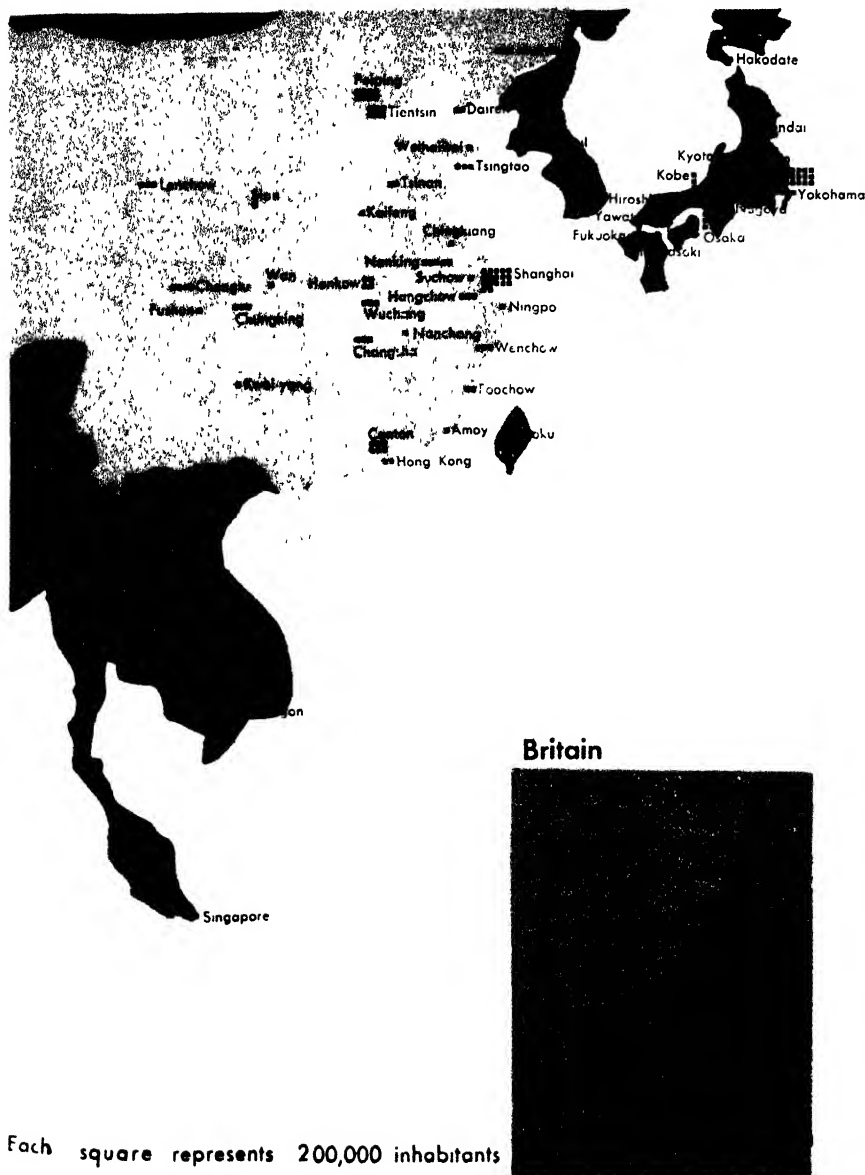
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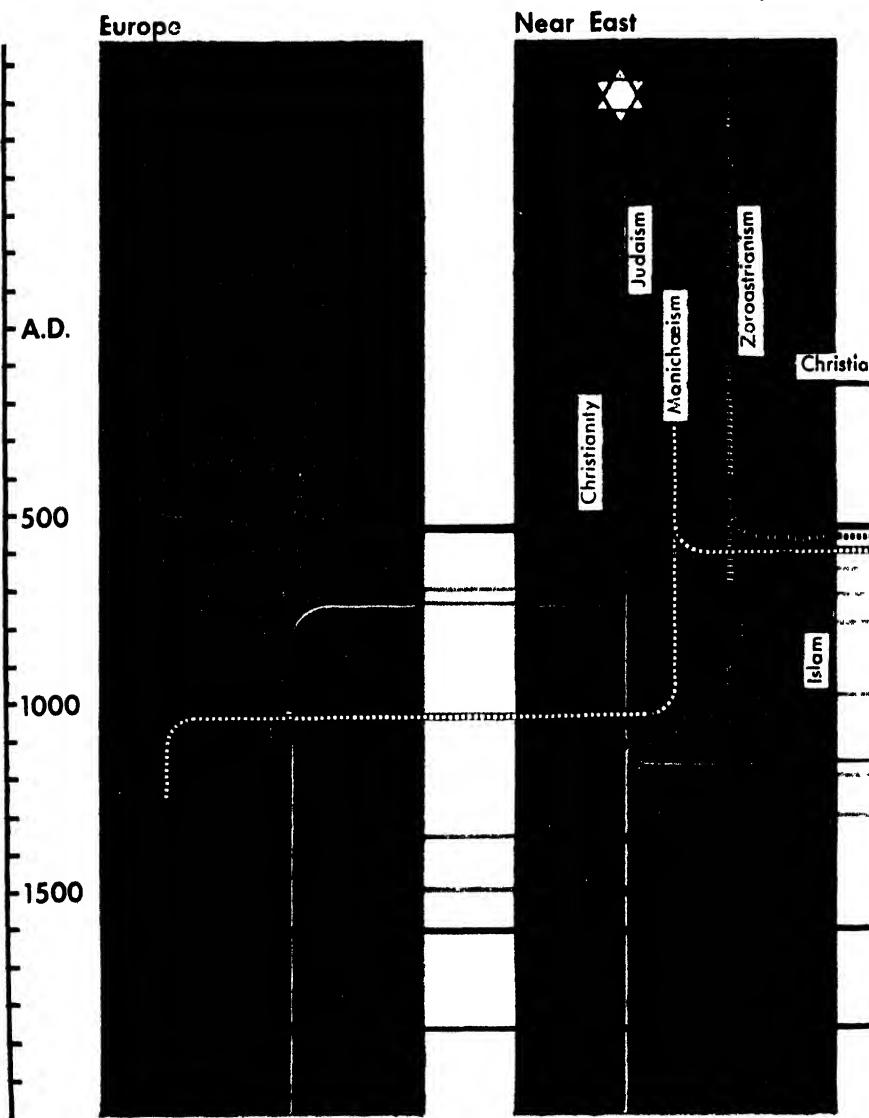
Each square represents 200,000 inhabitants

Big Cities in the Far East and in Britain

1930



Religious Contacts between West and E



India

China

Hinduism

Buddhism

Confucianism









Taoism

Thomas

Nestorians



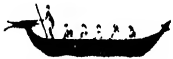



Popular Festivals in England

Calendar

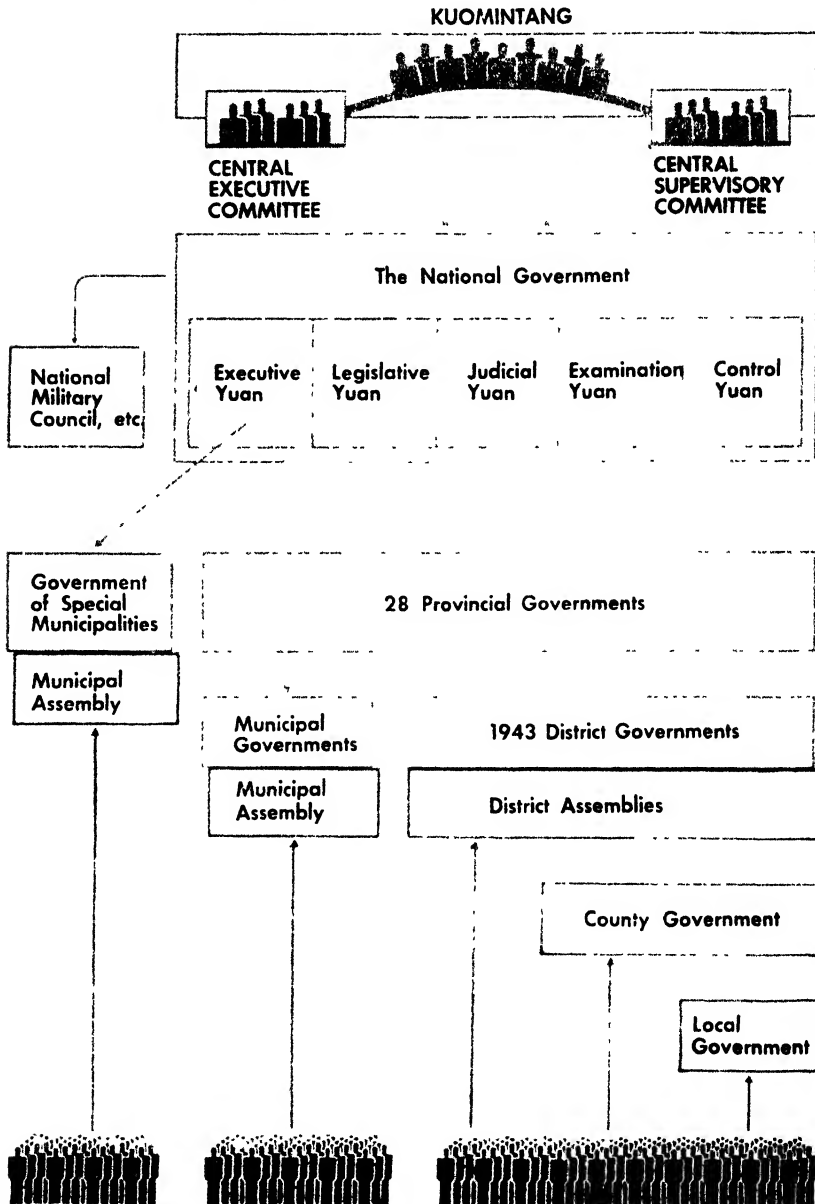
January		
February		
March		
April	 	BOAT RACE EASTER
May	 	DERBY DAY WHITSUN
June		
July		
August		BANK HOLIDAY
September		
October		
November	 	GUY FAWKES ARMISTICE
December		CHRISTMAS

Popular Festivals in China

Calendar

1st moon		NEW YEAR FEAST OF LANTERNS
2nd moon		
3rd moon		FESTIVAL OF TOMBS
4th moon		
5th moon		DRAGON BOAT FESTIVAL
6th moon		
7th moon		SPIRITS' FESTIVAL
8th moon	 10th October	DOUBLE TENTH CHINESE REPUBLICAN DAY
9th moon		
10th moon		
11th moon		
12th moon		NEW YEAR'S EVE

China's Pre-War Government Scheme



HOME

literally. It may have meant he was the heavenly one—nearest to heaven's nature. Generally, however, he was simply described as the Son of Heaven. Of his relationship to his people there was no question. He was conceived of as the father and mother of them all. So, not literally but nevertheless in a true sense, you descended from emperor to viceroys, viceroys to prefects, prefects to county magistrates—who were generally called the "father-mother officials." Under them were heads of clans and families, until you came to the least and lowest of the individual Chinese.

They were not divided ; they were one body, all bound together by the cement of filial piety. The five relationships of prince and Minister, father and son, husband and wife, older brother and younger brother, friend and friend, were relationships of those who were really related by their kinship in this one Chinese family. The Emperor, worshipping at the Altar of Heaven, was the high priest and father of his people performing ancestral worship, not only for himself, but for the entire family of the sons of Han. The family for millennia has been the root idea of China's national life. It meant that the people were both most free and most bound. They were bound by the family rules, regulations, and traditions, of which Confucius was the great expositor. Yet, after all, they were sons not slaves and carried in themselves the dignity of being members of the Chinese family. How proudly the humblest of them spoke of "our China" and her customs. They were talking then of the home which had given them life, and that home of theirs was older and more glorious than any other nation of which they had ever heard.

CHAPTER IV

The Chinese are a hard-working race, but they do have holidays occasionally. Instead of the weekly Sunday's rest, the first and fifteenth of each month are special days—"small feasts," as they call them. At the larger feasts there is real holiday-making. They are "Ch'ing Ming Chieh" in the spring, "the feast of clear brightness," when the graves are visited, the grass cut, and worship to the dead performed. Then there is the "Dragon-boat" festival, "Wu Yueh Wu," on the fifth day of the fifth month, when there is racing on the rivers. The boats are packed with rowers paddling with short oars, and there is often loss of life. There is another great festival in the seventh month, when special gifts are offered to the spirits of deceased ancestors. Houses, chairs, tables, and other goods all made of paper are burned and transmuted for their use. In the eighth month there is the "Moon Feast," a harvest

festival really, when mooncakes are eaten. Above all, there is China's New Year.

At this New Year's Festival all shops are shut for three days, and the bigger ones for at least a fortnight. It is the holiday of the whole year—everybody's holiday. It is above all the home holiday, when all who can manage the journey go home. There is sweeping and cleaning in the home, renewal of the door-gods on the front door and the red paper strips of good wishes pasted above and by the sides of the door, worship of the ancestral tablets, feasting on New Year's Eve, fireworks to let the New Year in, and visiting on New Year's Day of near-by relatives, with eating of sweetmeats and drinking of tea. The kiddies are fitted out with paper lanterns made in the shape of birds and beasts and fixed on bamboo sticks. There are universal felicitations on the "crossing of the year," gossip of friends far and near, joy to the children, rest for the women, and home for all. It is the time when every one *hwei chia*—"goes home." The average Chinese in the streets, seeing the Church keeping Christmas, with its joy of the home, is often heard to call Christmas "Foreign New Year," so like in spirit does it seem to the way in which he celebrates the coming of his lunar year. So China's greatest annual festival is a home festival, which is quite natural among such a home-loving people.

China's homes to-day, like everything else in China, are passing through a time of change. You can now find almost every possible type of home, while forty years ago there was little variation, except, of course, between the rich and poor.

There is something about a Chinese home, old or new, that is still characteristic of the country and the people. Even the newest home is never quite the replica of the Western home. There is still an air of China about it. The modern Chinese lady, with her sheath gown and her comely and attractive coiffure, is like and unlike her Western sister. She does not imitate her Western sister, but adapts the principles that underlie the adornment of the woman of to-day to the dress of China. The result is modern but, at the same time, distinctively Chinese, as can be seen from any good photograph. So is it with China's modern home. With regard to the human side, like ours it is built up of husband and wife and their own children only. In the professional classes there is generally a woman servant to help with the children and the washing, and there may often be other assistance too; for labour is cheap, and there are often poor relations, only too glad to take their place in such a

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household. A grandmother or grandfather, especially if left alone, is often to be found in such a home. For the claims of filial piety remain very binding, and it is unthinkable in China that the old folks should be left solitary in their declining years. This sort of home is general throughout the world to-day. It is a city rather than a village home, professional rather than of the poorer classes. Husband and wife are there by their own free choice. The mother is educated and able to teach, as well as to train, her children. She cares more for food and its cooking, and less for the care of the house, than such a woman in Britain normally would. Somehow the Chinese don't seem to set the same value as we do on physical comfort in the home. The normal Chinese house has no fireplace nor inglenook round which the family may nightly gather. Fires are lit for cooking and, when the cooking is done, are allowed to die down. In the north fires are also lit under the brick stove-bed ; but, generally speaking, in the north or the south extra warmth and comfort in cold weather are obtained by sitting round a charcoal brazier with your feet on the wooden frame. Incidentally, all are equally near the glowing charcoal, and the warmth is fairly shared. There are no special warm corners. The open fireplace, with its pleasantly warming fire, seems to be something peculiarly British, which we only slowly, and never happily, exchange for the gas or electric fire. We have grown to love the leaping flames and make pictures to ourselves in the red-hot embers. American central heating, without that fireside blaze, has few attractions for us, however warming it may be.

In China you have neither fireside nor central heating to keep the cold away. You pile on clothes, lined with fur or cotton wool, and conserve your own heat. In the burning days of summer you wear the *shapoo* ("linen") gown or you dress in silk and are in lighter clothing than originally any British man or woman ever knew. Thus clad according to the seasons you are prepared against any degree of cold or heat, wherever you may be. It is not only useful to yourself, but considerate to others, that you are your own fireside ; and it makes you independent of everybody. Yet the Englishman will continue to say, "There's nothing to equal a coal-fire," and this as much in a poor as in a rich home.

In the average Chinese home there is less to spring-clean. On the walls are silken scrolls that need little but shaking and dusting with a feather mop. Carpets and upholstered furniture are much less normal than with us, and indeed are generally absent. In well-to-do homes

there is often an ornate guest-room with straight-backed wooden chairs, where guests may be feasted or entertained. Normally the family takes its food on backless benches or stools placed round a square, wooden table at which eight people may sit at once. The dog is apt to get under the table among the family's legs in the hope of picking up titbits.

The Chinese all seem to be natural cooks, and the comforts which you miss in the furniture are more than made up for by the pleasures of the table. Much has been written in various books about the occasional feasts in which the Chinese delight, but bird's-nest soup, sharks' fins, ancient eggs, and even squares of fat pork are not served at ordinary meals. The daily meal, varying as it does in our homes in Britain, is much simpler. It is the daily, ordinary meal that has won name and fame for Chinese cooking. That is what the average resident in China comes so greatly to enjoy. Even to him the feast, with its luxuries and its many varied meat courses, is rather overwhelming. No one could live all the time on such rich fare.

In the country the morning and evening meal may at times be very frugal indeed, varying, of course, with the produce of the fields as the months follow one another throughout the year. In Central and South China the main staple is rice. It is steamed dry and unbelievably different from the soggy form in which rice is eaten as pudding in Britain. The rice comes from the kitchen soft and cooked, but each grain is separate from every other grain. The man of average appetite eats three or four bowls of this steamed rice to a meal. Everything else at the meal is just a relish to the rice. These other tasty titbits fill from three to six basins placed in the centre of the table. There is no serving except as a special favour and act of courtesy. You help yourself. Each person at the table has his or her own pair of chopsticks. With these chopsticks turnips, carrots, beans, and other vegetables, pork balls, fish or egg, and the universal bean-curd are picked from the central bowls by the person concerned and placed on the top of his own rice, in his own bowl, as he eats. It is usual to ladle gravy from one or other of the central bowls into your own basin by means of a china spoon, so as to prevent the food from being too dry. The gravies especially are very tasty, but all the food is beautifully cooked. Six assorted bowls in the centre constitute a first-class meal for an ordinary family. There are times for the poor man when there is nothing to eat with the rice except a dish of turnips or of bean-curd. The average peasant meal consists of three or four central bowls. How the Chinese housewife manages

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from her one big *ko* (a sort of large, broad frying-pan) to produce so many varied and succulent dishes is a mystery that will baffle many a woman in the West. That is how it is done, however hard it may be to credit the miracle. In such a meal there is no sugar, no butter, no milk, which is probably the reason why vegetable oil is so essential in cooking. The rice provides the starch that is a necessary ingredient of diet, and salt is judged to be quite indispensable. While the foreign guest is appreciating the different flavours and enjoying them all, the Chinese connoisseur is appraising the quantities of oil and salt that are somewhere in the meal. The Chinese realizes how essential are those two ingredients to his health ; and a deficiency in either is immediately noted. In the regular daily meal this is all. There is no soup or sweet. Both may be added and also a little fruit at a special meal, which still is less than a feast. Most people find themselves a little thirsty after a Chinese meal, and the final cup of tea, without milk or sugar, tends to assuage the thirst and helps to rinse the mouth from any lurking grain of rice.

The main difference between the northern and the southern meal is that, while the central bowls are much alike, the basins of rice are replaced in the north by bowls of soft white balls of flour, unleavened and cooked hot, about the size of small buns. These are in the north the main item of food, as rice is in the centre and the south.

For the rest, there are the famous Chinese feasts of twenty, thirty, or more courses. These are, more often than not, prepared at the local inn and, in any case, are not a part of the life of the ordinary Chinese household. There is great joy when a marriage, a sale, or an important occasion makes a feast inevitable. At the ordinary meal Chinese food is served steaming hot, but as preliminary to a feast there are little dishes of cold *hors d'œuvres* at which you may nibble till the main bowls, with their steaming contents, are brought in. These little dishes contain pea-nuts, and melon-seeds, quarters of oranges and dates, sweet ham and pickled eggs, sliced meat and shrimps, and other endlessly various appetizers. Then follow large bowl after large bowl of meats and sweets. Only as one bowl is finished is the next brought in. No rice is eaten at the feast till all is over. You see, you can have rice any day, but this is a feast. When you have arrived at the point where you feel you can eat no more a tiny bowl of rice is given you, which you are only too glad to swallow and which, presumably, acts as a sort of piecrust to your lordly meal.

The kitchen and its stove hold a relatively more important place in the average Chinese than in the average British home. The outstanding amenity is food rather than furniture. Incidentally, the saving of housework in a Chinese home must be very great indeed. There are no knives, forks, spoons, nor all sorts of plates and dishes to be washed. The only cutting instrument that is required is a meat-chopper. Chopsticks, and a very limited number of basins, take the place of all our elaborate paraphernalia. Two great frying-pans, one for the rice and one for the other food, do all the cooking, and they are rapidly cleaned and constantly kept clean. The kitchen in the Chinese home is important in another way. It is there that the god of the kitchen, the recording angel of the Chinese home, resides. Each year-end this messenger takes the record of the good and evil doings of the house to the higher authorities. How far this is seriously believed and how far it is just a tradition will depend, like other idolatries, upon the religious fervour of the people living in any place. Simple folk regard these things differently from the sophisticated, and there have always been men and women of both types in China as in the West. The new home has little to do with such things. In the old home the beliefs and the traditions are more conventional. Taking an old home at random in the country, this, in general, is what you see. Outside, sitting in the sunshine, is the old grand-dad or even great-grand-dad with his staff and rheumy eyes. Stepping over the lintel, you find yourself in an open courtyard flanked, on the right and left, with store-rooms containing agricultural implements and whatever needs to be stored. Facing you is the main living-room of the house, where guests may be received and meals taken. In this room, or farther in the house, will be a little shrine with the tablet of the ancestors. Opening into this dining-room may be as many as four doors, each covered with a curtain, leading to the bedroom of a son and his wife or other family group. This courtyard, with surrounding rooms, is called a *chung*. In a small house the one *chung* may be all the accommodation there is, except the kitchen somewhere in the background. Over the rooms there may be lofts, rather for storage than for use. In a country home it is quite common to see a coffin or coffins in the loft above the doorway; it is a great comfort to the old folks who own them to know that they will not be vilely cast away. To provide a coffin for your old father is a part of filial piety, which cares for his needs in death as in life. Some country homes consist of three or four or even seven of these *chung*. This does not mean that a family requires twenty rooms or

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more ; but it does give accommodation in a prosperous house for two or three generations of the family, cousins as well as brothers, if the family be still undivided as was the ideal in China.

Contrary to common belief, the smaller unit in such a homestead is generally estimated at five 'mouths'—two parents and three children. In a large house of seven *chung*, after you have reckoned for guest-rooms and storage you still have room to accommodate a very large number of people—thirty or forty quite easily. It is this group of three or four generations, with their collateral relations, that comprises the traditional household of China's countryside. That is the home unit rather than the modern home or the individuals that compose it.

It was this homestead in which the so-called mother-in-law was dominant. She was far more frequently grandmother than mother, and she had to manage and protect the not inconsiderable number of women in the house. Her power grew to be great among the men-folk too. She was the great upholder of tradition. She was always there, often masterful and sometimes cruel. It was this harsher side that was too often noted in the books of Westerners.

Yet some of these old ladies have faces as full of peacefulness as of character, and it is difficult to see how such a home could have been maintained and run without such an acknowledged head. This old home held together ; its cement was filial piety ; its problems were jointly faced. No single soul had vital decisions to make in the way that he is called to face them in the modern home. This grouped household was a cell in the organized village, and the village was a larger cell in the clan. Here you have the social structure of the nation.

This is the home to which there has been such loyalty down the ages. This is the home they look back to with affection. Between this old country home and the modern professional home there are all sorts of gradations to-day. In the congested city the poor home is often but one room in a tenement, round a common courtyard, or above a shop. Then there have always been the variations due to varying degrees of wealth and culture.

Whatever be the home, whether old or new, rich or poor, that is the place where China's affections are set and by which China's long civilization has continued. There is no other part of life in which the British and the Chinese are so one at heart.

GOVERNMENT

WITHIN the last forty years China has had three different types of government: imperial, republican, and nationalist. Not one of these three forms of government is like the sort of limited monarchy that exists in Britain and the British Commonwealth of nations. The Nationalist Government is that which controls the country to-day. That Government has come out of China's immediate past and also out of her contacts with other World Powers. Many criticisms would not have been made of China had the critics realized the nature of the Government they were judging. China has been accused of denying the people liberty of speech and liberty of the Press. There is not perfect liberty anywhere, for unbounded liberty for every individual spells anarchy. It is possibly true that America and Britain are the freest countries in the world to-day; but that does not mean that everything permissible in the United States would be allowed in England and *vice versa*. One has only to compare the different positions of the Labour movement in these two countries to see how difficult it is even to judge two Western, English-speaking countries by identical standards. You must judge a country partly by its own background and history. It is no more useful to judge China by modern British standards than it is to condemn Britain because she is not ruled according to the Nationalist politics of China. The essential thing is to understand the differences as well as the similarities of modern nations. They are not going to agree or help one another unless they are first recognized for what they are.

The present Government of China, as the Governments of any and all lands, has come out of her own political history. Being China, you would expect her Government to be a practical attempt to meet a practical situation. Let us try to understand what has happened in recent years. Governments, as well as peoples, have to work with one another. The underlying need is first to know one another. Here, then, is an outline of the recent political history and structure of China.

The Imperial Period

The Manchus, whose rule came to an end in 1912, had largely followed the general imperial policy they found when they overcame the Ming dynasty and took possession of the country in A.D. 1644. From long before the days of Confucius China had been an empire. The

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"Son of Heaven" had been "king of all the kings" in China. Doubtless there were periods when the emperor's control was little more than nominal. The notorious Ch'in Shih, who completed the Great Wall to keep the northern invaders out, was a tyrannical emperor who ruled China with a thoroughgoing subjection. There is no gain in outlining the history of China from his death in 207 B.C. to the coming of the Manchus.

Whatever be the ups and downs of history the imperial idea was always there. An emperor ruled the country, and his officials were generally Confucian scholars selected by a civil service examination and appointed by the throne. In Manchu times the emperor lived in Peking in the "Forbidden City." The splendours of that city are still there to-day for all to see. It was really one great palace with roofs covered with gilded tiles. The lofty halls were supported on huge lacquered wooden pillars. There were public throne rooms and private suites for the imperial family. There were marble terraces and bridges, bronze animals and sacrificial urns. To-day it is an imperial museum with many of the belongings of the Empress Dowager, Tzu Hsi, set out in glass cases. It takes but little imagination to hear the walls talking of the scenes that they have witnessed. What deeds of darkness they have seen! What dread filled the heart of the highest officials in the land as they prostrated themselves before the Imperial Presence! They made obeisance before the Son of Heaven even as he bowed himself on the Altar of Heaven before the Most High God. There were the powerful eunuchs with their dark intrigues, and the imperial bodyguard whose barracks were under the very walls of the city. It was here that the emperor gave audience to the ambassadors of foreign Powers and expected them to salute him with the abject obeisance of high Chinese officials. This was an immediate cause of conflict with countries whose ambassadors had for long centuries bowed the knee and prostrated themselves before no one lower than God.

It is strange to think now that the mystery and awe of the forbidden city was over all the land as late as 1911 and that the occupant of the throne then was an absolute, unlimited monarch and tyrant, whose every whim must be obeyed. This was imperial China, and it is little more than thirty years since that dread authority was for ever destroyed. Modern dictators, with all their might, are very small figures by the side of the old emperor of China. They might have their eighty millions. He had absolute and unchallenged authority over 460 millions. He was

the heir to all the emperors of all the centuries. He took his place in an established order that looked as if it would never change.

The country was divided into eighteen provinces, each with its provincial city, in which the viceroy, or the governor, held sway on behalf of the throne. These men were officials of great ability and experience, of proved capacity and loyalty to the imperial throne. It was their function to administer the country between them and send the agreed tribute to the emperor. Censors, in the capital and in the provincial cities, watched over the administration with a view to impeaching the officials if there were dereliction of duty. Thus the officials were limited by the emperor, by the censors, and by the law. It was hoped they would be good and faithful stewards of the emperor. They were his servants appointed by him. Under them were the county magistrates, with their lesser state, but they, too, were loyal servants, in turn and in their degree, to the emperor. It was imperial government. The people's only weapon, besides the censor, was revolt. That was the imperial system, something like that in the Roman Empire. It was imposed from above but accepted by the people—for some one must govern. "The heaven has not two suns," the proverb ran, "nor the people two kings." Yet alongside this was the natural organization of village life under the village elders. As long as the taxes came in regularly and the people were at peace no great demands were made on the viceroys and the lesser officials. There was no strict, central, party machine to see that every jot and tittle of the law was observed. On the whole, even the taxes were light and the hand of the emperor gentle compared with many of the regimes the world has lived to see. It has to be remembered that this imperial China was, in the main, agricultural and that the bulk of the people lived, as they still do, on the whole, in villages.

Life was busy. 'Mouths' had to be fed. There was no time to take every matter large and small to the magistrate. Was not the village in essence a family? Was it not natural for a family to manage its own affairs? Were there not elders, full of years and experience, who could settle most differences? Ninety-nine matters out of a hundred in the villages were settled, if need be, by an appeal to the elders. Only exceptional affairs needed to go as far as the magistrate in the county town. So ingrained was all this in the lives of the people that when in 1911 the imperial power was shattered and the imperial Government destroyed, and all men seemed to do what was right in their own eyes, the country held together, as it always had done, under the family

organization and the counsel of the village elders. The roof had been destroyed, but the real structure of the country was still there. China under the emperors was two things. It was an absolute monarchy and a social family structure. In the worship at the Altar of Heaven the two things were combined.

The Republican Period

From 1912 to 1925 China was a republic in the commonly accepted meaning of the term. There was an elected House of Representatives, which the British people called the Parliament. There was nothing wrong about the name unless it was concluded that the word 'Parliament' denoted the same thing in the East as in the West. To Thomas Carlyle they would have been, East and West alike, just futile "talking-shops." To those who have patience to inquire it becomes clear how very different popular assemblies may be, even when they are called by the same name. The British Parliament, the Mother of Parliaments, has meant many different things throughout its history. Its story is a record of struggle for the liberty of the people against the arbitrary or divine authority of kings and the traditional powers of the nobility. Hitherto its struggle has been, on the whole, one of the Left against the Right wing of political power. Latterly entirely new political conceptions have arisen as far as the modern world is concerned, and that same British Parliament has committed itself to the struggle against arbitrary power in international life, called as it may be by various names.

So within Britain Parliament has meant different things at different times and in different circumstances. The short life of Parliament in China meant something that Britain had not experienced—for our history had not been China's history. She had come at one bound out of a political system in which Assyrians, Babylonians, and Imperial Romans would have been at home to the most modern thing the world had yet seen in governments. She liked to set herself beside France and America, the great modern republics. She had bypassed, on her way, the limited monarchy of Britain.

Sun Yat-sen was probably right in his judgment that, under the circumstances then obtaining, there could be no half-way house between the tyranny under which he had grown up and which had pursued him over land and ocean and the freedom there was in the heart of every Chinese, which he wanted to see expressed in the political life of his country.

He was chosen first President. Who chose him is another matter. You can't do things in normal ways in a revolution. He yielded his place to Yuan Shih-Kai, and thus a somewhat progressive but old-type mandarin became President of the new Republic. The thoroughly up-to-date visionary, with extensive knowledge of the world and of nations, was soon in opposition not only to Yuan Shih-Kai but to the whole series of Presidents who succeeded him at very brief intervals. In those unsettled years politics were played with armies and with money. There was nothing unnatural in that. When the government of a country as big as Europe suddenly collapses fifteen years is a very brief space in which equilibrium can be established again. A Parliament was elected. A Cabinet directed policy. There was a Premier as well as a President. The three main parties represented in the Parliament were the Kung Hou Tang ('Republicans'), Kuo Min Tang ('Democrats'), and the She Hui Tang ('Socialists'), but the man-in-the-street simply did not know which was which. It was the old political struggle for power as far as he was concerned, and as long as he was quietly governed and able to get on with his farming and his business he did not care who ruled. It is difficult to see how you can have a people's government when the people are illiterate and politically ignorant. It had to be a game of the politicians. The party men must have known what their parties stood for. At least they had a loyalty to their leaders and their cliques. While Government after Government functioned after a fashion, quarrels in Parliament led to quarrels and fighting in the country, and in the general anarchy of the time generals did what was right in their own eyes, and maintained some sort of order where their writ was able to run. What the foreign observer was always hoping was that some better, stronger leader would arise able to unify the country by force of arms, and that he in turn would work with the Parliament for his country's good and become, indeed, a sort of Cromwell or Napoleon to his nation. In the course of the fifteen years a number of men, at different times, seemed not far from such a goal. Sun Yat-sen and his Kuo Min Tang friends were adamant on this issue. They had dethroned an emperor. They refused to have another. Yet some unifying power was essential if the country was to hold together. The Republic was confessedly a failure. Short of some overriding personality it could not succeed. That unifying power, on the death of Sun Yat-sen, was supplied by his Kuo Min Tang, now named the Nationalist Party. That is the power that is ruling now.

The Nationalist Period

In the obvious failure of the Republic in the fifteen years of its existence Sun Yat-sen came, by whatever means, to feel that a form of government parallel to that which was then unifying Russia might be more fitting to China's needs than a government modelled after the French or American pattern. Russia had been faced with the same problem of illiteracy and political apathy that Sun knew to be at the root of his difficulties in China.

Evolution from imperialism to republicanism, it was obvious, was a process that would require centuries, as it had in the West. If one party, with the true popular ideals, could capture the country a period of tutelage might follow, and ultimately China would be fitted for the freedom of which Sun Yat-sen had talked and dreamed. There were Communists in China. They form a well-co-ordinated and disciplined party. The Nationalist Party, in the interests of revolution, welcomed their alliance ; but the Nationalist Revolution was never communist in politics. It was definitely somewhat Russian in form and method, but that is all. In China, as in Russia, that party has set before itself the definite goal of the people's betterment. In China, as in Russia, three stages of activity are recognized as necessary—the military period, the tutelage period, and the achievement period. In China, as in Russia, the first stage is accomplished, and the second well advanced. In China, as in Russia, no opposition to the ruling and controlling party is, as yet, countenanced. The China method and the Russia method are parallel. Only one viewpoint is orthodox. There is no political opposition. To be in opposition is to be 'counter-revolutionary'—and that is still a serious matter in both countries. An Englishman can say in Hyde Park almost anything he likes. It is not often that a British newspaper is prosecuted, though in war-time there is no country where the hand of the censor is not heavy. In our homes or clubs or meetings we are well-nigh as free as the air we breathe.

This state of things is not true and cannot be true in China whether under imperial, republican, or nationalist rule. A country has to be very stable where such liberties are to be allowed. You can find them neither in China nor Russia. That is not to condemn the one country or the other. It is just a statement of fact, and unless the facts are appreciated China cannot be understood.

China has a President, a Premier, and a Cabinet, who consult with a Popular Assembly, of two hundred representatives selected by the

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Government, about its politics. At present the real power behind the Government is the Nationalist Party rather than the people, except in so far as the Party can reasonably be said to represent the mind of the people. By and large, the Nationalist Party has a true claim to represent the nation. It has cleared away the war-lords, it has ended all military opposition. There are none, except the Communists, with a rival programme and rival aims. Chinese Communists are Chinese before they are Communists, and there are more unlikely things in China than Communists of standing being incorporated into the Government.

The general aims of the Nationalists are "the People's Race, the People's Power, and the People's Life." The first has been achieved. China is conscious of her unity and cohesion. The second is on the way, but who can say when the people will really have the rule? The third will be the test of everything else. If the people are nourished and cared for they will endure a good deal from those who have the rule over them.

There is a growing desire among those interested in politics that the stage of real democracy should be reached. This desire is freely expressed; and there will be considerable disappointment if there should be undue delay in the promulgation of the new constitution.

It is premature in China to speak of political freedom, freedom of speech, or freedom of the Press. These freedoms are all interdependent. Yet it would be wrong to judge that China suffers from a Nazi, Fascist, or other espionage or repression. The greatest freedom of all, religious freedom, has been freely granted. Like Russia, China abounds in hope. Like Russia, she looks forward to a golden age.

When all criticism has been made, for anyone who remembers the imperial or republican period it is a joy to be alive in the China of the Nationalists.

What is to come no one can foresee, but it will be something with foundations. Nationalist China is not two decades old, but its roots are deep in the ages that are past. New China and old China are, after all, one people.

DEMOCRACY

POLITICALLY China is far from attaining a structure' that is as yet democratic in any generally recognized sense. Government is now, as it always has been, a matter for the expert and the specialist. She is facing in the direction of democracy. How rapidly she can move towards or how soon attain the goal of having a people's government will depend on the people themselves as well as on those who direct the affairs of State.

The problem is enormous. India will soon be facing a similar problem. How are you to let the people rule when they are as numerous as the total population of Europe and their country occupies a space as great as Europe? Politicians begin to talk about the United States of Europe. Merely to state the idea faces you with well-nigh insoluble problems. It would, of course, be easier in China; for here the people are already unified in race, in language, in customs, and in tradition. On the other hand, the masses of her people are not so politically conscious or so literate and educated as the masses of the people in Europe. The political problem of democracy in China can at present only be left on one side with the statement that the aim of the Nationalist Party is to make China in reality what it is now in name—the People's Country. This, however, is only a part of what we mean by democracy in China. There is a political scheme of democracy, but there is something deeper. That something deeper is one of the greatest and most important things to be known about China. In the end that 'something deeper' may be the natural path to political democracy.

Pearl Buck, the author of *The Good Earth* and of so many other vivid descriptions of China in all her brilliant writing, seemed to reach her greatest achievement in her translation of a fourteenth-century novel. The name of the novel in Chinese is *Shui Hu Chuan* (the three words, being translated, are water, brother, and chronicle, or novel). Finding the actual title difficult to translate, she says, "I have chosen arbitrarily a famous saying of Confucius to be the title in English, a title which in amplitude and in implication expresses the spirit of this band of righteous robbers." The title she chooses is *All Men are Brothers*—an adaptation of the Confucian phrase, "All within the four seas [*i.e.*, within China] are brothers." Had she translated, "All Chinese are brothers," she would have been still more accurate; for it was of China that Confucius was speaking. He knew no wider world. It is of China also that this

book is written. Later, in her preface to the translation, she terms the book "a picture of surprising faithfulness to the people it portrays. Nor is it a picture only of the China of the past. It is as truly a picture of to-day, and it is read by all classes of men with a perennial interest." She is speaking, of course, of the spirit and not of the letter. Literally it quite certainly is not a picture of China to-day or perhaps of any other day. It clearly is no nearer to fact than our stories of Robin Hood and Little John and their "merrie men." Yet one hopes the spirit of Robin Hood lives on in Sherwood Forest, however unpleasant it might be now, as it would have been then, to meet Robin Hood's followers under the greenwood-tree.

It will be news to many that China has in *All Men are Brothers* the story of a Chinese company of "righteous robbers," and that the spirit of the book is something that is true in China to-day as it was five hundred years ago and perhaps has ever been. This spirit is practical, rather than political, democracy, and it is that spirit that it is essential we should understand.

Under the Manchu dynasty (1644-1912) *All Men are Brothers* was suppressed. It contained too free a spirit for the imperialistic sway of a foreign dynasty. On the other hand, the Communist Party has issued a special edition claiming that it is the "first Communist literature of China." This book, in various editions, has been read with joy and handed down from generation to generation for five or six centuries. No book can have such a history that does not fit into the life of the people. The spirit of *All Men are Brothers* is the spirit of democracy. These "righteous robbers," as Pearl Buck calls them, are up and about redressing wrongs and strengthening the weak hands of those who are right. They, a few outlaws, are setting themselves up as judges as to who are good and evil. Because by ordinary process of law they themselves are outlaws, they set up a rough-and-ready law of their own, which the generations of their countrymen have judged to be as right as the doings of Robin Hood in England were to the oppressors and the oppressed. The spirit of freedom fills the book. The spirit of freedom fills the land of China. The spirit of the people is the spirit of freedom. They talk and argue together as free men. The greater part of their lives they have always directed for themselves according to the things that seem to them to be fitting. So free they were that Sun Yat-sen kept telling them that their freedom was their danger and their weakness. They were like "scattering sand," so free as to have no cohesion. Politi-

cally he may have been right. Socially it is a great and glorious thing to dwell among a people whose only class distinctions are learning, character, and age, and where every man is as good as his neighbour. "The wind blows, the grass bends," is not only a Chinese proverb—it is a fact of Nature. It is the nature of the grass to stand up again when the violent wind has passed. The grass doesn't break or move : it only bends. Does it stand stronger by and by for the very bending ? The people are grass, and they do sometimes bend and submit. You may be deceived by their polite acquiescence. Integrity wins their admiration. The man from Britain has often had nothing to commend him in China but his honest dealing. That has set him very high in the estimation of this nation of democrats, who judge of right and wrong.

The Chinese people do not rule in the political sense. It may be generations before, as a whole, they stand even where the British masses stand to-day, but in a moral sense they count greatly. Yuan Shih-Kai, the first President of the Republic, unwisely betrayed his oath and office as President and sat upon the throne as a Chinese Emperor. In a few weeks he was dead. As far as is known, he died a natural death, but he was certainly a broken man. No one who was in touch with China in those days could fail to feel the national resentment. "We will not have this traitor to rule over us." It was like the common stir in a hive of bees when the queen-bee is on the wing. Something coursed through China's veins, and the object of their resentment, living or dead, was judged and found wanting.

In the old traditions of the country the people should and would rise against an unworthy emperor and sweep him from the throne. The voice of the people was the voice of heaven. In those early risings of history was there the sort of resentment that was found in the days of Yuan Shih-Kai ?

Later, in the republican days, there was a scholar-general who many thought might be the unifier of his country. He was a man of superior mind and real force of character. In the course of fighting with a local general he broke the Yangtse dykes and destroyed the harvest. Much has taken place since then more destructive than his action, but the days were different. It was felt he had done it for personal ends. In that very hour his sun began to sink. "He has broken the dykes," the people said. How could such a callous soul be lifted up ? Later, when he retired to a Buddhist monastery, was it of such things that he meditated ? The real strength to-day behind the Generalissimo, Chiang

Kai-Shek, is even less his military power or his political action than his standard of character, which holds the hearts of his virtue-admiring people. You may make them bend for a little time, but ultimately they demand and will have what they judge to be right.

In Britain in the last ten or twenty years time and again such happenings have been seen. Our people have been stirred. They have risen in their sense of right, and government—the British Government—has yielded to their mood. In Britain there are the newspapers and the politicians to lead and mould opinion in an hour of crisis. In China, where most men cannot read and have not learned to listen to set speeches, the same power of national expression has somehow been present and has manifested itself. The roots are moral roots and China's free, though illiterate, people have over and over again been powerful and effective as our paper-reading and speech-listening nation has proved itself to be. A sort of moral democracy is there, though the day of political democracy has not yet come.

It is not only in the masses that you realize the people's freedom and power. *All Men are Brothers* is something more than the title of a book. It is first and foremost the teaching of Confucius and then the tradition of his people. Men are brothers and brothers are men. For want of a better word, let us say that not only is China essentially democratic in outlook, but that individually the Chinese is a democrat—a man who will talk and argue and reason with you as an equal human being and nothing less. You may be richer and more learned than he, but he is a man and a brother and is conscious of his dignity.

The machine age is only dawning in China. The labour of the coolie, "bitter strength," seems cruel to the Westerner. I have met a number of Chinese who simply refuse to-day to be drawn along the streets by a rickshaw-coolie. A man in the shafts seems to them to be doing the work of a brute creature, so they save up and buy a bicycle to avoid the shameful necessity of being drawn along by a brother man. This gesture itself is revealing of the attitude of some Chinese to others. To run with a rickshaw on a summer's day in a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade must be gruelling work, and, though the rickshaw coolie earns good money as long as he is strong and in good health, he is said to shorten his life by years. There are other tasks—some heavy, some repulsive—that, in this pre-machine age, many are called upon to do. There are chair-coolies carrying people thirty miles a day. There are baggage-coolies going longer distances with from one to two hundred-

weight of load upon their shoulders. There are farmers carrying open bucket-loads of stinking ordure through the streets to enrich their fields. Honest toil does not degrade them. See them chattering in the evening on the village threshing-floor. As you are carried or walk across country with these chair- or baggage-coolies day after day among the fields or over the hills and down the dales, how human, how manly they are and how free. You have no feeling of superiority. Your life comes from a different tradition to theirs. Machines can and should do many of the tasks which strain their muscles and send the sweat in streams down their supple, sun-burned backs. They appear sometimes to be almost beasts of burden, and you a child of ease and luxury. Yet when the day's toil is done how natural and easy it is to sit down and talk as man to man, drink tea together, eat sometimes together, and finally lie down on a truss of straw in the same wide front room of the inn. There is no cringing, no embarrassment. It is all natural and unaffected. You are the hirer and they the hired, you the master and they the servants, but at the end of the day "A man's a man for a' that," and nowhere do you know it more than in China. I love to see the folks chatting in the alleys and open spaces in the cool of the evening, or the crowded tea-shop with its tables full of sociable, humorous, talkative human beings. Somehow in China you think very little of high and low. For most are lowly—but in their lowliness they are dignified and free.

That is what Pearl Buck means when she says those men and women in the old novel *All Men are Brothers* are a picture of China at any time, then or now. They love liberty, they admire righteousness, even when they do not practise it. If ever the Princely Man should come, dreamed Confucius, all his home, his village, his countryside and his nation would be princely too. He wrote out of his own heart and out of his knowledge of his people. He took it for granted that this race of brothers could be appealed to by goodness. These his countrymen to-day confess themselves to be his children. A scoundrel is a man who *puh chiangli*—"doesn't expound principles," *i.e.*, lives by craft and not by right. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." China lives under a heaven who rules by principles. There is goodness and kindness at the heart of the universe. The heaven whom the Son of Heaven worshipped was called, colloquially, "Old Father Heaven," and the Chinese are His children, the recipients of His providence.

There are traditions and standards in the Chinese home, but the discipline is not ordinarily exacting. Foreign critics find the upbringing

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of the boys, especially, rather lax compared with Western standards. Yet at the end of the day the grown man pays great heed in the home to public opinion. He is not naturally a rebel. He wants to know the whys and wherefores of things. He is a man who listens to reason and is unwillingly acquiescent to force. He does not take easily to discipline in the Western sense.

In 1940 it was strange to see the Japanese dragooning Chinese travelers into queues outside the station ticket offices. The last place you would expect to find John Chinaman was standing in a queue or any other line.

The carpenter will take your order and then do things his own way. He is better at following Chinese customs than any Western rules. These customs he has grown up with and tried and tested for himself. He is not going by anybody's say-so. For is he not also a man and must he not think for himself? "All Men are Brothers," and brother will yield to brother what is in accordance with right. Brute force and too hard discipline are not suited to a home.

A little girl was playing havoc in an English home. Her mother said in despair, "You wouldn't behave like this at school, now, would you?" "No, Mother, but this isn't school: it's home." I wonder if, after all, East and West are very far apart. China is the house of democracy, and the people are at home. No Chinese Government, as yet, could ever be called democratic, but if it's to be a government at all then Sun Yat-sen is right, democracy must be limited. The "scattering sand" must find cohesion. The democrats must give away some of their democracy. "The Chinese are the freest people on earth," an experienced missionary once said to me. I think Pearl Buck would agree with him, for is it not true in China past and present that "All Men are Brothers"? Here is an old folk-song dated somewhere about 2500 B.C., and quoted by Bernard Martin in his illuminating life of Sun Yat-sen entitled *Strange Vigour* :

When the sun rises, I work.

When the sun sets, I rest.

I dig the well to drink,

I plough the field to eat.

What has the Emperor to do with me?

There you have the Chinese peasant of all the ages, hard-working, experienced, independent, free. It looks as though the roots of China's democracy, as of much else, go very, very deep.

CHAPTER XIX

IDEALS

WHEN the young Westerner arrives in China for the first time he soon finds himself sitting in the seat of the critic. If he has studied and read about China he knows that her civilization is one of the wonders of the world. He realizes that he ought to be entirely admiring, but he is for ever finding things both different from what he expected and, in his judgment, wrong. Probably there's some sense of contrast and criticism wherever one crosses the borders of another country—for "there's no place like home."

In China this sense of contrast and opposition has been rather marked. Some of the outward and visible signs of the contrast are disappearing to-day. Chinese dress has changed very greatly in the last generation. The whole of her growing student class is dressed in a two-piece uniform, consisting of jacket and trousers, hardly distinguishable from such dress in the West. The increasing number of girls attending school have their uniforms, too, consisting of white blouse, black skirt, cotton stockings, and black cloth shoes. At a distance they are hardly distinguishable from their Western sisters. Then large numbers of official Chinese definitely have adopted Western dress for outside use, however they may prefer the comforts of their national dress within the privacy of their homes.

In the cities to-day charming ladies more freely move about the streets to do their shopping and visiting, like their sisters of other lands. Their feet are no longer fettered and hobbled as those of their mothers and grandmothers, for many of them are to be found in dance-halls with their men-folk, as in other lands. Army officers are smart, clad as all the army officers of the world, however bedraggled their troops may sometimes appear. So that, as China not only gives to but also takes from the family of nations such things and fashions as are appropriate to her need, the old contrasts are not outwardly as sharp as they were—at least in the cities and ports where the Westerners were to be found.

There are developments too in railways, roads, planes, and boats, which make the Westerner, used to these things, feel less a stranger than he did before.

There are other changes not so superficial—changes in educational outlook, in politics, and in life, which narrow down the differences between East and West.

But, when all is said, there are two traditions of life whose roots are very deep. When we are inclined to say in our youth that Chinese ways are strange and wrong it would be very salutary for us all to remember that the Chinese are at least as fully persuaded of the oddness of all Westerners. Much of this, with their innate politeness, they conceal better than we do. The truth is that our ideals are in many respects different. What they look for in life, and what we look for, are not just the same things.

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," say the 'old hands' in China. If that were true, then books like this would never be worth writing nor reading. Kipling quoted that baffled tag of the exiled Englishman only to correct it. He saw two strong men meeting and all divisions bridged, though they did come from the ends of the earth. Because traditions are different it does not mean that they are incompatible—or what becomes of marriage? Is there any human contrast as clear-cut as that between men and women? Their minds and ways are not the same—nor were they meant to be the same. The world would be more monotonous than it is if they were. Rightly or wrongly Lin Yutang claims that China is a feminine country with feminine ideals in contrast to the masculinity of the West. China, he states, is receptive rather than aggressive, and takes a great part of his book, *My Country and my People*, to illustrate this theme. If it were so it would be a most hopeful thing to know. We might look forward to a happy marriage between East and West. We must leave the philosopher Lin to the consideration of his own countrymen. After all, you never quite know when he is laughing at you. He clearly has in mind, as a Chinese, the contrast between China and the West that is felt by so many foreign residents in China. There we may agree with him. It is a contrast of traditional ideals, a contrast that need not lead to incompatibility but to a richer life for all of us when we understand and appreciate it. A simplification that is perhaps too simple is that Chinese ideals are social while Western and British ideals are individual. Chinese have individual ideals too, as British have social ideals. But the contrasting stress between East and West seems to be between the social and the individual outlook, and it is this contrast that leads men to say "never the twain shall meet." The thoughtful would rather say, "What an enriched creature man will be when East and West do meet and take one another, in reverence and affection, for better for worse, for richer for poorer." Physically and geographically we are no longer

separated. The daily life of the new world will compel our traditions and our civilizations more and more to meet. There is no escape from this situation even if we desire it. For all the nations of the world are in one house at last. No one questions any longer that we are one body—members one of another at last. This may be a matter of dread or of hope. British ideals have been brought to a quarter of the human race. They have been diffused over a large portion of the earth's surface and are shared by many nations. Chinese ideals have been more concentrated into one contiguous area. They hold sway over a larger and more homogeneous group of human beings than do the British. Between them those ideals embrace more than half of mankind. European and American ideals are akin to the British, for they spring from the same sources. It is, therefore, of great importance that we should study and appreciate one another's outlook. What rather shocks the Chinese is the bluff heartiness and the forthright aggressiveness that mark so many of us. How we love to call a spade a spade and tell the world just where we stand. We are so sure of ourselves and of the rightness of our ways. "Honesty is the best policy," is written all over us, and we rather blatantly say so and judge there is nothing else to be said. We are so sure, we do not even bother to explain. Our way of life and our ideals are axiomatic to all right-thinking, right-living men and that's all there is to it, so we think. If others don't see it then so much the worse for them. Our feet are firm on solid ground, and here we stand. "We can do no other."

No Chinese objects to the substance of all this. Britain and her goods stand high in Chinese eyes. They like our reliability. However gruff and bluff we may be, they know us for a dependable people. The method of approach is another matter. We are so terribly direct. In business too, it is said, we have been somewhat unaccommodating. "These are our goods. They are the best in the world. We make no shoddy things. That is our price. Take it or leave it. Good afternoon." If, in spite of our abruptness, they'd take the goods they'll probably find that every word is true. It is quite likely, however, that a salesman from elsewhere may be much more chatty and sociable, lead along to the business by slower and even devious ways, and get away with the sale of goods by no means up to our standard. The purchaser may be sorry afterwards that he mistook our attitude and passed our counter by. A loss has occurred on both sides, all for lack of mutual understanding arising out of our contrasting points of view.

There is social business and political business as well as the buying and selling of material goods.

The young Westerner is brought up to depend upon himself. Independence and self-realization are his watchwords. The qualities that we look for in him, besides integrity, are self-reliance, initiative, and courage. They are the soldierly qualities. If the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton then to those qualities must be added the team-spirit, which is undoubtedly one of the achievements of our public schools with their organized games. In those games the British student, independent as he is, deliberately limits his individual action for a greater good. It is the team that wins and not the individual. The team is made up of individuals, but woe to the individual who, for his own glory or enjoyment, mars the efforts of the team. All the other individuals in the team will condemn him. For it is the tradition that for a little time and for deliberate purpose he gives up his individual liberties and merges himself in a larger whole. He will be esteemed as an individual player the more that, for this specific purpose, he ceases temporarily to be an individual.

Such is apt to be our picture of the ideal man. True and reliable, courageous and active, and able, on occasion, to sink himself in a larger whole. Self-consciousness only weakens him. Too much consciousness of others is also likely to detract from his strength. Conscious pride we cannot stomach. Yet humility we rather stare askance at and regard it as rare and hypocritical. Uriah Heep is always round the corner, and he is not a type that we admire. The gentleman is strong in personal character, chivalrous to the weak. He does not kick a man when he is down. There are things to which his old-school tie obliges him. He is a very gentle, perfect knight. Behind him somehow rides the figure of the knight in coat of mail unhorsing his opponent in the jousts or rescuing a fair damsel from some dragon. He is a martial figure, however well-gloved his mailed fist might be, and he is, above all things, an individual.

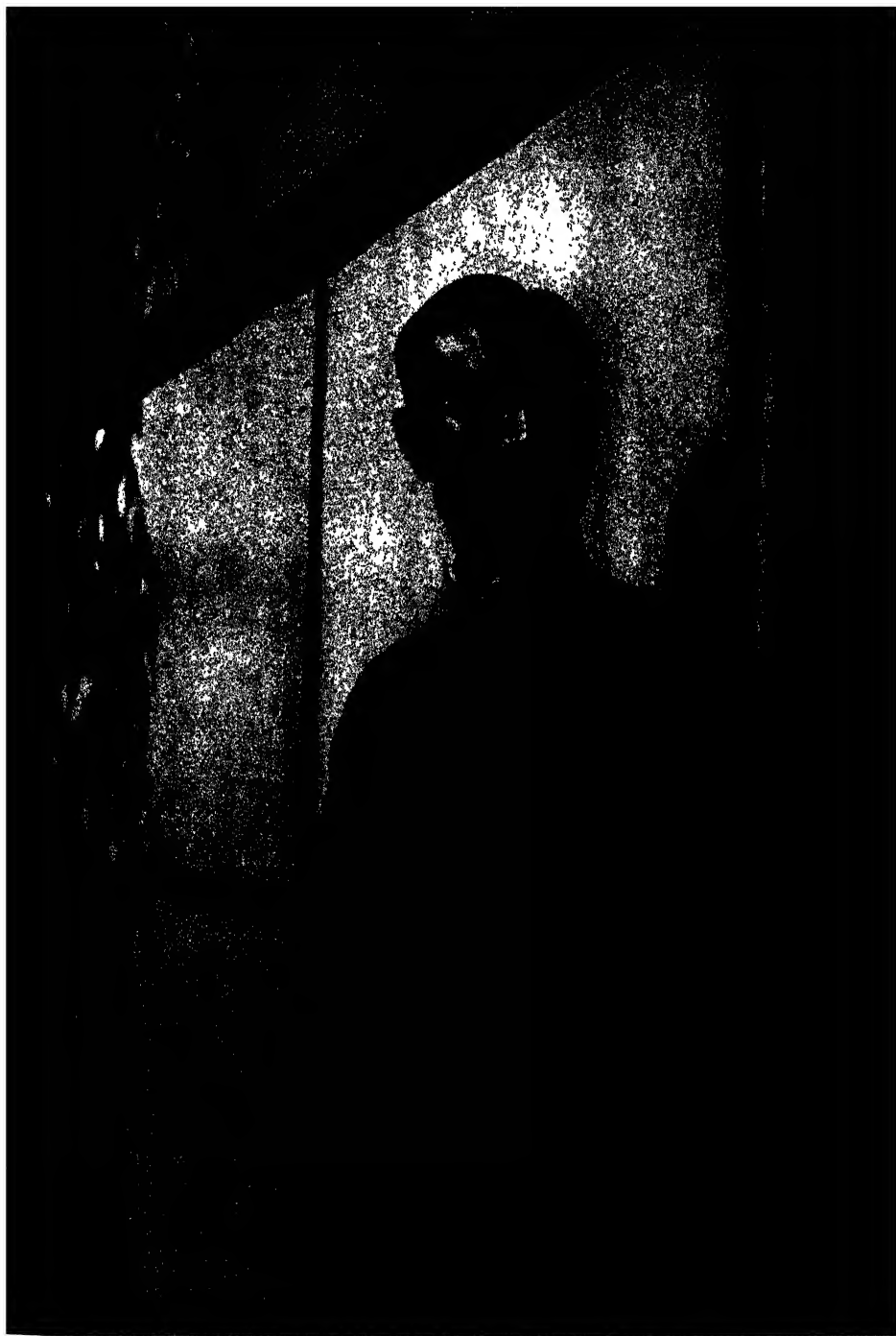
An odd knight or two China would enjoy. She always has enjoyed a little spice of adventure. Readers of the *Romance of the Three Kingdoms*, *All Men are Brothers*, and *Monkey* have ample proof of that. But you can have too much of a good thing. When the members of a Western nation are all bold knights it seems rather like an invasion of aggressors, and that, perhaps, is what China has felt about us as a whole, such hefty individualists as we are.





At work in a Chungking school : for juniors co-education is the rule



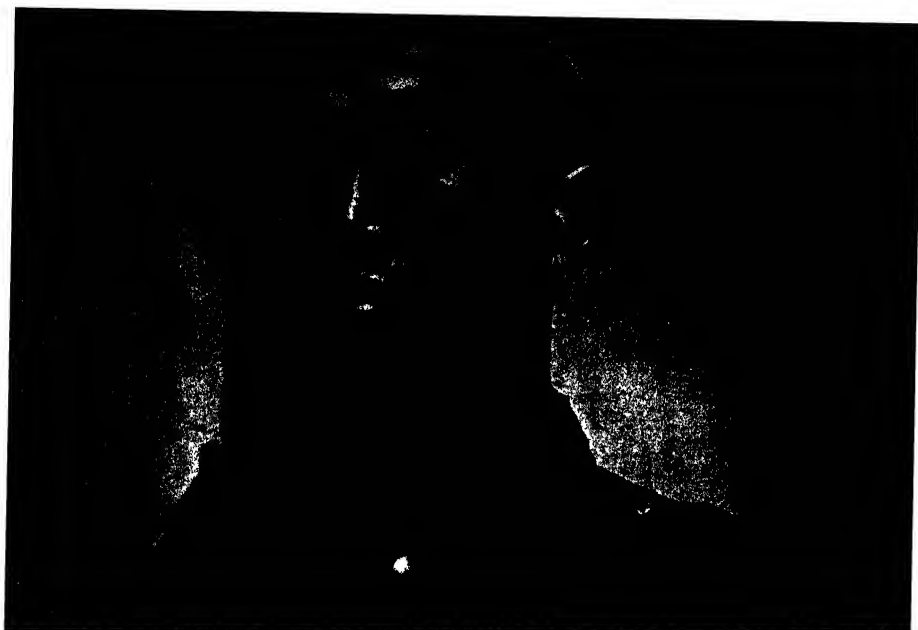




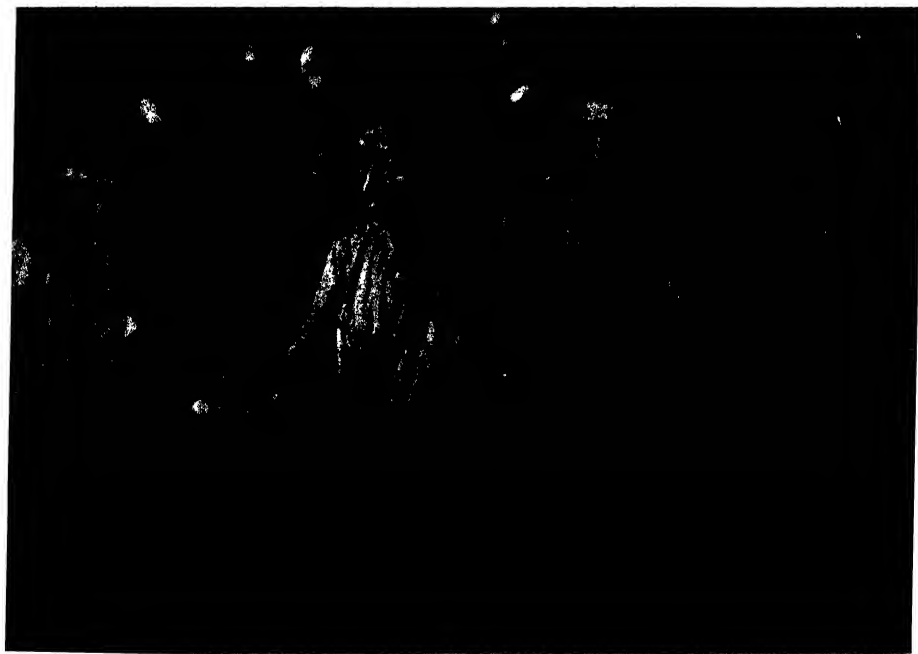








An A.R.P. Fireman



IDEALS

The Chinese Ideal

I think it must be very hard in China to think of any man to-day, who is uneducated, as the ideal man. That was all right, perhaps, in the days of Yao and Shun, they think. But there have been five thousand years of culture, and most of that time education has been democratic, even if it has not reached to all. In China the perfect scholar takes the place of the Western perfect knight. According to Confucius, the "peace of the empire" depended on "the rectification of the heart," and that good heart depended ultimately on complete knowledge. In this he seemed to believe that "the devil is a fool" and to agree with Socrates that wisdom and virtue were the same thing.

The perfect knight of the Western chivalry must often have been an illiterate man. It is almost unthinkable that the "princely man" of China should be without learning. How else could he 'rectify' his heart?

The civil official has traditionally always been above the military official: the pen has always been esteemed above the sword. Not courage, so much as courtesy, has been the outstanding virtue. You may have courage when you stand alone—an individual—an Athanasius against the world. Courtesy is, by its very nature, a social virtue. Courage may grow, has grown, in the desert or in the icy loneliness of the South Pole. Courtesy, like love, can develop only in some sort of society. Courtesy is essentially a matter of human relationships. Its heart is the golden rule, as Confucius so clearly taught.

Courtesy's roots in China are in the home. A man first reverences his parents and his ancestors. In the old-fashioned Chinese homestead, with its crowded families in the one enclosure, there is either courtesy or the fires of hell. Who has not seen both?

The courteous, scholarly, princely man is always by nature kind. The common Chinese word for kindness is 'human nature,' or 'human passion,' as though kindness were the very bones and blood of a man. In English the word 'humanity' has a strikingly similar meaning.

This seems to be the most general impression left upon the minds of those who have lived there longest and known her best—what a kindly people the Chinese are. Sir Meyrick Hewlett in his vivid and revealing *Forty Years in China* hints at rather a different picture. Among all the good qualities of the Chinese, and no one was more admiring of them than he, he finds a streak of savagery. Friend though he is of China, he does not hesitate to give examples. All who have known their

China of the twentieth century will not need to be reminded that the tender mercies of the bandits have been very cruel. The unreformed gaol of the pre-revolutionary period had to be seen to be believed. Multitudes gather still to see public executions. There is no S.P.C.A., and, in spite of all the gentleness of Buddhism, Chinese can be very callous to the sufferings of the animal creation. Yet it is well to see these things in due proportion and in relation to the records of other nations. Go to Knaresborough Castle and see the torture chambers there before you light-heartedly condemn the cruelties of other nations. That was a place where British kings used to incarcerate offending noblemen. In John Wesley's day, in the eighteenth century, and later great crowds used to gather on open spaces in London and elsewhere to watch the spectacle of public executions for the most trifling misdemeanours. In Pevensey in Sussex, you may read the record of a woman being tied to the back of a cart and drawn round the town, while her gaolers were instructed by the bench to "beat her till her back be bloody." In the same place there is a stream crossed by a bridge where vagabonds who could give no account of themselves were driven by the village mob and stoned to death. And this is not so long ago, as anyone may discover for himself who takes the trip to Pevensey to inquire. Happily in England we have forgotten all that now. An ocean of humanitarianism has swept the country. The discovery and use of anæsthetics has made us all impatient of the continuance of any avoidable suffering. Yet this brute within us may be very near the surface. An officer of the 1914-18 war told me with what vigilance he had to watch his men in the heat of battle lest certain types should perpetrate sadistic cruelties and thus set the cruel lusts of even ordinary men ablaze. Perhaps this is why, on the whole, British troops, even in battle, ordinarily behave with such amazing humanity.

What shall we say of the atrocities that shock us, in East or the West to-day? Old Chinese gaols may remind you of the torture chambers of the Spanish Inquisition, but has there ever been anything in China to compare with the modern concentration camp, the Jew-baiting, and the annihilation of helpless people that we have seen going on before our eyes in Europe? Think of the public burnings and the witch-hunting that were everyday occurrences all over Europe four hundred years ago. Read *Jew Süss* and realize what it meant to be a European then. So we look at China again and recognize the cruelties of which Sir Meyrick Hewlett writes. These have always seemed to me to be

like the callousness and cruelty of children. They are undeniable, but shall we not say that they are the survival of medievalism into the modern period? The prevailing atmosphere of the country, and certainly the ideal, is kindliness, and this makes the sins against kindliness in China the more hideous.

Humility is the rarest of all human virtues. As soon as it thinks of itself it is gone. The "princely man" of China is a little dignified and even proud and haughty; but Confucius himself, who, after all, is China's ideal, always seems to me to be as meek and truly humble as Moses.

So there they stand—the ideal man of Britain and of China. The one is scholarly, courteous, kindly, and unaggressive; the other knightly, true, courageous, generous-hearted, public-spirited. They are different in their civil and military tradition and in their relationships with others. The Chinese ideal man is always in a human environment. He is never alone and never thought of alone. He is always a member of a group—a society. That is how his virtues grow. He is tested by his solitariness, as Confucius was quick to see, but he does not arise from solitariness, but from a family; and all his graces are contained in the one all-embracing virtue of filial piety.

The British ideal man rides forth a knight alone, sure of his single individual integrity and strength.

It is easy for the gentleman of each civilization to recognize and get on with the gentleman of the other. Man, at his best, is always a friend of every other man.

The problem of right relationships is not a problem confined to one conspicuous and outstanding man here and there. It is a problem of race and race, nation and nation, and the general human trends within it. There are bad examples in both races and, unfortunately, there are likely to be many more of them as the peoples intermingle; but the masses of either nation, when they understand, will find that these contrasting ideals are not opposite so much as complementary.

If to the British integrity, courage, and independence there were added the Chinese culture, courtesy, and kind-heartedness what a noble human type would emerge. Many nations have their contribution to bring to perfect manhood. We both have our limited traditions, East and West. Perfect humanity attracts us all. Like art and music and science it has no limitations of time and space. Perfect humanity embraces the solitary and the social virtues. It is "full of grace and truth."

COMRADES

IT was the "Triple Seventh"—July 7, 1944. China had been at war seven years, and on the anniversary of that fateful day, July 7, 1937, when Japan began the China 'incident' at the Marco Polo Bridge, near Peiping, an international congregation was gathered in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral. The alert had just sounded, and, for all we knew, as we commemorated China's sacrificial struggle, pilotless planes were winging their way to work sudden and unexpected destruction somewhere in the "South of England," as we called London and the other bombed towns in those days.

In that crypt were gathered a very varied company. Both Houses of Parliament and most of the diplomatic corps were represented. All sorts of British friends of China had come from far and near to join in the prayers for China's liberty and to give thanks for her long resistance.

Great hymns were sung, the Chinese Ambassador read the lesson about the "Creator of the ends of the earth" who "fainteth not, neither is weary." The Archbishop spoke of China as "the senior partner" in the fight against aggression. Then, after a little time, the worshippers returned to their jobs again, but in their memories were the things that they had seen and heard under the floor of the great Cathedral. Sitting together at the front were numbers of the Chinese community in England, men mainly and some women. Many of them were very distinguished in diplomacy and in scholarship. There they sat, with their refined and delicate features, perfectly dressed, either as civilians or in the uniform of the army and the navy. They were, at the very least, as striking and attractive a group as any similar number of the members of the British or any other nation. Whatever their tradition, there was very little that took place that morning that they could not take their share in along with devout Western souls. It seemed entirely appropriate that Chinese Ambassador and English Archbishop should be associated in that act of worship together. Fundamentally we were one.

How I wished that millions of my countrymen could have seen that group of cultured, courteous Chinese that morning on that "triple seventh"—the seventh day of the seventh month of the seventh year of her war!

A little later I found myself reading the story of the Chinese guerillas. I turned the leaves and found the pictures of a guerilla hospital in caves dug out of the loess soil of Shensi; of patients being carried by

rough country coolies to the doctor, their beds slung on bamboo poles ; of other patients being treated by the wayside or in the dark rooms of temple buildings ; of starving children and of refugees crowding and filling a pass through the mountains ; of school-children ; of soldiers coming in with their booty of arms captured from the enemy ; of women soldiers too, as well as nurses—all Chinese. My mind goes out to other scenes. There is the ceaseless stream of people and the miles of shops that make the Hankow street. Signboards stretch across the street or hang down by the shops telling of the owner and his wares. Here is the fruiterer flicking the flies off his freshly cut melons, the butcher covering up his meat, and the medicine-seller handing out his little packets of precious powders. The huckster tinkles his gong or beats his tiny drum as he moves along announcing the contents of his burden. Grocers, tailors, tea-sorters, tea-drinkers, brass-shops, cracker-shops, cash-shops with their protective grids, silk shops with their imposing fronts and innumerable hands. The rickshaw-coolie and the carrying-pole coolie push their way through. The policeman directs the tumultuous noisy traffic.

Then I think of country journeys and the chair-coolies shouting to one another about the twists and bends and snags of the road or talking, talking, talking to one another in loud, raucous voices, as they swing along trotting with the chair. Now you are resting in a village inn, and the welcoming landlord is pouring you hot tea. The villagers are crowding round gaping at the strange sight of a foreign visitor in their midst. Can he, by any chance, cure them of their ailments, they wonder. I see the pilgrims on the mountains, the scholars in the schools, the grey-robed monks in their temples ; the beggars, the soldiers, the barbers, the dentists, and, above all, the postmen. Was there ever such a postal service continuing in peace or in war, in freedom or bondage, in danger or in safety? Up there on the mountains of Yunnan and Kuei-chow I see the primitive tribesmen too.

Of one thing I am sure. It will never do again to think of the Chinese as though they were all of a piece. From the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral in London to some tiny farming hamlet in China is a far cry. How various this great people is ! How impossible it is to get them within the covers of one book ! China is so huge, her people are so various, her past so glorious, her future so full of possibilities. There are lonely mountain roads, with villages nestling at the foot of valleys, washed by mountain streams gurgling over their pebble beds. Above them on the

hill-tops are *Chai-tse*, diminutive city walls, into which, when the bandits come, the villagers may run for refuge. How often that has had to happen since the downfall of the Manchus in 1912. Once upset the stability of a huge machinery of government like that of China and it takes a generation and more for "all the king's horses and all the king's men" to get it back or something better in its place.

The Japanese have been able to make the inroads that they have partly, but only partly, by force of arms. They have had Chinese traitors and fifth-columnists and pessimists to help them; and puppets, feeling perhaps that it was better that Chinese should govern Chinese than that their people should be under the direct and harsh control of those who did not understand their nation.

There have been those who would rather have a league of Asia, no matter who dominates it, than be subject any longer to the over-riding West. After all, the Western nations came to China for their own sakes and not for China's. Though in their train have come philanthropy, enlightenment, and modern developments—all of which China appreciates—the contacts of China with the West have mainly been defensive. What Japan has done lately in the way of encroachment the other nations have mostly done in the past, and a good deal of China's land and much of her sovereignty has been nibbled off. At the end of the nineteenth century there was talk of the "dividing of the melon"—a typical Chinese phrase, suggested by the melon itself, the melon of course being China—and of "spheres of influence." Those bold Western knights were busy carving up new domains in China as they had in Africa only a generation before.

I have sometimes wondered if, on balance, the Chinese would not rather have been left alone without all the modernization. Many a Chinese village farmer would. What does he want with new motor roads and honking buses running over his chickens and his dog? There's a lot of conservatism in China yet.

The merchant and the shopkeeper think a little differently. A greater variety of goods, pleasing to the purchaser and rewarding to the seller, has added interest to their lives. Moreover, they have a foreign market for their silks and satins, their crockery and their wood-carving, to mention only a few of the things that attract the foreigners in their ports.

The women and the girls must view the changes that have come through foreign intercourse with ever-increasing appreciation. They

are freer now and may be educated. Their lives are opening out into many paths, as is the case with their Western sisters, with whom they find themselves in step, even if still behind. In their hour of motherhood there is better help for them than in the old days of ignorant midwives. This Western medicine, with its Western surgery, is a boon to all in such need as they. There is no one so conservative as the old-fashioned Chinese grandmother. She has lived so long and seen things working in the old way reasonably well for so long. She is disturbed by innovations. They throw her off her balance, and she is perplexed with the new order. Her daughter, and especially her granddaughter, are of a different mind. The pedlar brings the many-coloured cloths and all sorts of trinkets and treasures that their grandmothers never knew. There has come to them, too, some learning and a new freedom and equality with their brothers. What China's women say to-day their sons and daughters will be saying to-morrow. On the whole, China's face is definitely towards the West. That group of men and women in the crypt of St Paul's, combining Eastern and Western culture, is symbolic of the China at least of the immediate future. They are looking to the West. What they will do with the West is not so certain.

The West, too, is looking East. How can we help it? We have been rudely awakened from our sleep. What one among us ever imagined that the military power of Japan was capable of what it achieved in the winter of 1941 and the spring of 1942? The Tanaka dream of domination of Asia, and ultimately of the world, could no longer be thought of as the megalomaniac nonsense of a fanatic. Here was one comparatively small Eastern nation that had been schooled by Europe and America threatening the peace and the lives of all of us. She had seemed to be held firm by China's resistance, but had suddenly burst out and threatened America, Australia, India, and all the Allies at once. World trends had altered, and the East was again invading the West, as it had centuries before.

In a different way, happily, we have wakened a little to the meaning of China. She is no longer just a land of mystery, producing wonderful porcelain that decorates nearly every middle-class or richer home of England. She is no longer an ancient and glorious civilization about which scholars, travellers, and connoisseurs will dilate. She is no longer a closed land reacting violently against the forced intrusion of foreign nations and their merchants, who will not leave her alone in her glory and her stagnation. She is a real member of the family of nations now.

She is on the side of decency and justice. She was the "senior partner" in the grand alliance against tyranny, cruelty, and aggression.

Are we beginning to realize that, for all her courtesy, she is a very proud nation—as proud as we are? She does not need, and will not have, our pity. For pity is from the privileged to the unprivileged, from the higher to the lower—and China is not the lower. By the mouth of her official spokesmen she freely acknowledges that she is far behind in the industrial race.

While Japan was at school to Western nations and learning all she could of ships and trains, modern arms and modern machines, China was not convinced that all, or any, of these things really mattered in human life. Her civilization had endured so long and was so successful that it was difficult for her to imagine that anyone, anywhere, had anything to bring her but the tribute of submission. She is still as proud as ever, but she knows that in industrial development and modern organization she has a considerable leeway to make up, and shortly before 1937 no nation in the world was moving faster.

Four hundred and sixty millions constitute an enormous market. Chinese representatives who desire to interest us are naturally constantly reminding us and other nations of this fact. They would be poor shopkeepers if they failed to do so. They are not, however, asking to be exploited. You have goods, they say, and we have purchasers. Your goods are useless without our purchasers. Can we reason about this matter? We each have things to offer the other—you have material things, and we have men and women and little children. By and by our enormous population may have its fill of your goods and, stimulated by the things you provide, may enter a new period of creative activity that shall be for the good of all mankind.

It is natural for Chinese men of commerce and politicians to seek to attract the money, the skill, and the merchants that may be of use to them. It is natural for British commerce to be looking out for markets for their goods. It is natural and inevitable, but it is not enough. For this alone is a sort of mutual exploitation—using men as things, and seeking only material ends. Proud nations cannot be content with that. Prudent nations will look farther down the road. Immediate advantage may have to be considered. The Chinese people, as the British, are a practical people. "A nation of shopkeepers," if you will. Whatever happens, they will face the practical problems of life day by day as they arise—face them with patience and skill.

Yet somehow the relationships of East and West, of China and Britain, need a firmer basis than that produced by immediate material needs. In any case, we can no longer live apart, though we "come from the ends of the earth." What shall we do with one another?

During that service in St Paul's the old feeling stole over me that I have so often experienced before. Are we British people really equal to the Chinese? Have they not powers of mind and qualities of life born out of age-long tradition that rather dwarf the people of these little islands? As you go down their streets and over their countryside you feel the sturdiness and independence of their farming folk. As you gaze into their shops or look into their guild-halls you realize the patience and the skill of their workers; but somehow, when you meet their modern scholars you know you are in the presence of the quintessence of the culture, the tradition, and the life that is China. The feeling that comes over you is one of reverence and a desire for friendship if they count you worthy. For an Englishman to write like this may strike some of his contemporaries as strange and unreal. Their idea of "Chinamen," as they still call them, is of good-humoured coolies, of toiling farmers, of the "mysterious Mr Wang" of the opium-den and the Chinese laundryman. It never strikes them that the Chinese people can think more highly of themselves than even the British do of themselves. They have never realized that untold millions of Chinese are just as ignorant of us as we are of them and are apt to suspect us of the same craft and guile and cruelty that so many of us attribute to the Chinese. What else does 'foreign devil' mean—the epithet most ordinarily applied to foreigners by the common man in China?

It is strange that in our mutual ignorance so many of us should think of them, and they of us, as sinister and uncanny. Yet such is unfortunately true even to-day.

Necessity made us all allies in the war. Need drove us into one another's arms, but unless there is a change of mind with peace we shall fall apart to the damage of the world.

This book, with its illuminating charts and its wealth of pictures, has been an attempt to set us face to face, that we may see where we are alike and where, perchance, we differ. The essence of mutual understanding and respect is knowledge. It is to be hoped that more and more Chinese may visit us and stay among us long enough to know the people that we really are. It is the hope of Chinese leaders that many of us may go and live among them as learners and comrades as well as

teachers and technicians. We need to learn one another's languages—perhaps the two most difficult languages on the face of the earth—for various reasons. That we can each speak our own difficult language is the token that after all we may gain at least a working knowledge of the other.

Happily there are many interpreters of China and her ways to Britain as there are many translations of the best Western books into Chinese. There is a great wealth of modern books by Chinese and English writers on China as she is to-day.

From days of earliest contact the missionaries, whose job it was to live among the people, have been the continual interpreters of China to the West. They, and the British consuls and other men of letters, have translated the Chinese classics and given their impressions of the land and its people. The Chinese have sometimes felt that the missionaries have done their country less than justice in their eagerness to point out faults to be corrected and things that seemed to be strange, quaint, and amusing.

It would be possible for the Chinese to write appalling stories of the slums and other evils of our modern machine age if they cared to spend their time that way. There is no country where there is not a good deal of which to be ashamed. Whatever be the faults of the past, it is as comrades and friends that we must live in the future. The friendly eye gives you the truth of things. To the man who really sees, humanity is one, whether East or West. What is true of Kipling's soldier is really true of the Chinese and the British people :

. . . there is no East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth !

America and Russia, China and Britain, and shall we not add France, are great peoples, who, whatever the differences of their history and of their present political structure, are united in their belief in the dignity of man and the righteous and benevolent structure of the universe. The immediate and, perhaps, the distant future depends upon their mutual friendship and co-operation. The nation with the longest history, the widest experience, and the deepest tenacity of them all is China. Confucius is China. She is the embodiment of his teaching about the family and the proof and justification of her master's way of life. To him, princely man and little man, high and low, rich and poor, learned and ignorant were all of the one family.

COMRADES

Who will deny that if Confucius were alive to-day and aware of West as well as East he would set the limits of his family anywhere short of the whole human race?

For this essential doctrine of the one human family millions out of many nations have but yesterday laid down their lives. One great peril is past, but there are many foes both within and without, and there is need of comradeship within the family.

It is only as members of the family that "all the peoples in all the lands" have any rational claim to, or hope of, the Four Freedoms of the Atlantic Charter.

The Christian West, too, bases its life on this great conception of the human family. "For He hath made of one blood all the nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth."

China is an ally and a friend, reared in the same great family tradition, caring most intensely for the family virtues which she knows so well. It remains for men and women of goodwill, in East and West, in Great China and Great Britain, to be true to themselves and their proved ideals. We were made and trained to be comrades in this way of life for ourselves and all nations. It is the love and the righteousness of heaven that we both follow. The stars in their courses fight for us. For in this comradeship we are one with the meaning of the universe. That universe is not dead but very meaningful, and "all under heaven are one family."

1945

1945

EPILOGUE

CHINESE WRITERS

(Broadcast in the Home Service of the B.B.C., July 30, 1943)

I wonder if you've come across a little book of 180 pages, by Dr Chang Peng-chun, called *China at the Cross-roads*. I've been reading it again. I'd spent my life in China, but somehow it wasn't till I read this book that I got a true perspective of things Chinese.

You see, I'd known my China as a spectator or from the books of other spectators ; but here was a book by a player in the game. I said to myself, "If Chinese can write about themselves and their great country like this then we're going to have new and most refreshing light." The splendid picture on my Chinese canvas had suddenly come alive, and the figures were moving and speaking to me for themselves. Do you realize, I wonder, how rich we've become in the last few years in Chinese writers who speak direct to us in English ?

First of all there's Lin Yutang. His *My Country and my People* makes every description of the life and character of China that I've previously read a little faded. This book is so obviously out of the living heart and mind of China. It is the book of a man of genius speaking of the land and people of his birth and affections. What foreigner could ever have written, or thought of writing, of the "old roguery" of China as he has ?

When a young man tries to drag his old grandfather from his fireside for a sea-bath on a September morning and fails to do so, the young man will perhaps show angered astonishment, while the old man will merely show a smile of amusement. That smile is the smile of the old rogue.

At its best, this old roguery gives us mellowness and good temper. At its worst, this old roguery, which is the highest product of Chinese intelligence, works against idealism and action.

So says Lin Yutang, and according to him that is the heart of old roguery and of China herself. When I read the book first I had just come from the throbbing new life and ideals of the Nationalist Revolution, and I knew that some of Lin's opinions on politics and politicians would need to be revised ; but as long as he is actually describing the inner genius of his people I find him unequalled by any English writer whatever. Lin's *Moment in Peking* is very different. It is a Chinese novel in the grand style, and has been said to claim comparison with Tolstoy's *War and Peace*.

I want you to realize that this novel doesn't stand alone. You've got to remember that the Chinese have a genius for story-telling. You can see the professional story-teller any day in the crowded tea-shop. There he is, standing against the wall, thrilling his hearers as the busy landlord fills their cups with tea. You know, in China myths about her famous men spring up overnight and are handed on from one gossip to another till they sound like the truth, and what makes a good Chinese preacher is his ability to put his message into stories. Story-telling is just part of China's life and has stamped itself upon her literature. So it's quite natural that modern Chinese writers should seek to reveal their land to us in stories. It would have been strange if they hadn't.

The very title *Moment in Peking* smacks of "old roguery"; for the "moment" is some forty years, and the book runs to 769 pages. To me this saga of a Chinese family from the Boxer Year, 1900, to 1936 is the best thing Lin Yu Tang has done. You see, I lived in the midst of it all and this book makes it all alive again. Read as story or history it is equally true. It is full of the colour or the drabness of Chinese life. Don't read it in the train, or, like a friend of mine who was reading it the other day, you may find yourself carried past your station.

And now, quite recently, Mr S. I. Hsiung, famous creator of *Lady Precious Stream*, has published a new novel of the Revolution, *The Bridge of Heaven*. Mr Hsiung is a glorious showman. On one page there's a Chinese wedding, and on another all the details of a Chinese funeral. Here he draws a miser, there a reformer, and there again a revolutionary. His characters are real men and women. You can meet them any day upon the street. There's shade as well as light. It's a realistic book from which you learn both China and her modern history. There's an unhappy picture of a Kiangsi missionary, which may be drawn from life, but certainly isn't typical. On the other hand, he knows how to be grateful for the help of missionaries in the so-called bloodless revolution of 1911. "Numerous golden deeds by these public-spirited and self-denying men and women were left untold and unsung," he says. I was there and I know he speaks the simple truth, and to-day there are plenty of witnesses to such men and women in every part of China. So here, in these two novels alone, you've got a first-hand speaking picture of the life and history of China for the last fifty years.

There are some splendid translations of old Chinese novels, too, that you shouldn't miss; for they're marvellous stories that can never grow old. Let's look at one or two.

Pearl Buck's translation of the thirteenth-century novel *All Men are Brothers* is superb. That tale of swashbuckling Robin Hoods, robbing the rich for the sake of the poor, thrills with the democratic life of China. That it runs to over 1300 pages doesn't bother the Chinese. If your story is interesting enough what does its length matter?

Arthur Waley's translations of Chinese poems have long been known, but I shall be surprised if his recent translation of the sixteenth-century Chinese novel *Monkey* isn't soon even better known. *Monkey* is a rampageous, half-supernatural being who romps from heaven to earth and sea and air playing tricks on gods and men. He's the spirit of mischief incarnate and is quite irresistible. You're swept along with him or go trailing after him, and you find yourself affectionately echoing the author's "Dear Monkey! Dear Monkey!" It's an impossible but utterly captivating story. You must read *Monkey*. So much for the novelists. Apart from them there are able Chinese writers who tell the same story in plain English. Mr Hsiao Ch'ien, of the School of Oriental Studies, is well worth reading. His *China but not Cathay* is a collection of essays on China as she is to-day, profusely illustrated with most excellent photographs. Yet to see Hsiao Ch'ien at his best and most revealing you need to know his *Etching of a Tormented Age*. There you read of the literary revolution that has accompanied the other changes in China of the last twenty-five years. He tells you, as perhaps he alone can, of novelists and poets, of dramatists and essayists and translators and their work. Were you even aware of the existence of such men and movements?

And now for one last book. The writers I have mentioned are men of acknowledged scholarship and literary ability; but for sheer charm and truth I know of nothing that moves me so much as Han Su Yin's *Destination Chungking*. It is the description of the journey of a young Chinese woman across China in 1937 and 1938, after the outbreak of the Japanese war. Her book comes right out of the furnace. I travelled on much of that same road in 1939 and 1940 and can recognize the places and the very people whom she meets and sketches. She gives such a picture as can only come out of direct and personal experience. Take this scene from a pilgrim road:

We entered the village. Its one street was paved with great blocks of hewn stone, blue, pink, and buff-coloured, worn smooth and hollowed by the naked feet or the soft straw sandals of generations of pilgrims.

There was the smell of incense smoke and that other incense, almost as sweet, of cooking-fires, burning dry leaves and twigs. The smoke drifted in strands, white and blue in the air.

Here is a description of refugees in Hunan :

These refugees were not stamped with hopeless misery. They were ragged but not too ragged, and only moderately hungry, not starving. There were so many of them ; they overran everything ; they were everywhere. They clustered on the roofs of our train, clung to the steps, filled the vestibules, thronged the station platform.

Can't you see those worn paving-stones ? Don't you catch the scent of those burning leaves and twigs and the drifting smoke ? Don't you feel the pressure of those hungry, ragged, crowding refugees ? It is the quality of such writing that gets hold of me, as it no doubt does you.

I take for granted you won't neglect the stream of books on China that is pouring from the press from experienced British writers—for the spectator does see a lot of the game. And yet there is something about the player and the player's story that is quite indispensable if even the spectator is truly to understand. These Chinese writers are both a joy and an amazement to me. They not only reveal their country, but they write with such ease and power as to make many of their books best-sellers among English books. It is a most remarkable achievement.

Does that fact throw any light, do you think, not only on the ability of the writers, but on the greatness of their race ?

Well, here is China's story as it appears to these literary ambassadors, and this is how they would have us know her. It's only out of real knowledge that true friendship can come or be maintained. And we all most deeply desire that the present alliance with China should continue in abiding friendship. The peace and well-being of all the world may depend upon such friendship. If by any chance one of these ambassadors is listening to me just now I'm sure that on his face will be the old rogue's smile of kindly amusement, and I can hear him saying, "Haven't you lived among us for more than thirty years ? Why should you be astonished at anything we do?"

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